THE LARGEST WOMAN'S MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES

CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE

COMING THRO' THE RYE
IN CALIFORNIA

GORDON

PRICE 10 CENTS

JULY CALIFORNIA LADIES' PUBLISHING COMPANY 1903

THE HIGHEST COMPLIMENT THAT ANY MAGAZINE HAS EVER RECEIVED

Reviews from the press of the United States filled with criticisms of the **California Ladies' Magazine**

"The best magazine in the world"
"The finest magazine for the ladies yet published"
"Superior to any other ladies' journal"
"Should be in every home in the land"

"Journal second to none in the land"
"The great magazine of the day"
"A leading publication"
—expressions used by them

A few extracts from the favorable criticisms of over a thousand editorials published in the last fortnight:

"Morning Sun," Norwich, N. Y.
....The California Ladies' Magazine was established four years ago and has met with phenomenal success..... the best magazine in the world.

"The Record," Del Norte, Cal.:
....It is equal if not superior of any other ladies' journals....second to none in the land....this most highly edited Western publication.

"Rural Life," Sterling, Ill.:
....This magazine was established four years ago and its growth and development have been phenomenal. It is a large 56-page magazine, handsomely printed and illustrated on the best quality of paper and is just such a publication as the ladies have been looking for and are deserving of.

"The Daily Sun," Lewiston, Me.:
....a guide and an educator to their sisters. The growth of the magazine has been phenomenal, and the steady demand for it is increasing throughout the entire world. The new building, which will be erected for the Magazine by the intelligent and enterprising women of that State, will stand during the succeeding generations as a monument to the loyalty, ability and worth of our women.... It is a bright, readable magazine—in no way inferior to those managed and edited in part by men.

"The Journal," Haywards, Cal.:
....The California Ladies' Magazine should be better known to our fair sex, for it is without doubt, the finest magazine for the ladies....and it is without doubt the most elegant literary work yet published here.

"Evening Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:
....The June number of the California Ladies' Magazine is by far the handsomest edition ever published on the Pacific Coast.

"The Journal," Yreka, Cal.:
....published by an association of ladies. It is a 56-page monthly, handsomely illustrated, and equal if not SUPERIOR to the Ladies' Home Journal and similar publications in the East.

"Gazette-News," Kalamazoo, Mich.:
....The California Ladies' Magazine, edited and published by women at Oakland, Cal., has improved with every number since it was established four years ago, and now compares very favorably with the Ladies' Home Journal.

"Tennessee Farmer," Nashville, Tenn.:
....we are pleased to say it was one of the most interesting magazines we have ever seen. The style, illustrations, selections and editorials are first class.

"Oregon State Journal," Eugene, Ore.:
....One of the best magazines we have seen in a long time is the California Ladies Magazine. The June number is a perfect gem. The literature is of a high order, bright and sparkling, and the numerous pictures, including many portraits of noted people, are beautiful. It is both interesting and ornamental.

"Daily Record," Onego, N. Y.:
....The magazine was established four years ago and its growth has been phenomenal. It is a thoroughly up-to-date ladies' magazine.

"Evening Journal," Jamestown, N. Y.:
....The officers and directors of the publishing company are composed entirely of women, who ought to know what their sisters want in literature and fashions.

"The Daily Dispatch," Shamokin, Pa.:
....It is replete with good things from cover to cover. It is gotten up in the style of the Philadelphia Ladies' Home Journal, and it will be a very sharp competitor for honors with that magazine, and may outrival it in circulation when it once becomes generally known. It is handsomely printed, filled with half-tone cuts, and reading matter written by some of the most noted writers of our country.

"Spirit of the West," Des Moines, Ia.:
....The number before us is replete with good things which are of interest to every member of the family, from the youngest to the oldest, and it is also profusely illustrated throughout. The magazine is nicely gotten up mechanically, the cuts used are fine halftones, the arrangement of the best, and taken all together it is a monthly that should grace the reading table of every home in the land. It has passed the period of experiment and is now in the fifth successful year of publication.

"Solano County Courier," Suisun, Cal.:
....It is similar to the Ladies' Home Journal in size and make-up, is full of the most interesting reading matter, is nicely printed and is beautifully illustrated.

"American Advertiser," Delhi, N. Y.:
....This magazine is the only one owned and published by women, and its growth has been phenomenal in its four years of existence. This is an evidence of the progressive spirit of women over on the Pacific.

"Morning Mercury," San Jose, Cal.:
....Altogether, the periodical in literary contents and mechanical make-up, is highly creditable.....

"The Herald," Dayton, Oregon:
....is a first class, up-to-date ladies' publication.....

"The Sentinel," Salem, Oregon:
....the most creditable coast publication.....

"Fargo Forum and Republican:"
....The Forum has received the May issue of the California Ladies' Magazine, a well illustrated journal containing much of value to the ladies everywhere.....

"Farmer's Home Journal," Louisville:
....a handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated magazine.....

"The News," Winona, Minn.:
....The growth of the magazine has been wonderful, and the steady demand of it is increasing throughout the entire world.

"The Argus," Albany, N. Y.:
....The California Ladies' Magazine, "the only ladies' journal on the Pacific Coast," owned, edited and controlled by women, is four years old and a fine, prosperous journal. It is profusely illustrated and compares well with any of the Eastern monthlies devoted to woman's interests.....

"Nebraska Farmer," Omaha, Neb.:
....is is a very creditable magazine.

"The Times," Pleasanton, Cal.:
....We are in receipt of the California Ladies' Magazine, and it is long since we have had the pleasure of perusing a more interesting publication. ....The ladies who are publishing the work should meet with flattering success, for the magazine is certainly worth the subscription price.....

"The Call," Norwalk, Cal.:
....It is a well gotten up magazine, with fine illustrations, and is an organ of the various women's clubs throughout the State in general and San Francisco and Oakland in particular.....

"The Star," St. Helena, Cal.:
....A publication which is meeting with the success it merits, is the California Ladies' Magazine. It is printed in the general style of the Ladies' Home Jounral and the Woman's Companion, is very attractively gotten up and is the only publication of its kind in the west.....

"Morning Enterprise," Riverside, Cal.:
....It is a splendid number to send to Eastern friends.....

"Evening Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:
....The California Ladies' Magazine is a splendid home paper containing good stories, poems, home talks, illustrations, etc.....

"Ione Valley Echo":
....is a choice issue.....

"The Morning Mercury":
....The California Ladies' Magazine is a publication of varied interest, not merely because it is owned and managed entirely by women, but because of the character of its contents. Its stories, general articles and illustrations are all attractive.....

"The Telegraph," Macon, Ga.:
....are filled with the best literary, household matter and illustrations.....

"The Cypress," Monterey, Cal.:
....which within four years has taken rank as a guide and educator throughout this continent. Its growth has been phenomenal, the demand for this high-class publication increasing throughout the civilized world.....

"The Jersey City News":
....The magazine is profusely and well illustrated.....

"The Tribune," Bay City, Mich.:
....its correspondents include some of the leading lights in the literary world, among these being his Excellency, Cardinal Gibbons, Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger and others.....

"Journal and Courier," New Haven:
....it gives abundant promise of being a winner.

"The Woman's Journal," Boston:
....beautiful magazine has become in less than four years a leading publication.....

"The Daily Sun," Colusa, Cal.:
....is a wonderfully beautiful and useful periodical filled with good literature of the most interesting class.....

"Independent," Pinmas, Cal.
....The reading matter is interesting as well as instructive. It is profusely and artistically illustrated, and should, its merits being considered, find a place in every household in our State.....

"The Enterprise," Compton, Cal.:
....and is one of the finest pieces of work ever received at this office

A CREDIT TO THE STATE

Oakland, (Cal.) Tribune, June 19, 1903.

The California Ladies' Magazine, edited and published entirely by ladies, is one of the brightest publications in the West. Its staff of writers are well known throughout the East and West in the literary world. They spare neither labor nor expense to make it all that they have designed it should be in every department. The last issue devoted to the Native Daughters of the Golden West, beautifully enhanced with portraitures of fair women, is especially attractive.

The August number is to commemorate the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic and will be replete with golden nuggets. Mrs. Martha P. Owen, the well-known journalist, is the editor in charge of this remarkable issue, and this is sufficient guarantee of its dainty and artistic completeness. Mrs. Owen, as a writer, has no peer in the west. From her pen drop thoughts like pearls that shine in the diadem of literary excellence. Her patriotic enthusiasm will no doubt express itself to a gem of printed beauty that will be graciously appreciated by the old soldiers, and every Californian who takes a pride in the State, for Mrs. Owen's fealty to California is as well known as her journalistic ability.

THE BEST MAGAZINE PUBLISHED

From the Michigan Vidette

(which is devoted to the G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, Ladies of the G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, and Soldiers' Home, Mich.)

California Ladies' Magazine lies on our table. It is published by the California Ladies' Publishing Company, and the only one of its kind on the Pacific Coast, and probably in the entire country. It is a finely illustrated Magazine, all the work being of a high order and brilliantly executed. The reading matter is exceptionally interesting, its corps of writers having a world wide reputation, which is itself a guarantee of its merit. The August number is to be largely devoted to the interests of the G. A. R. and kindred organizations. Wherever The Vidette goes we hope to see this bright, breezy Magazine installed. It ought to find its way into every home interested in the G. A. R. work. It is the best Magazine published.

"The Moon," Guadalupe, Cal.:
....California Ladies' Magazine ranks with some of the best of its class in publication to-day. It is the only paper of its kind on the coast and compares favorably with the Ladies' Home Journal and other well known publications.

"Evening Argus," Oroosa, Mich.:
....and they have no cause to blush for their publication.

"Tri-State Farmer," Chattanooga:
....we are pleased to say it was one of the most interesting magazines we have seen.....

"Daily Coast Mail," Marshfield, Ore.:
....making the handsomest publication that has come to our table in a long time.....

"The Times," Pomona, Cal.:
....It is, indeed, a credit to the publishers. The quality of its matter, including illustrations, is of a high order. Its illustrations are not confined to human figures and dresses.....

"Woman's Standard," Waterloo, Iowa:
..It is gotten up in the style, form, size of the Ladies' Home Journal.....

"Bridgeport Chronicle," Union, Cal.:
....is one of the greatest magazines of the day.

"The Herald," Gridley, Cal.:
....a handsomely illustrated publication devoted to women and their work. The paper is up-to-date typographically, and contains a large number of illustrations typical of California. The leading women of the State have contributed to its columns, articles on fashion, society, club life, etc., making the magazine interesting to their sex.....

"Marion News-Tribune":
....the reading matter and the artistic manner in which it is presented furnish an explanation of the popularity which the magazine has attained during its four years of life.....

"Rural Spirit," Portland, Oregon:
....and is a very bright publication.

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JOAQUIN MILLER, THE POET OF THE SIERRAS

BY KATE BLYTHE COTHRAN.

"Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine,
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains,—clouded Hood,
Saint Helens in its sea of wood,—
Where sweep the Oregon and where
Wild storms are in the feathered fir."

Thus wrote Joaquin Miller thirty years ago in Athens, Greece, and today true, loyal to his own land and sea, true as a mother to her child to his own "Sierras, and eternal tints of snow that flash o'er battlements," he will publish his complete poetical works in California. That he will sing no more we question. Did he not write—

"I too sing with lifted eyes
Because I could not choose but sing?"

More than a quarter of a century ago a young man of seven and twenty, ambitious, unused to the ways of the world, poor in purse, but rich in the inspirations of his own sun-land, arrived in London unheralded and unknown. In a few months this timid, modest youth was the center of the most exclusive and cultured literary circles of the Old World. The English were quick to discern and appreciate the genius of Joaquin Miller. While a few slang expressions, redolent of the wild, untamed west, crept into the earlier poems, that caused tiny chills to chase each other up the vertebrae of Oxford and Cambridge, his originality, his wonderful insight into nature, his matchless description, immediately captured the English. Some of the critics could discern traces of Byron, while others could see Browning in the lines, but the consensus of opinions was that he was unique and as original as the virgin paths of his beloved forests.

Although Mr. Miller lived in our midst more than a decade, no two persons will agree in their estimate of his personality. He is a veritable Eolian harp, and individuals are the wind that strike the different notes, and the song is sweet or harsh like unto the nature of the breeze that moves the strings.

While the English reviews were filled with praises and prophecies of the new poet, his own country knew nothing of him. Later on it required an Englishman, Sir Edwin Arnold, himself one of the "lights of the world," to inform us that Joaquin Miller and Edgar Allen Poe were the greatest American poets. In 1871 the "Songs of the Sierras" were published in this country. Since that time Mr. Miller has done much literary work, and perhaps his last is his best, as he has touched certain chords that he did not strike in his earlier work. In the "Songs of the Soul" the title is the index to the contents. The poems are

JOAQUIN MILLER.

literally soul songs. The "Songs of the Sierras" have all the strength, beauty, coloring, power, grandeur, and sensuousness of a young giant. The "Songs of the Soul" are the calm, pure expressions of a disciplined spiritual nature, a nature that had achieved the heights through great anguish. This subtle spiritual power is present in all of Mr. Miller's later poems. He has suffered, but has been silent; he has been wounded, but healed his wounds with spiritual pearls.

In "The Light of Asia" this spiritual inspiration is beautifully and suggestively made in Lord Buddah's understanding of the music of the Devas, before he made his great renunciation.

"Once the set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will—
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings—
And those who lay around heard only that,
But Prince Siddarha heard the Devas play."

Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, the Brownings, Poe, and Realf heard the Devas all their lives? Byron only heard the "wild music of the wind upon the silver strings," except as Professor Dowden says in his life of Shelley, that during the sojourn of Shelley, Byron, and Leigh Hunt in Geneva, Switzerland, when Shelley wrote very little and Byron seemed to partake of Shelley's spirituality and wrote the best canto of Child Harold. If Shakespeare and Goethe had not heard the Devas there would have been no "Midsummer's Night Dream," no "Faust." With all the exquisite art of which Tennyson is the master, he heard not the music until late in life. The Devas played and Joaquin Miller heard them only when he penned the "Songs of the Soul."

"One day, perfumed day in white," he was our guest. The household felt a special benediction in his presence. His gentleness, his charity, his optimism, appealed to all. With the household babes, three, about his knees, and the great Dane dog and the tortoise shell cat in suspended hostilities in pence at his feet, the poet talked in his own inimitable manner of poetry, of the sunshine in the hair of the babes, of the sunlight upon the golden grain, of the wind that passed up and down the garden paths, that caressingly tossed the roses back and forth across the way, that met you in such a friendly manner. "Why," he said, "if there was nothing in the world but the wind, life would be worth living. Life is so beautiful."

He sits not in judgment upon his fellow-men. No word of censure escapes him, and his chief admonition to men and women is to purchase a bit of ground and plant trees. These will return the care and love expended upon them a thousand fold.

Joaquin Miller is a cremationist, and at his death, which we hope will be in the far future, the funeral pyre will be lighted, the body burned, the ashes scattered to the four winds of the earth, while his spirit will journey to the "Kingdom of the Hereafter."

Joaquin Miller's Tribute to the Author of "Liberty's Bell"

"And some Orient Dawn had found me
Kneeling at the house of Fame."

Fame found Madge Morris Wagner in the blazing Colorado Desert, her fingers on the pulse of Nature at fever heat. Like all who are truly great teachers, making a text of the place and the time. This is what she said:

"Thou brown, bare-breasted, voiceless mystery,
Hot sphinx of nature, cactus-crowned, what hast thou done?
Unclothed and mute as when the groans of chaos turned
Thy naked burning bosom to the sun.
The mountain silences have speech, the rivers sing,
Thou answereth never unto anything.
Pink-throated lizards pant in thy slim shade;
The horned toad runs rustling in the heat;
The shadowy gray coyote, born afraid,
Sleals to some brackish spring and laps, and prowls
Away, and howls and howls and howls and howls,
Until the solitude is slunken with an added loneliness.
Thy sharp mescal shoots up a giant stalk,
Its century of yearning, to the sunburnt skies,
And drips pure honey from the lips
Of yellow waxen flowers, and dies,
Some lengthwise sun-dried shapes with feet and hands
And thirsty mouths pressed on the sweltering sands,
Mark here and there a gruesome, graveless spot
Where some one drank thy scorching hotness, and is not,
God must have made thee in his anger, and forgot."

Not since I can remember have I heard a voice so true as this. It is like the sublime and solemn bass of St. John. It is even John the Baptist crying in the wilderness.

Indeed, I doubt if you will find anything more terribly truthful and fearfully sublime this side of Job than this one lone, lorn cry from the desert. A photograph, even were such a thing possible, could not be more ghastly and ghastly exact.

I shall proceed to say what this strange, strong woman of the desert has said from out her heart of hearts. For she is a woman, a very human, tender woman. And you will concede before you have done reading the little bits of her sweet soul which I am permitted to give you, that it is great impertinence in me to say much when she is singing. And I want you to know distinctly that these next lines of hers are as exactly true in all respects as her lines on the Colorado Desert. Her only little baby had gone away from her, out from the one narrow room to beyond the darkness; but in the next narrow room, a stronger woman nursed and rocked and cradled her stronger child. So there and then, out of the awful agony and desolation, she sang:—

"I hear her rocking the baby,
Slower and slower now,
And I know she is leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes, and cheeks, and brow.
From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on my heart.
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my emptier heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness,
I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine.
And breathe a prayer in silence
At a mother's broken shrine.
For the mother who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine."

Here are the two extremes of song—the solitude, nakedness, desolation, mystery, and awful death and dearth of the boundless desert; and the crooning cradle song. She has pictured life and death. You can hear the mother rocking, rocking. You can see the dead men lying in her song of the Colorado Desert.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN LADY

BY FLORENCE STELLA MILTON.

NIEDERWALD was a little village situated in a deep valley among the Alps, and it was generally conceded by the inhabitants that Karl Ott was the most obstinate man in it.

He was not only held to be such because his motto in life was, "Never give in even if you are wrong," but also because he had for three years proposed to the daughter of the American lady with amazing perseverance and, in the face of equally persevering refusals, still persisted in renewing his offer. Karl Ott, eldest and only son of the village pastor, called upon the daughter of the American lady just as regularly as the church-goers went to receive from his father's hands the communion on the first Sunday in every month. Their walk through the village and up the winding path into the dark forest was as regularly expected by the simple villagers as was their return an hour or two later; Karl Ott with a set look on his face, and on the lips of the American lady an amused and peculiarly sweet smile.

Leaving her at her mother's house—the little wooden one opposite the Gasthaus with the creeping vines and the dark stained pillars—Karl Ott strode down the village street to his father's house, and the following conversation took place regularly:

"Karl, my son, had you a pleasant walk?"

"Yes, father."

"And what did she say, my son?"

"She treated it as a grand joke, father."

"She laughed at you, Karl?"

"Yes, father."

"And did she give you no encouragement, my son?"

"No; that is—Vielleicht etwas."

"Only a very little—perhaps," repeated the pastor, who knew every answer in advance.

There was a little pause here, and then;

"You will try again, my son," more as a statement of fact than a question.

"If she did not love me, father, she could not go with me so freely and often."

"She is not playing with you, Karl?" with his eyes on his son's face.

Karl never answered this last question. He only laughed and asked a question, himself.

"With me? Aber was fur eine Idee."

Karl Ott may have been original, unsophisticated, but he was a dangerous man to be trifled with. He knew it, and thought of course every one else knew it. For was he not acknowledged to be the most obstinate and difficult man in the whole village?

The American lady and her daughter, with an American servant, had lived in the little house with the dark stained pillars for three years. They were generally known to the village folks as the "American Lady" and the "Beautiful daugther of the American Lady," because the villagers found themselves wholly unable to pronounce their double-barreled name.

They were in reality very poor, though compared to Herr Stosch, the richest man in the village, they seemed rich, very rich. A small income goes a long way in Niederwald, and the American lady and her daughter had sought the secluded life it afforded because of reverses at home when the husband and father died. At least so they said, and no one questioned the truth of it. Niederwald was a quiet, curious little out-of-the-world spot, and the people who had been bred and born there were equally quiet and far more curious.

It was a lovely place. A stream tumbled from the big mountains behind and flowed peacefully through the village, till the spring thaws and the winter storms converted it into a raging, racing torrent. Vineyards sloped away, below the village, to a lake, while above it dense pine forests stretched away till they joined the region of rocks and cliffs, and finally, of everlasting snows. Above all, three lofty white peaks peered over from the clouds into the little village, and reflected the sunset glory long after the village was wrapped in darkness and shadow.

Karl Ott owned a large vineyard, and made money by it. His Weinese were always successful, and his grapes sweeter and juleier even, than those that grew in sunny Italy, on the other side of the white peaks.

He had seen the American lady and her daughter when they first came to Niederwald, and his father, as pastor, went with him to call upon them. While his father stumbled along in his broken English with the mother, Karl conversed with the beautiful daughter in German. He welcomed her to Niederwald. She had traveled with her father before he died, and had seen much. She had even been in the fair country that lay beyond the three white peaks. She was older than he was, and knew more of the world, he thought. He found that she loved the mountains and the forests, and that she listened eagerly to his description of the gorges, ravines, and vastness of the Alps around them. She longed to see them and climb to the great white peaks. And Karl, who knew every boulder and every tree, and had grown up in the company with toppling and dizzy crevasses, promised to show them to her.

He was not slow to believe what his father told him afterwards; that the proud American lady had sacrificed her daughter's best years to her own pride in coming to live in Niederwald, and bury her poverty where none could see it and sneer.

It was thus their walks began; and the American lady, apparently wrapped up in her pride and disappointments, let them go together.

Karl Ott had been fortunate enough to earn the gratitude of the daughter of the American lady, and it was then he first made up his mind to fall in love with her.

He did everything so deliberately, and his obstinate will held his feelings so under control that he was not able to fall in love without first thinking the matter over, and then coming to a decision. Such decision was, however, absolutely final, and from it there could be no recall.

The Devil's Rocks formed a steep slope of loose rocks that had crumbled down from the cliff above, and accumulated. They were not twenty yards long, and terminated abruptly at the edge of a precipice over two thousand feet. The rocks had to be crossed on the way to Wannsee. They were very dangerous, because the slightest disturbance set them all rolling over each other towards the brink. Several persons from the neighboring villages had been killed in this way by losing their balance when the rocks began to move under their weight, and being swept down over the short distance that lay between the narrow path and the dizzy abyss. They were called the Devil's Rocks—Tuefelsfelsen—because the devil was said to be concealed beneath them, and to move them with his fingers whenever any one approached.

Karl and the girl were climbing slowly, and the little dog had run on ahead. His weight was more than sufficient to start the treacherous stones in motion. In spite of his struggles, and with much piteous barking, the little fellow was carried to the edge. Karl saved it by going after it, while the girl, speechless with horror, watched them from the path. She was powerless to help, and she knew they must both be carried over, and—she did so love the dog.

She could hear the rocks that had already leaped over the edge crashing down the face of the cliff, striking here and there its buttresses and projecting ledges. How brave of Karl. He had her darling by the scruff of his neck. Oh, the splendid fellow that he was. Ah, but horrors; he had slipped again. Her heart stopped beating for a moment, and she hid her eyes in her hand. She heard a rush of wind, and she knew that Karl Ott and the dog had disappeared into the gulf.

The next minute he was standing by her side with the dog in his arms. It was licking his hand, and evidently had no idea of the cruel death it had escaped. How it was done Karl could not tell. Only the rush of loose rocks suddenly ceased, and the one his weight rested on, six inches from the ledge, came to a standstill, and he scrambled up again to the path with the doggie panting and frightened in his hands. That was all he could say about it. He watched the girl kiss her dog, and saw her tears drop on to his little brown ears. He heard her thank him; and as her large eyes, with the long moistened eyelashes, looked so gratefully into his, he experienced a strange sensation in his heart.

He thought the tears were those of gratitude.

He thought of the girl, of her eyes and hair. He thought of the tears that fell on the dog's ears, and

The Devil's Rocks.

he thought of the slender brown hands that held him.

A feeling more tender than any he had yet known crept into his heart. He thought of his father, the pastor; of the proud American lady; and then he thought again of her beautiful daughter.

He remembered, too, that he owned a vineyard, which made him rich. And he made up his mind.

The rocks were dropping past him, and plunging downward over the precipice. He stooped and picked one up.

"As surely as I have picked this one from the fingers of the Devil who is moving them from beneath," he said aloud, slowly, "and as surely as it will drop through the air and rest on the ground below,"—here he peered over the edge,—"so surely will I make the daughter of the American lady my wife." He threw the stone upwards and forward, saw it for a moment against the sky, and then heard it rushing downward through the air.

A few seconds afterwards it crashed upon the rocks below, and Karl Ott, as soon as the echoes had died away, climbed down again, and went home to bed.

Next day he told his father of his resolve, and the pastor had said, "My son, you have my benediction."

Karl waited a few weeks before he thought it well to speak his mind.

It was winter time, and one day Herr Muller, proprietor of the Gasthof, his son Fritz, Pastor Ott, Karl Ott, young Stosch, Frau Muller, and the American girl took their skates and a lunch basket, and drove six miles in a sleigh to the end of the frozen lake.

Karl slowly and deliberately fastened the shining skates on to the pretty little feet of the daughter of the American lady. They were soon flying together before the wind over the black ice, with the fox terrier racing after them as best he could on the slippery surface. He was barking his little heart out for happiness.

But in Karl Ott's heart there was no sign of fluttering. His big, muscular frame, with its mountain-trained sinews, never carried a more confident heart than then. The fact that he was going to ask the American girl to marry him did not make his pulse beat any more quickly than usual; and "usual" was by no means fast.

He felt as he flew over the ice with the American girl beside him, as if the little gloved hands lying warmly in his own were already his; as if the hair, that escaped from under her fur cap and sometimes blew across his cheeks, was even then his to caress.

His purpose being so single, he had no recourse to beating about the bush, and saw no reason for hesitancy or difficulty in giving expression to so straightforward a proposition.

Karl simply waited for a pause in their talk, turned to the American girl as they were skating out in the middle of the lake, and said in his deep voice, in which was no tremor, nor trace of nervousness:

"Ich liebe Dich. Ich anbelte Dir mein Leben, mein Herz, mein Weinbergen, und meines Vater's Segnung."

As he spoke he looked her steadily in the face. He could not meet her eyes, because, in her desire to choose the best ice, she was looking downwards. But the girl made no answer, and no change came over her face. The wind roared in their ears as it swept past them, and the ring of their skates sounded musically over the lake.

Karl waited sometime for an answer, and then came to the conclusion that the girl had not heard him. It was the fault of the wind. He took his eyes from her face, and glanced down at the little feet that shot forward so swiftly and gracefully. He was sure she had not heard him.

There was nothing for him to do but to repeat the proposition: and this Karl Ott at once did, in a louder voice, and with an amount of calm deliberation that would have been the envy of all lovers in all lands, could they have seen him.

This time she certainly heard him, for she turned her face up and looked at him. Her eyes were wide open, but on her face, aglow with the wind, there was no evidence of surprise or embarrassment. Her lips were parted in the effort of breathing; her fur cap sat jauntily on her hair and her hands nestled coslly and warm in his own. Karl kept his eyes on hers, and waited for her to speak. But she did not speak, and Karl began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. He did not know what to make of it.

Then the daughter of the American lady nestled in a little closer to his side, and with a laugh that showed two rows of gleaming teeth, shouted against the wind,—"What was that you said about your father's benediction? If you don't look where you are taking me, it will be given over our drowned and frozen bodies."

Then Karl knew that she could not have heard all that he said. She was shouting her loudest, and he heard her none too distinctly. Dropping his eyes from her face, he looked ahead. They were within fifty yards of the lake proper. The shallow water of the great marsh lay behind them, and they were already skating over thin, green ice that a little farther on came to an abrupt end in the deep waters. Karl saw their danger at a glance. With a swing he altered his course, pulling the girl round with him, so that she came close up against his side and her hair blew again across his cheek. She laughed merrily, and tucked it under her fur cap.

"What was that remark you made about your father's benediction?" she laughed again: "did you want us to get drowned, or what? It would be a pity, to end our friendship in iced water."

Something in her voice made Karl feel for a moment that there was between them an immeasureable distance. The thought fled as suddenly as it came, and Karl's phenomenal obstinacy asserted itself.

He was on the point of repeating, word for word, his twice made proposition, when there was a sound of skaters behind them, and the next moment Muller and young Stosch raced up and joined them.

Their presence put an end, for the time, to any further avowals of love or proposal of marriage.

They formed a line of skaters, hand in hand, the girl between Muller and himself, and sped along to join the rest of the party round a log fire and a luncheon basket.

Karl did not find himself alone with the daughter of the American lady until the horse was being harnessed into a sleigh, and the remnants of the luncheon was being packed up. And then it was only for a brief moment, when he had nothing prepared in the way of words. The fact was, he felt nonplussed. Had she vouchsafed some sort of an answer, he would have known what to do and say. But her silence completely outwitted him. He could not understand it, and, for the time being, his obstinacy was met and conquered by the subtler force of silence.

Now that they were alone again for a moment, she asked him to tighten the strap that fastened her skates together.

"Make a little bundle of it, Mr. Ott," she said, "so that they won't clash together, and get scratched."

While he was doing her request, the muscles of his great fingers slow from the cold, the girl stood facing him. "And please," she added ever so gently, and looking up into his eyes, "please, Karl, never ask me those sort of questions again, because, if you do, we cannot go together on the mountains. And you know there's nobody else here who can climb like you, and—I may no go alone. Now, please don't, Karl, for it is quite impossible."

The smile she gave him was gentle enough to melt his obstinacy into slavery. But it only made Karl Ott angry. It was his turn to be silent now, for he knew enough, cold, strange lover that he was, to understand that she looked upon him only as a companion.

The first time she met him after the skating party, she greeted him with an amused smile that, so far as he was concerned, seemed to increase the distance he felt lay between them. It also increased his obstinacy. And this same amused smile was all the answer he got to his many subsequent proposals.

She called him Karl now, and when he had concluded his awkward sentence about offering for his love and his life and his vineyards, there was only this little smile for answer.

If he dared, as he often did, to repeat his words, the little smile broadened out into a laugh, that effectually closed his lips for the moment, because he failed to comprehend the feelings that caused it.

They never got any further than this, and the

"What was th at remark about your father's benediction?" she laughed.

state of affairs might well have continued for a dozen years.

Meanwhile Karl's love for the daughter of the American lady changed in character. It was beginning to come from his heart instead of from his will. He now and again caught himself wondering what in the world he would do if she died, or—the thought was horrible—if she married some one else.

One day in the early spring, when Karl Ott went to the little postoffice, he met the American girl there. She held some letters in her hand and was stamping them for America. Karl suggested a ramble on the heights of the Kronenberg and the girl was pleased.

"Yes," she said; "and if you think the snow is sufficiently melted, we will go by the way of the Devil's Rocks. I should like to see them once more."

"Once more," repeated Karl with surprise. "Why; what do you mean?"

"Oh, we are going away," she said simply. "Mother is going back to live in America. We leave in two days."

Karl fairly gasped. His heart sank within him.

"Wait here a moment," she added; "I will go and put on my nailed boots and climbing skirts. Then I'll tell you all about it." She had seen the blank look of dismay that had come into his face, and, for the first time, she felt in her heart a feeling of sorrow for him.

"Poor Karl Ott;" she thought; "but he is such a simple boy, and has so much to learn. He surely could not have imagined that I might care for him."

"So they climbed up the lower slopes of the great Kronenberg, these two, who had together explored every foot of the mountains, and knew their most inaccessible parts, who had seen the sun rise from the top of the three white peaks, and watched the last sunset lights linger on the far away snow slopes that seemed to hand in the sky over the village. For nearly five years they had been companions in many a ramble through the deep forests, and had followed the torrents to their sources under the ice of the dangerous, slow-creeping glaciers. And as they followed the winding path, so familiar to them, the American girl told her companion of the impending change in their life.

"We are going back to our old home in California," she told him. "Mother's sister is dead, and we shall be better off now. We go to Paris on Saturday, and you must come to the station, Karl, and see us off."

Come to the station and see us off.

Karl listened in silence. He asked no questions, and made no comments. The shock had been so sudden and so unexpected, it had stirred his feelings as they never had been stirred before. He could not define them, much less reduce them to words. Surprise, disappointment, rage, struggled for the mastery with sorrow, pride and outraged confidence. They rose up in such a strength of turmoil, that he

"The next minute he was standing by her side."

felt as if his heart was being torn out and destroyed. He walked as if in a dream, not knowing what he would do next. But the feeling that was uppermost was the bitterness that he had been tried with.

Karl Ott was obstinate, and, whatever he felt, there was no indication of it on his face or in his manner. His feelings nevertheless increased in strength the more he tried to repress them. So he just walked on by her side, and listened to her voice, as they climbed up through the fragrant pine woods and then through the belt of stunted mountain oaks that led to the rocks beyond. When she had finished he made an effort to say something.

"I am sorry you are going. I did not expect it," was what he said in a quiet voice.

The girl said she was sorry, too, she was so fond of the mountains and forests; but he surely did not think she was going to live in Niederwald for the rest of her life.

Karl had no answer ready; or rather had a thousand ready, but they were all so strong, and he did not know which to choose.

Then the climbing over the rough boulders that formed the long slope at the foot of the Kronenberg's great shoulder began, and rendered talking, except in short exclamations, impossible.

They climbed on together, till they reached the final slope, at the top of which began the little path leading to the Devil's Rocks.

"Karl," she laughed, showing her white teeth, "I'm exhausted. You'll have to bury me here, or carry me to the top."

Karl turned his head away and looked for a moment at the view of the lake and forest far beneath them, and an expression came into his eyes that the girl did not see. Then he took her in his arms, swung her little body on to his great shoulders, and carried her steadily over the remainder of the trying soft snow-slope. He did not tremble. He could have carried her, for that matter, over a tight rope stretched from the peak of the Matterhorn to the Eggischorn. His feet never took false hold, his balance was always true; and when she laughed aloud and clutched his head with her two arms for safety, he felt his muscles respond to this call on their reserve force, and carry their precious burden with the ease of steel springs.

When they reached the top he let her down gently from his shoulders. She looked up at him shyly, and told him he was the strongest pack-horse she had ever ridden upon the Alps, and Karl felt that he wanted to take here in his arms and kiss her.

"And when did you—your mother, I mean,—first decide to leave?" he asked, in a voice so quiet that a stranger would have thought him indifferent to whatever answer he got.

"Oh," she said with an imperceptible start, which did not escape his notice. "Oh; we have known it all along. We—we only came here for five years, you know."

But Karl didn't know; and her matter-of-fact way of announcing this important fact, which he felt should have been told him years ago, when he first proposed to her, came to him as a revelation. It acted as a stimulant. Then she does not care for me even as much as she does for one of the little snowdrops that are just coming up with the Spring, was the thought that passed through his brain.

"You intended from the beginning to leave Niederwald this Spring?" he asked quietly.

She looked at him sweetly, and nodded her head. Karl met her eyes for a moment without a sign of expression on his face, and then turned to look at the view again. It was ever changing, and a great gray cloud was rolling up the opposite rock walls of Chasseront—gloomy Chasseront, as it was called.

Karl again broke the silence

"Yet you never told me that," he said almost gently. "I thought you would always live in Niederwald."

Karl was so simple, so innocent, so honest.

"Live here always," she cried. "Oh, Karl." And there came over her face the same smile of amusement that he knew so well. But there was in it something of pity as well, now, and Karl was stung more deeply than ever by it. Poor Karl.

"You allowed me to be always with you on the mountains," he continued, with something like anger in his voice, "and you allowed no one else. You have made and permitted me to grow very fond of you. You have always—"

"Now, Karl," she remonstrated. The smile of amused pity had died out of her eyes, for she felt that her companion was growing unpleasantly earnest. He spoke slowly, but in his voice was an inflection she had never heard there before. The idea of his getting really angry rather frightened her. Slow, deep natures, she knew, were never really angry unless when moved to their very bottom, and Karl Ott's nature was a very slow and a very deep one.

"You have always laughed at my proposals," he went on, in his deep voice, totally ignoring her interruption, "but you never forbade them. You knew I meant what I said, and that, in God's name in heaven, I loved you seriously and for ever."

"Silly boy." She laughed with spirit, and looking him full in the face; "how could you possibly imagine anything so impossible?"

Karl did not move a muscle, or take his eyes off hers. He felt his blood leave his heart suddenly in a body, and then rush tumultuously back again. It made his cheeks blaze, and moistened his skin.

"You ought to have known," she went on, emboldened by his silence, which she interpreted as an acknowledgment of defeat. "Our positions are so different; our ages too; and we belong to different races. Besides oh, Karl, I told you long ago, when you first spoke, that I could never love anyone."

Never love anyone. Suddenly the truth began to dawn on his mind. She loved some one else, then.

The girl suddenly put her hand on his shoulder and looked into his face, moving closer to him, as if about to speak. She kept her hand there, although she was aware that he shrank from her touch as if she had been a leper. She had opened her lips when he interrupted her with raging vehemence.

"And you," he cried, "have allowed me all this time to remain in ignorance that you loved someone else; allowed me to pay court to you, and to love you until all my heart and life and future are all yours; to—to love so deeply that to lose you must mean to die. And you might so easily have told me the truth; a word years ago would have prevented all instead of letting month after month go by, play-

He carried her steadily over the trying slope.

ing with my life as only women can, who have—who are——"

"Karl, stop!" she cried. "I am married already."

He stood and looked into the eyes and face he loved so hopelessly. Then he turned, and looked down, and out of the panorama of distant woods and blue mountains. There was no word between them for a minute or more. Then the girl, who was sobbing now, sought his hand, and in a broken whisper, which could hardly have reached his ear, she moaned,—

"But Karl, my husband was a criminal—and for five years he has been—has been away. That is, we are going home to meet him when he is released—next week."

He felt the girl drawing closer to him, until her heaving breast was against his heart, and he could feel her quick sobs. He felt her arms round his neck; her head, with the golden hair, was on his shoulder.

"Can you never forgive me, Karl?" she whispered, her tears falling fast and hot on his neck.

Karl made no answer. Perhaps he had not heard her. Perhaps his thoughts were still in the cloudy distance where the little patch of blue heaven had disappeared. Perhaps, ah, perhaps, he was wondering and thinking, and asking himself, if, after all, the girl had loved him all along and loved him still.

So they stood together on that lonely mountain path, and the girl's head, radiant in the soft sunshine, sank lower on his shoulder, and the wind played with her beautiful hair.

But Karl Ott moved his feet, and set the Devil's Rocks in motion. Then he seized the girl in his arms and, raising her face to his, covered the tear-stained cheeks and the red mouth and the hair with a thousand kisses.

The stones moved forward, with a hoarse, grinding sound, towards the brink.

She heard the sound; she felt them moving beneath her feet, and she tried to free herself.

But Karl pressed her struggling little body closer to him. He held her to his heart. She was his own at last, and—he loved her. Pressed thus to his heart, the beautiful daughter of the American lady was carried by the shining rocks to the brink of the abyss.

Her cry of terror was half smothered by his hot lips laid on her own, as they fell backwards into the air.

And the wind heard her cry, and the far white peaks saw them fall.

And the Devil's Rocks, that dropped over the edge for several minutes afterwards, covered their bodies and formed their tombstones.

"The far white peaks saw them fall."

Society in the Leading Countries of the World

BY ELLA CASTILLO BENNETT

The word society has, ever since the empire days of France, always held a charm. When not apparent with embluzoned details, it was latent and suggestive grandeur.

Society is not one of the things that have improved with time. The progress of civilization has not marked it with added perfections.

For the society of to-day is but the flotsam and jetsam of that society which marked an epoch in the history of the world.

Society practically had its birth in France. Its advent was foreshadowed in many climes and in every stage of history, but France was the mother of this fair, but capricious child; and to this day no one understands her like her mother. Born under auspicious circumstances, she early acquired a taste for the luxuries and elegances of life. This taste has not diminished, but added to it have been many objectionable acquisitions, most marked, alas, in the two greatest—if we judge by power and progress—the chosen few who rule the land and hold in subjection their brother man.

Here a member of the nobility may be bright; he may be stupid. He may be rich, he may be poor; he may be good, he may be bad; it is one and the same, he belongs to the titled class that rules; the class that has claimed distinction and precedence in all things. Castilian blood that flows through his veins entitled him to go into the coterie of exclusives, known as society. Money cannot buy that place; valor cannot storm it; talent cannot win it, nor genius illumine its musty, sequestered walls; and what is true of Spain, in varying degrees is true of Italy, Austria, Russia, and in a measure of Germany, and the smaller countries who merely cast reflections of their more brilliant sisters.

Now in Italy, Russia and Austria, the attractive foreigner is frequently admitted inside the sacred portals without well authenticated credentials, oftimes without even the shadow of an illustrious ancestor to cast a brilliant background for his entrance to the exclusive halls of blue-blooded aristocracy; but while a foreigner may win his way with grace of person and manner, a native may not. This is merely the acme of conceit in which less is demanded of others. Its own must be up to the requisite standard, due allowance must be made for inferior foreigners. So one whose grace or beauty of person or manners, whose agile tongue or dulcet voice does not coax admittance to the hallowed precincts of the favored few in his own land, need not despair. He has but to don fine apparel, get a "friend at court," and he may sail "sans ceremonie" on the smooth waters of social popularity with debonair sang froid, at least he may be in Austria, Italy, and Russia. In France there are several doors through which one may enter society, yet France, less exclusive, has the most elegant society to-day in the world. Unlike Spain, she does not always demand blue blood as a passport. It is desirable, but not obligatory. She does not demand wealth; it is welcome, but not necessary. Nor could wealth, and wealth alone, buy a place in France's society, as in America and England.

In France one falls heir to a place in society or one earns it; by beauty, grace, elegance, or by wit, talent, or genius in almost any line or capacity. Wealth is connived at, sought for, schemed after in France as elsewhere, but it is not worshipped with bended knee.

The French are the quickest nation to observe talent. From the days of Madame Recamier to the present shabby, genteel unknown can walk through the grand entrance of Paris society if there is the suggestion that the laurel wreath may some day rest on his brow. It need not be there, but if wit, talent, art, literature, science, is discernible, the aspirant's foot is allowed a place on a rung in the ladder.

In England and in America, when the laurel wreath is firmly placed on the brow, when the credentials have been passed on by the committee on credentials, and seals of public favor confirmed and sworn to in genuineness, the celebrity is admitted. "See the conquering hero comes." Nay, more, he is not only admitted, he is given a place of distinction; he is "lionized," he is not on a par, as in France; he is above; he is really and truly treated almost like a lion. He is walked around, gazed at, stared at, commented about, gloated over, flattered, sought for, treated like some strange animal in a camp of savages.

He flies from it; he hates it; he loathes it. He had looked forward to his entree in that charmed circle with anticipatory pleasure; he had felt his advent to that throng to be the finishing touch to the laurel wreath that the world had placed on his brow; au contraire they tip it to the side; they make a caricature of him. He is not proud of his conquest; his sensitive soul rebels against the critical eyes, the whispered comments and the cringing bows.

His heart is heavy and he goes back to his work with a fresh dip of contemptuous venom on the end of his tongue, if an orator; a drop of distilled satirical ink on the end of his pen, if a writer; a new species of genus homo to examine under his microscope, if a philosopher; a more vindictive slash—with keener edge and colder cut to his lancet if a surgeon; and a madder prance and a wilder crash to his music, if a musician; a bolder demanding of the frailties of his kind, if an artist. Society in honoring him has desired to show its best. It has really shown its very worst, but if the lion is unaccustomed to the le grande society, he cannot be expected to know it.

So, if in lionizing him they have tipped his laurel wreath to the side and made him feel the loss of his dignity; made him feel like a Bacchnalian caricature of a genius, he retaliates and caricatures his admirers, till each almost hates the other.

Yes, "they do these things better in France."

The lion is made to feel flattered and petted and loved, but he is not looked upon as a monstrosity, as something to be paraded, or exhibited like a wax figure at a dime museum. He is made to feel one of them. He knows his genius or talent has won him a place but there are others and he is on probation. He must sustain his reputation to hold his place in society's ante room of reward. He is put on his metal and he must occasionally fence to keep his place.

In England Lady Jane Brown is entitled to go in society because her ancestors were, and because she is Lady Jane Brown. She may be fat, coarse, stupid; it does not matter; she need not worry. Her place is assured. But birth is not the only ticket that is honored at the door of admission. Wealth is an easy passport and many there be who profit by it.

In America it is much the same. Here talent some times crawls under the canvas and sees the great show and no one is much troubled to find out just how it was managed, but only occasionally does this method of entrance pass unnoticed. The portals are usually guarded. The season tickets must be backed by wealth, the session coupons by petition, usually.

Mrs. Porter Smith may be ugly, dull and mentally and physically unwieldy, ponderous. No matter. Mr. Porter Smith is a bright lawyer whom a well populated State has decided shall represent it in Congress, so Mrs. Porter Smith is accepted in society, a bitter pill, but sugar-coated by her husband's success. She is feted, dined and wined at home and abroad. It is only when she reaches Washington that it dawns on her well-fed vanity that a Congressman's wife is not of the greatest consequence, but even here she is not to be scorned. She may use two negatives to express a negation. She may even say done for did; she may openly show her dislike for other people; she may recklessly tramp upon their rights; she may get red in the face and show her temper if an accident happens to her gown; but she must be, and is tolerated, because her husband has a vote in the destinies of the country. And a member of the Spanish legation may take her to dinner, marvelling at the oddness of the American people. The French Ambassador shrugs his shoulders and casts his eyes heavenward in a vain effort to fathom the idiosyncrasies of the Great Nation. But our British friends thoroughly understand the situation—for do they not do likewise? And to them we do not have to explain, for they comprehend the methods used in this modern Roman Empire.

And while our representatives at Washington are moved like pawns in the political chessboard by the dozen expert chess players who superintend the game—because the end of its political life is not reached—still other cities should not be bound by these rules.

Worth, and worth alone, should gain one entrance to that select circle, that chosen few, that should constitute society.

That worth may be genius, in any of a half dozen lines, talent, character, or mental strength. New York and Philadelphia must be where it will eventually (if it does at all) start the new order of things. The small cities will but follow in the wake of the large ones. Boston is too prosaic. San Francisco is too conglomerate, too promiscuous in its moral codes, too prone to drag family scandals through crowded, curious court-rooms, to ever think of eradicating the unrefined; Chicago too coarse packing-house odorized to ever think of it. St. Louis might try it. But in Philadelphia or New York there is a chance of success. Let a score of bright people, men and women, from the nucleus raise the standard, turn the searchlight of truth upon the aspirant, and make society what it should be; a coterie of the bright, the congenial and the interesting.

That society could be ever perfect in a world of imperfect things, would be absurd to even hope for, much less expect; but that it could be made a gathering of what is best in humanity is quite possible and certainly desirable. At present it is a travesty upon good taste, a parody on good sense, and a gathering together of those who rival each other in a vulgar display, petty bickerings, squabbles as to the supremacy of leaders, premeditated snubs, and a continued "crooking of the pregnant hinges of the knee."

The plant of society was good, fair to look upon, and sweet to inhale; but on its branches have been grafted everything that is undesirable in human nature; but the plant is not dead—it merely needs the pruning knife, which a few bright men and women in one of our big cities should take upon themselves to apply.

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Kindly Mention California Ladies' Magazine.

Man and Women—One

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

"If I were only a man," exclaims the little woman, who has failed to accomplish something upon which her heart is set. As if being a man would solve the whole problem. Men strive, succeed and fail, women strive, succeed and fail in about the same proportion. Some men are strong, determined, positive. Some women are strong, determined, positive. Some men are weak and shiftless and their counterpart is not lacking among their sisters.

It is easy for the unthinking mind to place upon sex the entire blame for existing conditions. But I fancy if the world awakened some morning to find that men and women had changed places, grave troubles would still confront us.

The old decree has been that woman can do some things and cannot do others, because of her physical constitution. When we compare the slender, delicate hand of the man who is an artist, with that of his brother who is a horny-handed toiler,—we mark the contrast—yet both are men. When we compare a strong muscular woman, trudging in the field behind a plow, with a sweet, dainty, fairy whose pleasure is to ornament her husband's city home, the difference is startling—yet both are women. It is skill, genius, thought, the ability to concentrate that marks the path to success for a man or woman alike.

In the days of primitive man, when fire was first discovered it was necessary for some one to stay by the fire and keep it burning, while others followed the chase. Thus it came that the female and her young remained at home. Women have been tending the fire for a long time, but they have learned now and then of other possibilities. Queens have ruled nations, and attended to maternal duties as well, but "free" Americans are not thus privileged.

It is not a question of male or female in the accomplishment of things. On the one hand of the great balance we find determination, strength, virtue, love, purity; on the other hesitation, weakness, vice, hatred and all their kin. Humanity hangs in the balance, now taking a dip in the sparkling waters of truth and again on the other side in the blackened pool of error. Each individual must face for himself the rights and the wrongs, and not blame the other half of the world for his own lack of success.

The birds find their mates and somewhere there exists for every man the woman who would make his life complete; whose strength would balance his weakness, whose patience would soothe his anger, and they two, physically, mentally, spiritually, would form a unit. This soul-mate idea is true, but its truth can only be found in the perfecting of the character of each individual. It is not that somewhere there is a woman sweet and patient enough to make up for all the meanness a man allows himself to exhibit, or that a wife's frivolity and nagging can be atoned for by a husband's virtues. There are many who can find their soul-mates very near at home if they set about to look for them.

Mother nature is not always asleep when she whispers the first few words of love to the man and maiden who afterward stand before the altar. Unless the marriage is purely a mercenary one there has been an intuitive selection. If each could look for and refuse to see anything but the good in the other, communion of soul would be more readily recognized.

One difficulty is that we have not accustomed ourselves to consider that others have weaknesses, trials, disappointments like unto our own. We so often hug our trouble until it fills for us the whole horizon. Men are human, exceedingly so, they need sympathetic kindness far more than we are apt to think. "Oh, well, he's a man, he can stand it," is an expression often heard but wrongly uttered.

"And they two shall be one" has come down to us through the centuries, but which one? Is left for our solution. There's no getting away from the fact that it takes both men and women to make up our little world, and how to find the most harmonious adjustment of relations is our task. It is useless to even think of regulating women to their household work. Woman has found her freedom and is using it and means to keep on using it, until the wrongs in our national life are righted, until the chairs of officials are filled by those who will enact justice, and whose lives are pure and clean.

Women should know how to keep house, just as men should know how to keep books, but when she has learned there is no necessity for her to keep at it if she can successfully follow other occupations. It makes no difference to the world as a whole if a woman runs a cattle ranch or a blacksmith shop, and a man engages in millinery and dressmaking. As long as the work is to be done, somebody will do it, and each should be free to choose their own vocation.

"Our Father" means so much. "In whom there is neither male nor female," but the One and that the spirit of the Christ; before whom all virtue is virtue, and vice is vice. One ideal of purity in the minds of men will lift us to the place where we shall all stand—One.

How to Forget and How to Remember

BY JANE MOSES.

If we know how to remember what we want to remember and to forget what we want to forget we should be in possession of a fairy gift of good. In the lives of us all, there are passages of which we are not proud. Now we have made egregious fools of ourselves; now a beloved, trusted one has broken our heart—at least we think so. Again, we have passed through such seasons of poverty and anxiety that to recall them is a nightmare. Let us pray for the blessed boon forgetfulness.

At the same time work while we pray. That is ever the way to have prayer answered. When you are overwhelmed with bitter torturing memories, simply think of something else. You cannot do it at one or two or three trials, but you can accomplish it in a few months or a year or two. To help drown bitter memories engage in some absorbing work and keep your attention fixed on the movements of your body while you work. So shall you drown out grief and bitter regrets and the memory of losses.

But to remember the things we need to remember, the thousand and one little details of housekeeping, of business—that is another matter. Yet it, too, can be achieved by the most absent-minded, forgetful woman that ever let her glorious childhood memory run to rack and ruin. Every woman who has a slipshod, worthless memory herself has let it go to pieces.

Listen. Nature gave everybody a good memory to start with. A child remembers all it sees. Its brain cells are fresh and receptive to the photographic pictures of events. There are millions of brain cells, enough to furnish a fresh one for every event in the life of a thousand years.

To begin with, never, never say, "Oh, I am getting so forgetful." If you make a statement it sounds, especially if you make it against yourself. You make others believe it; you believe it yourself in time; so it comes to be a fact. Never say you are either stupid, ugly, sickly or forgetful or anything else you would not like to be.

Draw your mental powers and your thoughts in from wandering like Satan up and down the earth and center them on the duty of the moment. Do not let them go hither and thither like wild horses galloping o'er the plain. You can remember everything you need to. If through a wicked, hurried, jumbling of mental impressions, you have let your memory waste, stop it. It will help you to write in clear, large letters upon a placard this: "I can and I do remember whatever I need to." Then suspend that by a ribbon of your favorite color where you will see it the first thing when you wake in the morning and the last thing at night. Make a powerful determined effort to live up to it.

Next force yourself to get a clear, sharp concept or mental picture of all that passes before you. Vivid pictures of things stay in the brain, and the taking of these mental photographs is the best means of remembering things. Make your pictures.

And never set down upon paper what you desire to remember. Nothing except the mental habit so many women have acquired, weakens the memory like written memorandums. The race had a glorious memory before it learned to write. If you have a list of things to buy, set them down only in your brain. At first, no doubt, you will forget. Well and good. The more inconvenience you are put to at first the less apt you will be to forget next time. So shall you keep your divine memory from running to decay. If you follow this system of memory training you will come by and by to feel as though you have been guilty of a sin when you forget anything.

THE SACRIFICE OF SILAS CONSTANCE

BY RENA SHATTUCK (POLLY LARKIN.)

A lovely picture mule Kathleen Constance as she stood in the bay-window, with the lace curtains enveloping her like a bridal veil, hanging the last holly wreath. All day she had been busy twining the ruddy holly berries into garlands and wreaths and putting the final touches to the Christmas tree which she had given for years on Christmas eve for n few chosen friends.

To-night her heart was light and joyous as a bird's that trills his hymn of praise at evening. Why shouldn't she be happy? For her own true love, Roger Chatterly, had come from New York to claim her as his bride, and to-night he was to ask her father for the gift of his only child. She was too happy in her own joy to think of her devoted father, haughty and austere as the world knew him, but almost pathetically tender toward her. Kathleen watched the crowd coming and going with their faces wreathed in smiles and their arms full of mysterious parcels and wondered if they were as happy as she. She hoped so; she didn't want to think of a single sad heart existing when her own was filled with so much joy.

To-night before the guests arrived, she must break the news to her father and pave the way for an interview with Roger Chatterly. Her pleasant reflections were interrupted by a ring at the door bell, and the next moment a great basket of violets and lilies-of-the-valley was handed in with her lover's card attached. In the center of the basket she found a dainty velvet casket as purple as the violets, containing a necklace of tiny pearls. She buried her face in the fragrant depths, and then pressed her lips to the flowers—symbols of modesty and purity—and carried them to her room, where she could enjoy them while she dressed for the evening. It would give her time to see her father before the arrival of the guests.

"I will wear white—Papa and Roger like me better in that than anything else—and twine the string of pearls round my neck, with clusters of lilies-of-the valley for my corsage and hair," she said thoughtfully.

Dinner was over at last, and she waited until her father had passed into the library to enjoy his smoke. Then glided in, a vision so fair and sweet that he exclaimed:

"You look like an angel of light, my dear."

"Do you really think I look well, papa? If you mean it, promise to grant me a favor."

"Did I ever refuse you anything?"

"No, I don't believe you ever did. Now, papa," she said, slipping behind his chair and twining her arms around his neck, while she pressed her soft, velvety cheek that rivaled the tint of a dainty pink shell, against his bearded face, "I want to make Roger Chatterly a Christmas present."

"Is that all? I thought you were going to ask me to play Santa Claus to-night."

"I am; you are to give the gift, papa, dear."

"What an idea! Give it to him yourself, Kathleen; he will appreciate it more than if it came from your old gray-haired father. How much money do you need to purchase the gift?"

"You would be the best judge of the value of what I want to give."

"Well, what is it, my darling?"

"My own dear papa," she said, kissing his cheek and hugging him a little more tightly, "it is myself."

"What!" cried Mr. Constance, loosening her arms from his neck and springing to his feet. "Yourself? Did you say yourself?"

"Great heavens! No! Give up my little girl, the pride of my heart? Not yet. You are young, my daughter, only nineteen, a mere child. You have plenty of time to think of marriage, my dear."

"Papa, you married my mother at eighteen."

"But times have changed. Girls don't marry so young now-a-days. Tell Roger Chatterly that I won't think of such a thing as your marrying until you are twenty-five. Then, if you haven't changed your minds in that time, I'll raise no further objection."

"Then you'll break my heart, papa. I've promised to return to New York with him as his wife. He has come for me. He wanted to speak with you last night, but I persuaded him to let me tell you first. You have never refused me anything before, and you are not going to now, papa. You couldn't do that." She stood before him with her eyes full of tears.

"I never dreamed of this, Kathleen. Never thought I was to be called upon to give up my baby, the sunlight of my old heart."

"Oh, papa, don't look like that. I can't stand it. Take me in your arms and tell me you love me."

With one step he reached her side and lifted her tenderly, raining kisses on her face.

"How can I give you up, my darling? Think of this old house and your lonely old father coming home to it every night with no little sunbeam to greet him. But there, don't cry, dear, don't cry any more. Go and bathe your face and get ready to receive your guests and tell—Roger Chatterly that he has asked for my only gem—my pearl of great price. Tell him I can't see him to-night, and excuse me to your guests on the plea that I have a headache."

"Papa, it will be no Christmas without you."

"You love this young man, Chatterly, Kathleen?"

"Yes, dearly. With you and Roger in my heart, there is no room for anything else, papa."

"Now you are trying a little strategy," he said, making an effort to smile.

"Will you come down to the parlors? Do, there's a dear papa."

"Yes, I'll be down presently."

"And look pleasant, won't you, papa?"

"One would imagine I was going to have my picture taken from that remark. Put your arms around

She put her hands on his shoulder.

my neck as you used to when you were a little child, and kiss me once, twice, thrice and again. Now go, dear, and I promise you that there shall be no scene. Remember that I am an old soldier and I have been under a deadly hail of shot and shell and never quailed."

"Dear old papa," she murmured, kissing him fondly.

"There, there, my darling, don't do that; that's the kind of shot and shell I can't stand to-night."

She left the room with her eyes swimming in tears like for-get-me-nots shimmering through dew-drops.

Left to himself, this strong man, who was so stern and unrelenting, so dreaded by criminals, and regarded as a man totally devoid of all feeling, trembled like an aspen leaf. One minute he raved and the next vowed it should never be. When it came time for him to make his appearance among the guests, he was the same cool and collected man, the same genial host he had always been. Only once did his nerve forsake him, and that was when a gift was handed to him from the tree. It was the picture of Kathleen set in pearls. Then he saw through a mist for an instant.

"How do you like your present?" called Kathleen from the other end of the room.

"Beautiful, my darling," he said, but refrained from looking at the picture again.

The last good-night was said, and Mr. Constance went to his room. He wanted to get away from all eyes and once and for all decide this question that meant life or a miserable existence for him. The fire burned brightly in the grate, yet the man shivered as he drew his chair up before it. He went over the conversation with Kathleen. Was not every word burned into his heart, could he ever forget it?

So Roger Chatterly wanted his little girl and she had asked that he bestow her as a Christmas gift. She was such a child. No, he couldn't think of it. But then, she said her heart would break if she couldn't go with him. His heart was breaking now. He wondered if it would ever lose that dull pain. Why couldn't Roger have waited a few years? Roger was young and he was an old man. (He had aged years, he thought, in the last few hours). The little gilt clock on the mantel chimed midnight and still Silas Constance sat in his chair, while the fire burned lower and lower. The feeble blaze leaped from one coal to another only to flicker and die out? coal to another, only to flicker and die out? five years ago, when he asked for another Kathleen. She was smiling down now on him from the little silver frame on the mantel. He rose, took down the photograph, and studied the sweet face. The picture was taken the day they were married and she was in her wedding dress. On the back of it she had traced, "Until death us do part." Those words seemed strangely prophetic. The face seemed to be entreating for Kathleen. He recalled how sad her father had seemed when asked for the other Kathleen, but then, Mr. Constance argued, her father had other children and he had no one left but his little girl. Men were selfish creatures at best, and he was just finding it out.

Slowly the pages of memory turned, and he had passed the wedding day, the happy months leading to another day when the brightness passed out of his life and he stood beside the bed of his dying wife, holding their little Kathleen. He heard her saying, "You must be a father and a mother to her. I have been happy and now the only grief of my life has come—I must leave you and our baby." Long he continued to gaze at the lovely picture. How like this little Kathleen of theirs it was.

One, two, three o'clock, and the struggle was still going on. Four o'clock, and the Kathleen that smiled down at him from the mantel had won the victory for the living Kathleen. The fire was out, only the gray ashes remained and the room was cold. Conscious of it at last, he endeavored to stir up a few live coals, but failed. "It is only a symbol of what my future life is to be, gray and dreary," he said wearily.

Dawn was beginning to throw its first waves of light as if challenging the sun to show his face before he sought his bed.

"Christmas greeting! I caught you first, papa, dear. Fie on you, oversleeping this beautiful Christmas morning! The muffins and omelet are done and the mackerel broiled to a turn. You forgot something, too. You didn't put anything into my stocking, and I hung it up. First time you ever forgot it."

"So I did, but forgive me and I'll put my consent in it for you to marry Roger Chatterly."

"Thank you, my dear old papa. That will fill it from top to toe, and it will make us both so happy and our Christmas was such a merry one."

* * * * * * * * * *

The wedding was over and the couple had taken their departure for their new home. Silas Constance had seen them well on their way and then returned to his desolate home. His heart was breaking, but she had not known by word or gesture of his. He had given orders that her room should remain undisturbed, and every night he spent two or three hours in the dainty blue and white bed-room, dreaming of the days that had been, or penning her a letter filled with cheerful nonsense. Then came a letter from Kathleen.

"Dear Papa," it read, "Roger has been ordered back to California to take charge of the business there, and we're going to live with you in the dear old home. We'll be on the way by the time you receive this letter. Your loving daughter.

"KATHLEEN CHATTERLY."

WESTERN WRITERS DEMAND RECOGNITION

BY ANITA WALCH M'KNIGHT.

Within the past few years murmurs of dissatisfaction have frequently floated from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic—Western writers do not receive due recognition in the East, the murmurs complained.

Some time ago a leading Eastern magazine spoke forcibly through its columns in self-defense, and consequently our feelings were for a time somewhat mollified. But now there comes under our observation an incident that should set every patriotic Californian a-thinking.

A year ago the Eastern winds blew to our genial coast a woman of undeniable intellect and ability, who in her Eastern career had won for herself a pleasing beginning with the pen. Naturally she cherished fond hopes of what she would do under the influence of beautiful California. Six months she labored, elated, inspired, enchanted. But alas! manuscript after manuscript returned unto her, until finally, disheartened, she determined to fathom the reason for her luck's untimely death. She wrote to several Eastern editors, two of whom frankly explained the situation—California matter is not desirable, they admitted; for the past twenty years an effort has been made to boom California and her industries through the Eastern magazines; writers have frequently taken unfair advantage of Eastern editors by engaging in an indirect method of advertising.

Now, there are some facts to which we as Californians cannot close our eyes, and which we must consider logically if we wish to attain the recognition our fellow-workers on the Eastern coast enjoy.

In spite of our efforts to give our native sons and daughters the preference in the way of lucrative positions, it is the Eastern applicants who fill them. The doctor, the lawyer, the minister, the teacher, who soonest reaches the top round of the ladder of success on our own coast, is the one which comes to us from the East. Why is this? Reason it out for yourselves.

We rebel inwardly against these usurpers, and yet we are glad to get them.

Civilization came to us from the East, and continues its westward course. Like all others of God's mills, this one too, grinds slow but sure. Rome was not built in a day; neither will California—it is still building.

The Atlantic coast has three hundred and fifty years the start of us; we joined in the handicap a half century ago, when the managing, intellectual North-European compelled the Spaniard to release his sleepy, bigoted head upon our coast. With these facts before us, it were wise to cease murmuring at nature's course, and instead, help her perfect her work.

We must erect for ourselves higher intellectual standards, and must aim unitedly to reach them. We must build a literary structure that will defy criticism, and that will make the world think it worth her while to pause and listen. We must give western literature strong support. Being faithful in these things we shall ere long compel the recognition that it has taken our Eastern coast four centuries to attain.

"Accuse not nature; she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine."

BEAUTIFUL GUANAJUATO BY MOONLIGHT

A Mexican Experience

BY IDA M. MORRELL.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO

From the roof of the Palace, showing tiers of houses and their peculiar quaintness.

"Venice by moonlight, you say?" Yes, the "Bride of the Sea" is then entrancing; the soul is thrilled by the countless pictures that dance before one in dainty reflection, in the placid waters, as the gondolas noiselessly, gracefully, glide along, just as a strain of music causes reverberation on the sympathetic nature so closely attuned to the delicate cadence, set in motion by a kindred spirit.

But go to Guanajuato, see it first by moonlight and while the sympathetic chord that is there set in motion, is not of such delicate timbre, yet, the feeling that pervades one's soul, is of awe, of solemnity, and the white, pale moon seems as a mentor, to penetrate your being and cause a realization of individual nonentity.

After a long and rather tiresome ride in the usual mule-car after leaving Silao, on the Mexican Central, we reached the historic city of Guanajuato. We were used to the noise and confusion consequent to the arrival of travelers, so readily managed to push our way among the many "cargadores" or baggage porters, that literally swarm around one. The hotel, the best, but of meagre accommodations, was quickly found, our baggage arranged and, having learned early in our travels, to improve, not only each shining hour but moonlight one too, started out. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, a very clear night and the moon high.

We soon left the noise of the band playing in the plaza and the moving crowd far behind us, and began to ascend a series of stone steps, which in turn, led to crooked ways, in and out of narrow passages, with only here and there a ray of moonlight to guide the footsteps that were beginning to be very weary now.

Not even a cat or a dog, both plentiful in Mexico, and much thought of, appeared on the scene.

Surely, we were going up the "Steps of Capri," this quiet moonlight night; the narrow stone sidewalks and narrower streets that we could often reach across and touch the opposite wall, were a marvel. Up and down, in and out, and only once did we see a human being. He, no doubt, just returning from telling the "old, old story," to his "Nova" in the barred window above the narrow street.

When we realized how old, centuries old, these stone or adobe huts and houses were, some built right out of the solid rock on the hillsides, and the steps in many places cut from the mountain itself, no wonder, this caused a feeling of awe and visions of soul-stirring deeds, in which lover, maiden and rival were involved, thrilled us as we crept along silently, and imagined what desperate deeds could yet take place, in such strange corners as we had penetrated. Sometimes the narrowness of the passage ways prevented seeing only a tiny portion of the silvery tinted sky above, and now and then, beyond our sight, a distant hill covered with the same stone or adobe buildings in tiers. There seemed no way of ingress or egress, as it were, for us, at least as far as they could reach.

The one lone peon we met, told us how to find our way to the hotel, and after many wanderings along roads as rocky as even Dublin boasted of, we reached the deserted plaza, it being near the midnight hour, the scene still entrancing all around us under the silvery glow which cast shadows far and near, a picture always to be hung in "Memory hall."

Each new experience in hotel life was never to be commented upon until one night had passed and so again we wondered what would be the tale we would unfold, on the morrow. My room was most dreary in prospect. The only means of entrance for myself or air was through a set of narrow French window like doors that had not even half panes of glass but were solid wood and barred from within. A single candle in an ancient candlestick was the only illumination. It was the exception not to have electric lights, for in most all of the best hotels, brass bedsteads and oftentimes electric lights were a source of comfort in each room.

SCENE IN GUANAJUATO.

Showing in the extreme left hand corner the Pantheon on the hill, where in catacombs the mummies of many of the wealthy class are still intact, while the bones of the less fortunate (in regard to wealth) are in a heap at one side of the subterranean passage.

As usual, a thorough search for stray or forgotten bugs, such as beetles, spiders or insects of the grasshopper genus, was made and then one was never sure that mice would not penetrate the sacred precincts during the "wee sma" hours.

In the morning it was amusing to realize that the only apparent means of air or light penetrating the apartment was through a tiny hole, a little larger than that made by a pin, and which I noticed for the first time in the barred door, as I caught the fainted glimpse of a ray of light. No uninvited guests shared my room that night. I seemed to have been strongly fortified in all respects.

It is strange one never feels the ill effects from not having open windows in Mexico. The houses are so constructed that air is allowed in, in philtered portions, it seems, as malaria is ever present during sleeping hours and still one rises refreshed in the mornings.

Guanajuato by daylight, with its magnificent palaces and theatre, its catacombs and mines, is a source of pleasure and delight.

While the moonlight experience was in an unusual way enjoyable, the sunshine was very much more to our liking

No one must fail to take a donkey ride to the Pantheon on the crest of a mountain that overlooks the entire city and impressing one with the feeling that he or she is surely in Holy Lands, so similar are the houses arranged and the surrounding country is of the same aspect.

A TYPICAL FIESTA SCENE.

These periodical gatherings or carnivals are much enjoyed by the Mexicans.

TEATRO JUAREZ AT GUANAJUATO.

A magnificent theater costing $1,000,000. The interior is in rococo style; draperies from Paris. Opened by President Diaz in 1901.

MOTTOES

"Happiness" is fortune.
"Virtue" is wealth.
"Gold" is a comfort
Through sickness and health.
"Honesty" is a treasure
We all should possess.
"Charity" is a pleasure
That brings happiness.
"Love" like a candle
Turns darkness to light.
"Kindness" brings joy
And therefore it's right.
"Good manners and morals"
If with them we're decked,
Will always procure
Good people's respect.
"Knowledge" is the ladder
That leads us up higher.
"Improvement" in everything
Is our desire.
"Industry" is the motto
To lead us to fame,
And "solid instruction"
The good teacher's aim.
"Right" is the path
We all should have trod,
Ere we arrive
At the judgment of God.

—Laura J. Sears.

STREET SCENE IN GUANAJUATO.

Adjacent to the Teatro Juarez, showing one corner of the building and the hillside in the background.

LAST WORDS FROM A GIFTED AUTHOR

BY THE LATE HARRIET E. SKIDMORE (MARIE).

To the earnest, unprejudiced observer of the signs of the times, the question often arises, "What are the tendencies, social, political and moral, of our day and especially of our country?" "What hope have we of the future well-being of America?" The pessimist would answer, "We have none, we are going from bad to worse, and there is no remedy."

Is he right or wrong? Which predominates in our midst, the material or spiritual, evil or good, or that indifference which all sages agree and the Scriptures assert, is worse than evil, as the latter spends itself at last, and leads, by its excesses, to its own correction?

Let us glance at the aspect of life in our own land, as its kaleidoscopic views are presented to us in the midday light of modern civilization.

Our people, in independence of character, energy and intelligence, have no superiors, and, it is safe to say, but few equals in the nations. The spread of education among the masses, and the certainty that all ways of advancement are open to every talented, ambitious man and woman—for, today, even among the most conservative, the pulpit seems to be the only spot where woman may not place her daring foot—has given an upward tendency, socially and politically to all classes.

At the period preceding the Southern war, honorable and laudable ambition to attain high places in the mercantile, professional, political, and consequently social world, led men to persistent indefatigable effort. Our colleges sent forth annually to life's arena young men of ability and aspiration, bound, if not to win success, at least to better their fellowmen, by their efforts in a noble struggle. Those training for the commercial career sought the busy marts of traffic, intent upon achieving, not only wealth, but honorable names and high station, by honest dealing and faithful attention to the routine of business. The learned professions were sought and adopted by young men whose talents and tastes pointed to them the fame of a Mott, a Marshal, or a Webster; while those seeking political preferment did not then predicate their claim to success almost entirely upon their cleverness in managing ward politicians, or upon the millions they had acquired honestly or otherwise.

What is the ambition of the average collegian of today? It is to run or wrestle better than his fellows. To dress more like a dude, drink more wine and spend more money than his classmates. What does he care for mercantile training, scientific attainments, or professional celebrity? Nearly all the niches in the temple of Fame are vacant, but his ambitious eyes turn not thither. He may sometimes think of getting a place at Annapolis or West Point, particularly if he has no "expectations." For, he argues, when he is tired of college life, or the "governor's" slender purse can no longer supply his extravagance, he will "get solid" with our Congressmen, "go in" for the navy or army, scrape through his examinations, become a middy and later a lieutenant—the navy is more desirable than the army —"One has less access to the best society everywhere, you know"—he will be a lion among the ladies and wind up by marrying an heiress. Or, if he is admitted at West Point, he can patch up his neglected education, get acquainted with the aristocratic families of New York and vicinity, and when he graduates, his chances of fortune through the matrimonial sacrifice—he esteems it indeed a sacrifice—are almost as good as those of his college chum of the navy.

If our young man intended to be a merchant, limited amount of book-learning is, in his estimation quite sufficient. So he scorns the classics as being "too slow;" he does not care about "delving after Greek roots" and delving very hard after anything for that matter. He will study geography a little, mathematics a little, English grammar and composition a very little indeed—this last part is patent to all his acquaintances. Then he has a little knowledge of the commercial course, he will take the examination, perhaps get his certificate—how much or little that may mean we know—and then seek a position as clerk. If he is fortunate enough to get a subordinate place in a bank, he considers himself fairly started in life, and looks around for entree into society, that he may go in and win one of the golden prizes in the matrimonial lottery.

And what of those who adopt the learned professions? Their name is legion, yet while many of them are talented, ambitious and industrious, would it not be better if a tithe at least of the would be disciples of Solon and Esculapius, would be induced to devote themselves to the agricultural development of the land. There is a wide field, metaphorically and literally, for earnest workers. Why do so many hug the busy over-crowded cities, when they might find man's first, best labor more adapted to their gifts?

Then from whence are we to get our workers in steel and iron? Are we never intelligent, well-educated, skilled Americans to build our steamboats and cars, construct our boilers, and steam engines? Yet in these avocations there is a broader scope for the exercise of masculine power, physical and mental.

Why, in a country where we boast of equality and the dignity of labor, is intelligent labor scorned? Why do American parents, with few exceptions, seek for their sons some paltry clerkship, some small political office, or force them into the professions where they are sure to meet with failure—for Nature is true to the gifts she bestows—when so many of them would achieve success, wealth and even distinction, at the forge or in the vineyard or orchard?

By mistaken callings, love of gain for its own sake, contempt for mechanical labor and mercenary marriages, we are deteriorating and the pursuit of the material is fast gaining ground.

Now how about the home life and influence upon which our moral and social well-being largely depend? To the weakness or absence of parental authority may be attributed many of the evils which darken our social atmosphere. Respect for age and domestic authority seems to have passed away with the poke bonnets and ample skirts of our grandmothers. The young rush forward and push their elders aside without ceremony. What father and mother says or thinks is of little consequence. Children come and go as they will, without question or hindrance.

In our best society, in California, if not elsewhere, the elders are almost ignored. The Chinese, it is said, destroy the weakling or deformed of the family in infancy, but, when, in their judgment, a person is fit to live at all, he is permitted to enjoy existence as long as nature wills, and the greatest respect is shown by children to their aged parents. We have improved our Oriental civilization and end at least the social life and importance of the individual who has passed middle age, or, as some writer has put it, "has out-lived his usefulness." So, when Miss Blank has a reception, sometimes her parents are permitted to be present, their names are mentioned afterwards in the society notes, among the list of invited guests, sometimes they are left out altogether; for "the line must be drawn somewhere," and there is no room for old folks.

Mary Elizabeth accepts, on her own account, invitations for the opera or theatre, goes out when she pleases, and with whom she pleases, and probably her parents know nothing of the character, family and sometimes even the name of her escort.

She goes to church on Sunday and attends what is irreverently called the "fashionable church." At fashionable church weddings, she keeps up a constant chit-chat with her neighbor, or entertains, during the entire service, some gentleman with a running fire of criticism on the dress, appearance and attractions of the young ladies in front, making meanwhile beaux deux at the young millionaire in the aisle adjoining.

Her brother is as indifferent to his parents and as frivolous as our young lady is. He spends all his salary in dress suits, necktles and cigars, never rendering his over-worked father any assistance under the burden of family expenses. He never asks his mother or elder sister—who is quite outree in dress and style—to go anywhere with him. If he attends a party, he always invites the best dressed girls to dance and never pays the least attention to the ladies of the house if they are either handsome or good dancers.

Now, are Mary Elizabeth and her brother to blame for their want of filial respect, and their frivolity? No, a thousand times no. The weak father and the weaker mother who have failed in the first duty of parents, the inculcation of respect for themselves and obedience to their commands are solely to blame.

Parents in our day, and notably in our country, are by far too indulgent. From the cradle to manhood and womanhood children are pampered. Parents too often make idols of their offspring, and offer them constantly adulation and worship.

THE LATE MISS HARRIET M. SKIDMORE (MARIE.)

They do not exact obedience from the child, and the youth and the maiden hold them in neither respect nor veneration. Through the weakness and easy compliance of parents, the social gatherings, left to the guidance of the young, inexperienced and uninformed in mind and character tend no longer to the cultivation of the graces and courtesies of life, the interchange of intelligent ideas, the development of mind.

Some married women of good manners, good sense and good education, are still seen at our balls and germans. They are admitted under the odious title of chaperones. But are there many men of sense, talent or even good breeding? Many men worth dancing one's hair out of curl, or fading the roses on one's cheeks for?

A prominent lady once said to me that at all the fashionable gatherings she had attended during an entire season, the young gentlemen were inferior in appearance, ability, education and social prominence to the young ladies,—many of the latter being bright, witty, beautiful and of good family,—in fact that it would appear from her point of view, that the young society ladies of her acquaintance would have to stop to mate, or go unwed, for there were few young men of any promise.

I replied that there were many young men of undoubted talent, high character and brilliant prospect of future distinction, but they were not often found at the so-called "society gatherings;" that social entertainments had degenerated into mere dancing school parties. That our merchants, physicians and lawyers destined to future eminence, have no time for social clubs; their heads having been cultivated to the neglect of their heels, they are not often invited to dancing parties, as "they are so stupid they can't dance much, and it is such a bore to try to talk to them."

The follies of parents are reflected in the uselessness or vices of their children. The boys and girls grow up without that wholesome restraint—which is the guaranty of Christian worth and social happiness.

We are all equal before the law, we determine, therefore, to be as good—not morally, but socially—as our neighbors. Every child who enters the Eighth grade can graduate, in time, from our High school. In consequence of the political influence of parents, the standard of graduation can be lowered to squeeze through the educational machine any thick-headed subject who may have stopped in transit. No matter how many good house-servants, cooks, laborers or mechanics are spoiled in the process, we are all equal, therefore we must all be teachers, clerks, doctors or lawyers. No mechanical laborers, no tillers of the soil, no hewers of wood, or drawers of water are to be raised in our American homes. Foreign white labor must come to the rescue; when that falls we must employ Chinese.

It is absurd to assert that our people prefer servile labor. If efficient native or foreign white laborers could be obtained, our leagues of smiling vineyards, orchards and grain fields would be dotted with the cottages of free white workingmen, and the Asiatic horde would be driven from our shores for lack of employment.

American fathers and mothers will have to govern their children, influence them rightly, and direct their talents into the channel which nature has marked for them. If children have the necessary gifts and tastes, let them, by all means, be educated for the professions. If their talents lie in the mechanical line, train them as educated, skilled mechanics. If their mental endowments are mediocre, teach them that manual labor is honorable. They should never be permitted to speak with contempt of the horny-handed sons of toil. They should remember that labor is the lot of man, that all that is honest is worthy of honor; that it is better to excel in agriculture or the trades than to be mediocre in the professions.

They should be taught to respect age, to honor their superiors, old and young. The state can do but little for the child, if parents fail in their duty.

Education without religion and home-training is only book-learning at best. At worst it is too often infidelity to God and ruin to the individual.

Young readers! In the language of the Roman gladiators, "We who are about to die salute you." We have erred, we have pointed out our errors. With us "the day is far spent." In its sunset glow, we ask your pardon if we have too often spared the uplifted rod of correction, and beg of you, our successors, to profit by our example.

The family, society, the state look to you. Each depends upon the other, all three upon you. Do your part then fearlessly. Form a society based upon reverence for age, respect for authority, honor for all that is truly honorable love for God, and as earnest Americans, labor to correct the evil tendencies of our times.

"Mater filiorum multorum."

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AN UNPUBLISHED STORY OF Daniel O'Connell's "THE LOST PATENT"

Illustrations by Stanley Clisby Arthur.

ROSES everywhere, bordering the long crescent avenue, creeping up the trunks of the old oaks to mingle with the ivy, and clustering in huge bunches about the entrance of the hacienda where Don Miguel Gomez sat waiting the arrival of the young American engineer, who was to convert a large portion of the Los Ohitos Ranch into building lots for the foreigners. Don Miguel had no love for the Americans. His father half a century before owned near all the broad valley, stretching from the Coast Range on one side to the ocean on the other, but his father's sons, including Don Miguel himself, had been an extravagant lot, fond of gaming, and feasting, and display, so that now, of the once lordly Ohitos, but a few paltry acres remained, and these the hidalgo was compelled to sacrifice to the enemy. The inevitable march of population had reached the Ohito, and gentleman of means, with an ambition for a handsome country seat, were clamoring at the limits of Don Miguel's boundaries for admission.

The barking of a sheep dog in a kennel close by, followed by the deeper and more threatening bay of a deer hound, warned the Don that a stranger came.

"You are the Senor Lawton, the engineer from San Francisco?" said the old gentleman, advancing with that charming politeness which sits so gracefully on the Spaniard.

"At your service, and you are Don Miguel Gomez", replied the stranger. "You have a lovely place here, Don Miguel. I am not astonished that you have been so reluctant to part with it."

The Spaniard answered with a bitter laugh.

"It is the admiration of your countrymen, Senor Lawton, which compels me to welcome them as neighbors. It is now almost noon. We will lunch and after luncheon I will drive you over the ranch."

After a quiet toilet in the chamber which Don Miguel had hospitably prepared for him, and which he was to occupy until the subdividing of the tract was finished, Lawton joined his host on the veranda, and was ushered by him with much ceremony into a cool, spacious dining hall, "My daughter, Senorita Gabriella," said the Spaniard, and Lawton bowed to what at that moment flashed across his mind as the most beautiful Spanish girl he had ever seen. She was almost seventeen, tall, with large lustrous eyes, a skin as white as the apple blossoms in the orchard outside, and when she murmured her welcome, the young man mentally decided that no voice could be more musical. True, he felt rather amused at himself a few minutes afterward, at the sudden and alarming manner in which he had fallen over head and ears in love with his host's daughter. And when he reflected that two or three weeks of this delightful association lay before him, he looked so supremely happy that Don Miguel remarked interrogatively, "you enjoy the country, Senor?"

Donna Gabriella sighed. "The Senor should see Las Animas," she said, "it is much more beautiful than the Ohitos."

"My daughter speaks of a ranch we once owned, which lies about a league from hence," said Don Miguel explanatorily. "We went to law about it, or at least one of your countrymen sued us for possession, disputed our title, and having lost the original patent, we were never able to prove ownership, so it passed out of our hands like many other matters. We never knew whether the patent was lost or stolen. My father imagined he had it in his strong box, but when we made an examination it was not there. You like our Spanish dishes, Senor?"

Lawton declared Spanish cookery was his favorite, and the conversation drifted to things in general, politics, books, and the growth of the State.

Lawton arose early next morning, and after a hearty breakfast laid out his plans for dividing the Ohitos. He rode carefully over the tract and decided that a broad avenue to lead from the country roads to the foot hills would be the proper limitation; as he rode slowly along the center of the tract, mentally calculating this clump of oaks would be left on the north side, and that on the south, he perceived a short distance ahead the ruins of an adobe building. Dismounting and hitching his mustang to a tree, the engineer made a curious inspection of this relic of early California days. At one end of the ruin stood the fragments of what had evidently been a belfry, so Lawton concluded that this had been one of the minor churches of the early Missions.

"Buenos Dios, Senor."

The engineer started, and turning quickly round saw a decrepid native Californin, bowing before him.

"You like my house," said the old man in English. Yes, Senor, I live here. My good master, Don Miguel, has been gracious enough to give his father's old major domo this ruin rent free. Would the Senor like to see my apartments, then follow me."

Pleased with this adventure, Lawton nodded, and the old man led him to a recess by the belfry, descended half a dozen stairs, followed by Lawton who found himself in a large subterranean chamber, furnished with a rude table, a couple of chairs, a dilapidated stove, and in the corner a heap of hay, which evidently served the hermit as a bed. Lawton took a seat, and much interested in this singular character, awaited further developments.

"I heard that my good master, Don Miguel, was sadly in need of money," said the hermit, "and that the old ranch was to be cut up and sold to the Americans. How it will hurt that proud man's heart, and the Senorita she will be sad when they come here with their white wooden houses and cut down the timber. They will spare nothing, those Americans, and by and by they will come to get the hacienda itself, and then poor Don Miguel will have to go to San Francisco. But how will he live? The city is no place for a poor Spaniard Caballero, is it, Senor?" and the ugly old fellow leered malevolently at his visitor.

Evidently, thought Lawton, my ancient friend has no love for his landlord, and then he said aloud:

"Oh, Don Miguel will realize enough from the sale to make him comfortable for the rest of his life. Good day, my friend, I must be going. Probably I shall see more of you when we come to work this field, and nodding to the hermit, he left the ruin.

The bell was ringing for the noonday meal as Lawton rode up the avenue. The Don's daughter was on the veranda clipping roses for her vases, and smilingly greeted the engineer. At table he told Don Miguel of his meeting with the hermit at the ruined mission.

"Ah," said Gomez, with a troubled face, "that is Sanchez, a strange, cross old fellow. He used to be in my father's service, and gave me my first lessons in casting the riata. But for some offense or other, what it was I know not, yet it must have been a grave one, my father disgraced him, flogged him severely, and Sanchez left the ranch that night. Nor did he ever return until after my father's death. I offered him some place about the household which he refused, asking permission only to occupy yonder ruin. But I don't believe he has any love for our family now. He comes of that race whose resentment expires only with death."

"I must be on hand early to-day to see about the main avenue of our new town," said Lawton to Don Miguel Gomez on the following morning, and will take a few sandwiches with me, so do not expect me to lunch. The Spaniard politely expressed his regrets, and hoped the Senor would not fatigue himself. The long summer's day passed, the evening shadows fell, and still the Don's fair daughter listened for the clatter of the engineer's horse on the avenue. She liked him, and felt in his society an excitement, a pleasure for which she accounted herself as the natural gratification of associating with one of her own period of life, who was original, courteous and intelligent. At seven o'clock the Don's supper hour, Lawton was still missing. The evening wore on, but the engineer came not.

"He must have received a dispatch to go to town immediately," said Don Miguel, as he discussed with Gabriella, Lawton's absence, "but it is singular that he did not send us a message to this effect. However, we shall probably hear from him to-morrow."

But the next day and the next came and passed without a message from, or any tidings of Lawton. His instruments and papers were in his room, and a half written letter lay open upon his table. On the third day Don Miguel became apprehensive that some accident had befallen him. But then, he argued, had he been thrown from his horse, the animal would have found his way back to the stables. Gabriella's anxiety was plainly visible. She spoke continually of Lawton's absence, and when Don Miguel mentioned the theory that he had come to grief, she earnestly begged that a search party be organized and that the company he was engaged by be informed of his absence. A letter to the company brought a response that they had had no communication with Lawton for five days. This made the matter more serious, and half a dozen mounted men were dispatched to search for him. After scouring the country they returned without any tidings of the missing young man.

With Don Miguel's grief at this occurrence was mingled the most serious anxiety for his daughter. The mystery of Lawton's disappearance so thoroughly engrossed her mind that she lost all interest in other affairs. She lost her appetite, grew thin and wan, her nights were sleepless, and finally the Spaniard decided to send her to her relatives in Santa Barbara for change of air and scene, and with the hope that this perplexing incident might, if not partially forgotten, lose at least its intensity. Gabriella gave a languid assent to the proposition, and preparations were made for her departure.

The evening before the contemplated journey she suggested to her father that she would ride about the old place, and one of the men brought around a beautiful little white mare, which had been expressly broken for her use. Gabriella rode slowly over the tract, and thought mournfully of the fate of the young engineer. The truth was now plain to her that he had obtained a deeper place in her heart than she had ever accorded to any one before. The evening was far advanced and the moon was rising slowly over the oaks as the young girl reigned her horse in the neighborhood of the ruined mission. An impulse for which she never could account afterwards, led her to dismount and enter the ruin. She sat near the dismantled altar, and there knelt and prayed that the Blessed Virgin would intercede with our Lord for the safety of her lover, wheresoever he might be, and bring him back to her. The last earnest words were trembling on the girl's lips, when a groan, which seemed to come from directly under the altar, caused her to spring to her feet with a scream. Her fright was momentary. An inspiration seized her.

"My prayer is answered," she cried. "He is here. Ernest, Ernest, where are you?" There was a pause, and again she heard those sounds of distress. With her delicate hands she cleared away the rubbish from the altar stone, and an iron ring was disclosed. An unaccountable intelligence seemed to direct her every movement. She rushed outside and returned with a stout branch, inserted it in the ring, and with extraordinary strength pried up the stone slab. Here, in a narrw vault, bound hand and foot, lay the insensible form of Ernest Lawton.

When Lawton lay in his chamber at the ranch once more restored to speech, he told the story of his imprisonment. On the evening of the day of his disappearance whilst riding by the ruin, he heard the whiz of a riata in the air, and the next moment he was dragged from his horse almost choked into insensibility. Before consciousness left him he recognized in his assailant Pedro Sanchez. His next sensation was that of being bound to the rings of the walls of the vault, and seeing Sanchez bend over him.

"You are here to die," hissed the revengeful hermit. "Ha, you would marry Don Miguel's daughter, and with your cursed gringo sense make money for that hated crowd. And to make your death more bitter, see here, within a few feet of your bier is the lost patent of Las Animas ranch. Sleep well, Senor, I will return when you are dead," and with a yell the old maniac left him.

The patent was found in the dust of the vault, and the delight of Don Miguel was boundless. And when a few months afterwards Ernest Lawton pressed a husband's kiss on the lips of his bride, he whispered in her ear that, after all, his week of suffering was more richly rewarded that it deserved, and that he would undergo it all again for the same sweet guerdon.

He was dragged, half choked, from his horse.

The last earnest words were trembling on her lips.

I AM THE DAUGHTER OF LOVE

BY FLORENCE ESTELLA MILTON.

Men call me La Frivole. The peasants think this an appropriate name for a Provencial stream that dances lightly from rock to rock, that dashes the spray so gally against the iris reeds and smiles sparklingly in answer to the soft whispers of the west wind.

Perhaps. Yet there are days when the sunbeams do not come to play, and then I think of sad things and call to mind strange doings which have taken place along my banks.

One of them I saw played out many years ago, and the memory of it haunts me more than that of any other.

It is about the olive tree that stands at the entrance of the little valley, through which I flow when, with a bound, I leave the rosemary and rue-grown hill, the children call the Desert. A white Banksia rose-tree flings her soft branches about the dark trunk of that olive, and half covers with her cloudy mantle that gray and gnarled tree, as though she would shield it from the sharp stab of the Mistral and shade it from the fierce rays of the sun.

But I remember a time when no olive and Banksia grew in the valley. Once in those days I was lying very quiet and nearly asleep at noonday, when suddenly a beautiful maiden came out from the woods that lie towards the south. As she drew near I no longer cared to sleep, for I would not waste one of the moments I might spend in gazing upon her loveliness.

Her face was sweet and fair, and a wonderful light of happiness beamed from her eyes. Her robe was long, white and flowing, and as she walked I perceived that her every movement was perfect grace. To see her stoop and replace in the nest a nightingale's fallen egg, was a pretty sight.

I had watched her do this, and her face was still a little flushed from the exertion, a smile of pleasure at the mother-bird's delight still playing about her lips, when there came towards her, from the rocky desert above, a youth whom I knew well by sight, though never before had I seen him in the bright light of day, but only in the grayness of twilight or in the half blackness of night, when the moon begins to rise in the sable sky.

His dark face, handsome, yet so sad that I never loved to look upon it, was generally bent earthward as he paced along my banks, and his mournful eyes were usually fixed intently on the ground; but this day as he glanced upwards his eyes met those of the white-robed maiden, and then he stopped, as though in the presence of a gracious vision he might dispel by too near an approach.

The maiden, too, stood still for a few seconds, and then, a wave of pity faintly shadowing her joyous face, she moved toward him with outstretched hands, and gently accosted him

"Who art thou?" she asked in a low-toned voice.

The youth falling on one knee at her feet, answered in tones most weary and melancholy: "I am the Son of Sorrow."

He paused, as though expecting some word or action from the girl addressed; but she continued to gaze gently down on him, her soft eyes looking pityingly into his.

Then an eager, surprised look came over the sad youth's face, as, rising and taking her hands passionately, almost roughly, in his, he said:

"Who art thou, fairest of maidens, that thou dost not shun my presence, now that thou hast heard my name, and must know the burden I am forced to bear? All men and women shrink from me lest, perchance, it should fall on their shoulders."

"I am the Daughter of Love," answered the damsel, gently; "and wherefore should I fly from thee? I see thy heavy burden, and long to help thee bear it. See, I am stronger than thou thinkest."

And I saw the fair girl, with a smile on her lips, put out her hand to support the load swung across the bended shoulders of the youth.

"Nay, nay;" exclaimed the youth, drawing quickly back: "it is enough to look upon thee and hear thy voice. No burden can oppress while thou art near."

"Then I will stay with thee always, that thou mayst see me, and speak with me when thou wilt," replied the maiden, simply.

My attention was distracted at that moment by a slight rustling, followed by a low half-mocking laugh; and looking away from the youth and the maiden, I saw, at a little distance, the familiar, aged, though strangely young-looking figure of Dame Fortune. Into one hand she had gathered her long train, shot with a hundred colors, and changing with the dancing light, looking a black, leaden thing one moment, and gleaming with silvery whiteness the next.

With her other hand held up as though to quiet the singing birds, she stood almost motionless, listening.

"The Son of Sorrow and the Daughter of Love conversing together," I heard her say in a low voice, which also was half mocking, like her laughter.

The youth and the maiden, as they heard their names pronounced, slowly turned toward her.

"So you two would wish to dwell together, would you?" inquired the Dame. ""The union would be very droll, really too droll." And she laughed again in the way I so much disliked; but I could not see her now, for she was hidden by a tree from my sight. "Would it be allowed, though? Do you foolish young things imagine for one moment that it would be allowed?"

Once more the old lady laughed scornfully, and between the trunks of two pines, I could again see her, and notice a twinkle of fun suddenly light up her eyes, as a mischievous scheme flashed into her mind. Her voice was broken with laughter as now she advanced a few steps forward, and said half jestingly, half seriously,—

"The match would vastly amuse me. I will see it made sure. You, O, Son of Sorrow, shall become an olive tree, and you, O Daughter of Love, a Banksia rose-tree at his side. If ever you would escape from this bondage—and at certain seasons, you shall be set free—it must only be if with each other, hand in hand together."

Dame Fortune never pauses to think over her plans, and so it came about that an olive, in the fair embrace of a white Banksia rose-tree, grew from that instant in the valley below the desert; and Love and Sorrow have ever since been found in the world together.

MYSTERY OF THE SON OF MADAME DE LAINE

BY EVELYN FLETCHER.

IT WAS no ordinary compliment that she had paid me, this sweet-faced, gentle old lady, as we sat together under the flowering chestnut tree; it was no small mark of confidence that she had shown me when she opened the locket and placed it in my hand.

I looked at the miniature in silence; no need for me to ask who it was. "My son" was her world, her hero; she thought of him by day, she dreamed of him by night; he was at once her memory and her hope. Yet she rarely spoke of him, save to me. No one else in all the village had been deemed worthy to look upon that pictured face. He was not in the least like her, yet it was a handsome face enough. There was nothing very remarkable about it. Not a face that told you very much either for good or for evil; somewhat weak, perhaps; boyishly bright, and yet with some faint suggestion of latent possibilities—was it in the eyes or the lines about the mouth?—that made me look with a tenderer reverence at the sweet old face that was watching me with such pathetic pride, as I said gently,—

"He must have been quite young, then, Madame?"

"He was eighteen; ah, yes, but eighteen! A mere boy, Lucy; but already clever and full of ambition; yet always so good to the old mother. For I was old even then; fifty, when he was but eighteen; and he was everything to me, ma chere, everything—just as he is now!"

"It must make you very happy to think that he —" I paused, hardly knowing how to go on, for fear lest I might say too much; but, absorbed in her all-satisfying theme, she never noticed my hesitation.

"He has always made me very happy," she said simply. "Ah, my child, you understand, to you I can speak freely! But to these others, no; they are too occupied with themselves, with their own little interests. Oh, think not that I blame! It is so natural, so natural; only I speak not to them of my Raoul. To you—it is different. One day, perhaps, when the war is over—such a long, long war,—and he——"

Madame de Laine's voice faltered and died away. Not even to me did she ever speak of her son's return. The thought of it was, no doubt, too great a happiness to be lightly put into words.

In silence I laid the locket in her wrinkled hands; stooping, as I did so, to kiss the thin white fingers. At that moment I could not bear to meet her eyes. The "long, long war" that she spoke of had been ended years ago, and France had risen—phoenix-like—from the ashes of that terrible conflagration; yet still Madame de Laine waited, still she hoped. Dear Madame, how much pain was spared her; but—at what cost!

She closed the locket after one long, tender look at the boyish face, and concealed it carefully in the bosom of her dress, amid soft folds of rare old lace.

I watched her do it with a sympathy that was all the more pitiful for the helpless anger and bitter revolt in my heart.

And all about us the birds sang, and the air was full of the sweetness and happy promise of the springtime. But the fallen petals of the chestnut blossome lay in crimson splashes on the grass at our feet.

What a sweet, tranquil old lady she was; and how perfectly at rest in her love for her son, her absolute faith in him! She had been a great lady in those far-away days before the war; aye, and for all her gentleness and simplicity, she was a great lady still—was she not of the old noblesse?—and proud, proud of her Raoul?

"France has no braver, truer son than my boy!" She looked up at me with kindling eyes. "Ah, Lucy; whether he live or die in the war, I am content: for I know that he will ever bear himself with honor, and serve the country he loves—our beautiful France. For the rest—it is in God's hands."

"True, Madame."

"My little Raoul!" (oh, the tenderness of her tone!) "Even as a child he was brave, a very hero. He wished to make a great name; to be, perhaps, a second Napoleon—yes, but to save France, not to ruin her! —A Napoleon; not like him who now leads our armies; but that other, the Corsican. A great man, that first Napoleon; though he was but a parvenu, and no true Frenchman. But my son is French, French to the very core; and a patriot indeed."

Napoleon III was in his grave, he had long ceased to lead the armies of France; but Madame knew naught of that, naught of his abdication, naught of the tragic death of his noble son. Her knowledge of all things that go to make history—yes, and of much besides—had stopped abruptly on one terrible day now many years ago; had stopped, never—please God—to begin anew.

"Lucy," the sweet old voice went on, with its pretty, caressing, foreign accent; "you have a saying, you English—I have heard Monsieur your father use it often—that the boy—how should I say? Ah, yes—'the boy is father to the man.' It is true, that saying: it was so with Raoul. He was born a soldier, and a soldier he is. It is the one life for a man like my son; and—he has distinguished himself. That is of course. Where all are brave, he is without peer; a very Bayard! I have heard it; I know. Ah, it is something to be the mother of a man like that!"

"It is indeed, Madame!"

"But—his wife, Lucy: some day he will have a wife to be proud of him also; but not as I am, child—not as I am."

"No, truly. And now, he is all your own."

"But I would not have it so always. Some day, when the war is ended. . . . . But there will be time enough to make a marriage for my son then."

'Time enough, indeed."

"And meanwhile—thou art my little daughter, ma cherie;" and she laid her wrinkled hand fondly on my head. "Thou knowest more of him than any one in the world save his mother, little one."

"Save his mother."

Poor soul! Oh, poor soul! An uncontrollable sob broke from me, and I hid my face on her knee.

"Be calm, my child," she said gently. "Ah, it is hard for the young to wait; but I—I have grown old and very patient. I forget."

She entirely mistook the cause of my emotion, but what of that? If she liked to think that I too was waiting even as she waited—oh, not for the world would I have said one word to undeceive her!

"Dear Madame, you are indeed very patient! But you are happy?" and I looked up at her anxiously.

She smiled. "Happy! ah, but yes," she said softly. "I have my son."

Exile from her beloved France was nothing to her; never since my father brought her here, when I was a mere child, had she shown any wish to return. She was, as she said, happy.

And we loved her. Her story, of course, was known to but few; but all in the village were aware that "the old French madam up at Parson's had been sorely tried by some great sorrow, and on the rare occasions when she went beyond the Vicarage garden she met with nothing but respect and sympathy from our kindly people. Of late she had never done so; she was tired, she said, and the pleasant seat under the chestnut-tree was as far as she cared to go. She grew weaker daily; and we who loved her watched her with redoubled tenderness, for we had been warned that possibly—just at the last—

Oh, God grant that she might be spared that! That she might never know——

"Listen!" and she raised a warning finger. "How gaily the birds are singing! They recall to me a morning long ago, when my son was a boy. He had been away with his father to Paris, and I sat in the garden of the chateau waiting for him—just as I am waiting now. The birds seemed to know how full my heart was of joy, and to praise God for me; oh, how far better than I could myself! The chestnuts were in flower, too; but they were white, not red. These are very beautiful, but—I like the white best, ma petite, just for the sake of that other day when my son came home to me. Ah, yes; but soon—very soon now—"

She was silent, and lay back in her chair, gazing musingly before her; and I sat still on the grass at her feet, thinking of many things.

How quiet it was! The birds' glad songs scarcely seemed an interruption, and other sounds there were none. Even the wind had dropped, and scarcely a breath of air stirred the heavy fans of the great chestnut-leaves.

So quiet, that from my day-dreams I drifted into a dreamless slumber.

Something—was it a slight movement on Madame's part?—roused me, and I looked up.

Ah! she, too, was sleeping.

She had drawn the locket once more from its resting place, and had fallen asleep ere she had thought to shut it. The boyish face smiled up at her; her thin hands lay, lightly crossed, in her lap; her eyes were closed.

Yes; but hers was the sleep from which there is no awakening. Madame was dead!

And, thank God! the cloud that darkened her mind had never lifted; that which we feared had not happened. For she had died happy, not knowing that the son for whom she waited was long since dead.

Raoul de Laine had died a traitor's death on the day that had robbed his mother of her reason: he was shot as a spy by his comrades for betraying the France he had professed to love.

The shock that had shattered, had saved, her!

THE BIG REDWOODS NEAR SANTA CRUZ

BY ELLA M. SEXTON.

"Why go there?" said My Lady Disdain when our expedition planned itself. "I'm told there's nothing to see but trees." The Artist and Poet glared at her in speechless horror, while the rest of us flouted her as a Goth and a Vandal. I tried to explain the wonderful grove we were to visit with its grand and unique sequoias, but My Lady "had seen the Maine and Michigan wood" and thus calmly ended the subject for that day at least.

Her remark haunted me, however, as we sped next morning down the narrow gauge railroad from San Francisco and the miles of orchards bordering its tracks unfolded to right and left of us. "Nothing but trees" here, also thousands of apricots drinking in the sunshine they always seem to taste of when ripe, and pears and prunes preparing their generous harvest for later on. Then hay-fields fragrant and brown and dotted with great picturesque live oaks, and still on and on till the white observatory dome on Mount Hamilton was a landmark eastward, and the Santa Cruz mountains carved deep with shadowy canyons drew nearer on the west. A few redwoods fringed their summits at the sky-line, and soon we began to thread the blackness of the many tunnels, and to rejoice in the new world opening at each farther end. Still there is "nothing but trees" on a thousand hills, but what variety in the picture! Along the railroad are young redwoods in their spring robes fringed with light green tassels, and the "tan-bark oaks" with red clusters of new leaves almost as bright as blossoms. That slim, bronzed forest-maiden, the madrono, stands shyly apart on the upper slopes, and down where the creek tumbles and foams over its boulders there are thickets of azaleas, creamy and pink and heavy-scented.

It grows hotter, and the engine pants up grades and through deep cuts topped with waving wild-oats. Dozens of ideal camping-places, lovely spots under great laurels and by rippling waters, tempt us to leave the train and take immediate possession. Even My Lady admits that a hammock and a book under the spreading arms of a fragrant bay-tree might reconcile her to camping, and the children want to go no farther.

Then at last the grove, and from the dry, hot woodsy smell of the open hillsides and the sunlit space of the station we step into a cool greenness, a stillness as of a temple with long vistas of twilight-shadows stretching away to depths unknown and afar. I am at My Lady's elbow, the disdainful little woman who has "seen woods before," and after one glance at the huddle of melancholy hotel-buildings she takes a straight line to the nearest mighty redwood. It is the one known as the Giant and I begin to rattle off the customary "Sixty-five feet in circumference, three hundred and six feet high" to be rudely interrupted by "Do hush! I want to look at this tree as you call it. A tree!" she repeats dreamily; Why, it's a tower, a round tower, a very fortress of strength and beauty! Surely it didn't grow—and from a seed of that little cone, too?" She surveyed it with rapt attention and wandering eyes that tried vainly to take in the noble trunk without a branch for a hundred feet and its crown of foliage far, far above us.

Maliciously reminding her that there was "nothing to see here but trees," I introduced her to all the notable ones, from the historical General Fremont with the hollow at the foot of its trunk that served to shelter the great pathfinder one rainy night half a century ago, to "Ingersoll's Cathedral." This is a ring of eleven good-sized trees sprouted round an old trunk, while in the Y. M. C. A. group thirty-two saplings have sprung from the buried and decayed heart of a monster tree of long ago. So we wandered and wondered, passing the Artist who in breathless haste was "painting in" cinnamon-red trunks like columns, clumps of vivid green foliage, ferns and berry-bushes against a patch of deep turquoise sky. The Poet scribbled and mused alone on a mossy log, while down under General Grant's three hundred feet of huge trunk and canopy of high branches the Professor learnedly holds forth to an audience armed with notebooks and much patience.

My Lady and I find a comfortable spot and a rug where we proceed to lower our proud heads and gaze in comfort up to the crowns of those forest-kings. We hear the Professor's steady flow of scientific talk and learn that these are not Big Trees but just "Coast Redwoods;" the sempervirens or always green sequoia, the only relative and brother of the true Big Tree, the Sierra Sequoia. These redwoods delight in the dripping fogs brought on the wings of the trade winds from the warm Japan current that laves our California shores, continues the Professor. They are the largest of coniferous trees and are remnants of an Arctic flora driven southward during the Glacial Age. In California alone, says our scientist, these sequoias found the necessary heat, the enclosing sheltering mountain-walls, rich soil and moisture from rains and fogs to develop into mammoth trees. Three thousand years they have towered here—but at this My Lady hastily rises. Figures are the Professor's weak point she vows, as we saunter slowly through the tall ferns to the mighty Giant of them all. The afternoon sun is sending long, quivering shafts of light through the forest and each great trunk and high crown is touched with golden fire.

"Beautiful and wonderful," are our parting words, and My Lady adds indignantly: "Why didn't you tell me how grand they were? Of course you talked of trees hundreds of feet high and scores in girth, but that doesn't describe their magnificence nor convey any idea of their size!" No, truly, one must see these redwoods to fall under their spell, and to understand why California should guard them as beyond price, and as curiosities found nowhere else in the civilized world. So go thou, if an unbeliever, and learn likewise of these giant redwoods.

The Big Tree Grove comprises nearly one hundred of these redwood monsters, ranging in circumference from forty to sixty feet and towering to a height of two and three hundred feet. Not only their dimensions, but the strange variety of their growth, have served to make them truly attractive, and the State has already reserved a park in Santa Cruz county to perpetuate the beauties of these forest kings, by staying the ax of the woodman.

THE SANTA CRUZ REDWOODS

BY JESSIE JULIET KNOX.

Clasping cool hands, fair shade and silence move
In majesty serene throughout the place,
Queens of the realm of leaf-fringed solitude,
Envelop they with soft and quiet dreams
Their lovers—kings—the mighty redwood trees,
Who tower majestic, glorious over all.
All nature looketh upward to the king—
The forest king—and lowly homage pays.
Pale violets peep from tiny vests of green,
Adding their perfume to the quiet air,
While on the swaying bough the robin's nest
Rocks gently, and the mother-bird croons low,
And trills a lullaby of peace and rest.
Beneath the perfumed tapestry of pine,
With glimpses of the azure sky between,
We lie and dream, throughout the golden day.
Slim sunbeams slant between thick-woven boughs,
But scarce are bold enough to venture in
The home of shade and silence, and the realm
Of good King Redwood—sovereign of the place.
But now the merry birds their warblings hush,
And Dusk with noiseless footsteps cometh near;
The salt breeze blows from off the dark'ning sea,
And brings with it the moan of restless waves.
Day closes all the flowers ere she departs,
While Shade and Silence grasp seductive arms
Around the Redwoods—and the dark night falls.

CALIFORNIA BIG TREE (Sequoia Gigantea)—A FALLEN MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

THE APOSTATE OF LOVE

BY E. F. BENSON.

MR. CARLINGFORD was the holder of Argentine stock, and until the day on which that most irresponsible republic remarked that it was not going to pay any of its debts he was a rich man. He was, in fact, so rich, and held money in such supreme contempt, that he did not put the slightest opposition in the way of his only son taking up the profession of a sculptor. But, contrary to his or any one else's expectation, with the single exception of Tom himself, who remarked, with much reason, that no one would ever believe in you unless you had the utmost belief in yourself, the budding artist soon made for himself a name, and—what surprised his father, who was a finished old cynic, much more—a market.

Tom turned out charming little figures of crouching nymphs and Arcadio-Parisian shepherdesses, which looked admirable as clock ornaments, while the larger sizes were the very things to stand in the corners of rooms in front of artistically disposed red velvet.

In fact, he got on so well that, on the strength of his growing success and his substantial expectations, he permitted himself to fall in love. May Winterson, who was a charming girl, also fell in love with him. In a word, Fortune seemed disposed to bestow one of her broadest smiles on the pair.

Tom Carlingford then took a ruinous step. Six months before his marriage an artist friend asked him to come and spend a few weeks with him in Rome, where they would walk the Vatican together; and Tom went. From a purely artistic point of view, it was very likely the making of him; financially, it was his ruin. The two results are by no means incompatible.

The first day Tom was there he went off alone to the galleries, for his friend, whose name was Manvers, was unable to go with him; and when he came to the torso of the Belvedere Hercules he stopped quite short. Then he said "By Gad!" and looked at it for half an hour without speaking.

There was some excuse, or at any rate some precedent, for Tom, since Michael Angelo, in his sightless old age, used to run his fingers over this statue for hours together. But the mischief was done.

Manvers was a sculptor of the more advanced French school, who had got past mere prettiness, and sculptured sheer ugliness with amazing skill. He preferred cripples. But he was still capable of appreciating prettiness, and Tom had left with him that morning a few photographs of his exhibits in London that year. Manvers had turned them over for half an hour or more with much respect, for they were exceedingly pretty and quite modern. When Tom came in he was still looking at them.

"My dear fellow," he said as he entered, "do you know, these are devilish pretty?"

Tom did not answer him, but strode across the room to see what he was looking at. When he saw, he flushed deeply.

"Give me those horrors," he said; and he flung them into the wood fire.

The fire thrust out a greedy tongue and licked them in, and in a few moments all that was left of them was a scrawl of crinkly gray ash, over which little red sparks ran about like fiery beetles.

"I have seen the Belvedere torso," said Tom, and dropped into a chair, covering his face with his hands.

"That doesn't make your 'Bather' any the less pretty," remarked Manvers.

"It makes it a blasphemy," said Tom.

Manvers had seen this sort of thing before, and he was not much alarmed for Tom's career. Indeed, he had himself spent five weeks in earlier days wrestling with a gigantic Apollo that was going to make the Golden Age return; but being a person of great good sense, immense talent and no genius at all, he had returned at the end of his forty days in the desert to his "meditating ladies" and "tattered beggars" with a wholesome conviction that not having wings it was no earthly use attempting to fly, and that it was folly, not being able to fly, to refuse for that reason to walk.

He lay back in his chair and laughed.

"I wish you hadn't torn those things up," he said; "they were very pretty. And now you will go home, and set up a life-size Apollo, just as I did, in a three-pair back in some grimy San Francisco street, and gnash your teeth at it for a month, or perhaps six; then you will go back to the shepherdess with a sense of unutterable relief. I am not denying that Hercules is magnificent, but it won't do nowadays. All the same, it is a good thing to go through that stage. It gives one ideas about drapery; not that the Hercules has much drapery, but some antiques have. But why didn't the divine madness seize you when you first saw the Elgin Marbles? They are what gave it me."

"It did," said Tom; "but it frightened me. I simply turned tail and ran. I saw how tremendously good they were, but I was frightened. I put them out of my head as quickly as I could."

The madness lasted all that month, as Manvers fully expected it would. Tom sat gazing in front of headless gods and goddesses all day, and returned home at night in a sort of artistic intoxication. His friend regarded it merely as a sort of vaccination; it had taken well: he would be free for at least seven years from any fear of the disease.

At Easter Tom went home to California, and a fortnight afterwards his father lay on his deathbed, and the Argentine Republic had gracefully declined to have anything to say to its bondholders.

The old man had a certain grim sense of humor which even the King of Terrors was unable to scare away.

"I'm stone-broke, Tom," he whispered, "and there will be nothing left for you but to break stones."

And he went out into the Valley of the Silence.

Tom felt in a heroic mood, and he said fine things to the effect that he would sooner be poor than rich, and that he would make his way in the world attended not by Parisian shepherdesses and boys bathing, but by gods and goddesses of an elder day, and he predicted that the Golden Age would shortly return.

When May endorsed all that he said, Tom felt that the Golden Age was already returning. She was not at all artistic, but she had a great belief in Tom, and she appeared to be head over ears in love with him.

There was great opposition, perfectly well-founded, on the part of her mother, which made them both feel more heroic than ever; and this reached its climax when Tom counted up the utmost sum at their disposal on which to set up housekeeping and found that it amounted to $1020.60. So they spent a blissful day at Hopkins' Art Gallery, and had a very bad lunch at a down town restaurant.

Tom was quite mad, and wished to execute a war dance on a figure which he had left unfinished before he went to Rome. It was an extremely pretty statuette of a boy shooting, and was about the best thing, from a technical point of view, that he had ever done. But May was not mad, although she had decided to marry Tom on $1020.60, and she demanded it as a present. Tom frowned and said, "How on earth you can manage to look at it without being sick, I can't conceive." But he gave it her, for he cared for her more than for all the gods and goddesses of fifty Vaticans. And May put it on the chimney-piece, and Tom gnashed at it periodically.

He hired four rooms, not on Broadway, but in an unattractive spot near the Mission, paid six months in advance, and ordered a mountain of clay. He rent in advance, and ordered a mountain of clay. He and May were married at once, and were immensely happy.

Tom spent all day in his studio, and when dusk was falling, they often took the cars to Golden Gate Park. May was serenely happy, and Tom was very happy too, but not at all serene, because he was still quite mad, and had not yet learned that men can no

"Tom stood silent, with his candle in his hand, looking at her."

longer lly in this nineteenth century, and that those who stand on tiptoe are not appreciably nearer to flying than those who do not. But madmen have a very pleasant time so long as they are quite unaware that they are mad.

In August Manvers came to California, and stumbled up the rickety, badly lighted stairs which led to the temple of Tom's muse, with mild disgust mingled with curiosity. Tom had been trying to induce the Golden Age to return for six months, and it was time that he should stop. May received the apostate in their sitting room, which commanded an extensive view of chimney-pots and dirty slate roofs, looking like a duchess who, for some private reason of her own, had decided to live in South San Francisco, and wear out her old dresses. They went together to the studio, which commanded a view of nothing at all, because it was lit by a skylight. The classical figure which was to be the herald of the Golden Age represented Demeter mourning for Persephone. The pose was very simple and, in its way, admirable. The goddess stood with one foot drawn slightly back; the head was drooped in sorrow for her lost child, and the arms hung limply by her side. Tom had sent the model away, and was just finishing a fold of drapery. He looked up as the two entered, and welcomed Manvers. May drew her arm through his, and the three stood there a moment in silence. The room was stiflingly hot, for the August sun had been baking it all day, and the blinds over the skylight were shabby and torn. Tom had no money to waste in blinds.

Then Manvers turned to Tom.

"Yes, it is admirable," he said; "it might be Greek."

Tom drew a long breath. How he had longed that some one should say that!

"But do you like it?" he asked.

"Well, you know, it's not in my line. But I think it probably comes near your conception, and that is the greatest that can be said of anything."

"Then let's go to dinner," said Tom, for they had settled to dine together at a restaurant.

But Manvers was interested in the statue, and stopped some time longer praising, advising, suggesting; and, when they had left the studio, he spent a full ten minutes more looking at the statuette which May had saved from Tom's intending war dance, and before that his praise was of a very different order. May had gone to put her hat on, and in her absence he could talk to Tom more freely; for he had felt rather like a traitor under her gray eyes when he had said the Demeter was not in his line.

"It's the best thing you've ever done, Tom," he said, handling the statuette respectfully. "It really is confoundedly good, from the top of the forage-cap down to the end of that boutluce tag. As for that horror in the studio—you call my things horrors, you know, so why shouldn't I call yours?—the sooner you smash it the better. Not that it isn't good; it is admirable, as I said, but it won't do. If you are to be anything nowadays you must be intelligible. People will not cudgel their brains over art to see what it means. Most art critics, in fact, haven't got any brains to cudgel—that is why they are so fond of my product. In any case they haven't got time. What they want is something which they can like in a moment—that boy shooting, for example. Any one can see how good it is. And somehow or other you have managed not to be vulgar. That's the easiest way of getting popularity. I've just done a ballet-girl dancing; it is incomparably vulgar—in fact, I think it is the most vulgar thing I ever saw—and in consequence every one raves about it. You really had much better smash the Demeter. What will you do with her? No one will buy her, you know; they may take it at the Academy—I should think they would, in fact; but in the autumn it will be returned to you—or rather you will have to go to fetch it. Pears might buy it as an advertisement for their soap, if you were only an Academician; it's a beautiful white piece of marble—'after using Pear's soap,' you know. But as you're not, no one will take the trouble to understand it."

Tom grew more and more impatient throughout the speech, and could contain himself no longer.

"Don't talk blasphemy here!" he shouted. 'The only object of art, according to you, is to make fifty silly women look at the figure you produce for five minutes while they are thinking of another bit of scandal. You are welcome to them. And if no one else cares for my Demeter, May does, and the rest of the world may go to the deuce for all that either of us care. You're a rank heretic, and when you die you will go to a place entirely peopled with the types you love so, while I shall sit at wine with gods and goddesses."

"What will happen to all your other people—the boy shooting, for instance?"

"If he shows as much as the end of his horrid gun I'll kick him down stairs, to join you and your fellows," said Tom.

"Thanks! I shall be charmed to see him."

Tom burst out laughing.

"Do you know I'm awfully charmed to see you, old fellow, heretic or not heretic? We don't talk art any more. Come on.—May will be ready by this time."

For two months Tom wrought and wrought, and Demeter grew more and more godlike underneath his hand. Sometimes when he went into his studio his heart gave a sudden leap. Was his dream coming true after all? Was the earth to be peopled again with gods and goddesses? It was not conceit, only the true, deep consciousness of an artist, when he sees his conception growing materialized before his eyes. For an artist's conception, when he works for his ideal, is the highest thing of which he is capable; it is his god; and when he sees his god becoming incarnate, how can he but be filled with joy and trembling?

On one snowy morning in December the cry of a newly born child was heard in the house, and on that day Demeter was finished.

Demeter was put into marble, and all Tom's friends agreed that it was very beautiful, and that the difficulty of getting it down stairs would be immense; and eventually it stood in the Royal Academy, where it made a number of realistic bronzes look vulgar and gawky; and though it was for sale, nobody seemed the least inclined to buy it. Demeters do not "go" with modern systems of art decoration.

Tom received several letters that summer from various dealers asking if he had any statuettes for sale. They all of them admired the Demeter enormously, but not one of them offered him sixpence for it. Tom swore a little over these letters, and pitched them all into the waste-paper basket, and began on a new statue of Persephone.

July was hotter than ever that year, and the baby was not well. May, who was not naturally at all nervous, sent for the doctor one morning. Tom was out all day, and it was not till dusk had fallen that she heard his step on the stairs. She met him on the landing, and they went into the sitting room together.

"Tom, dear," she began, "the doctor has been here to-day about the baby. He isn't at all well."

"What's the matter with him?"

"It's the climate, the doctor says, and want of fresh air. He says he must go away."

"Where must he go to?"

"He recommends the mountains."

There was a long silence. Tom rose from his chair and paced up and down the room.

"I haven't got a penny to spare."

"No, dear, I know," she said; "but couldn't you sell something? There's the boy shooting which you gave me, you know."

"But it isn't finished."

"Why not finish it, then, and sell it? A man called here to-day to know if you hadn't anything for him. He said he had bought things from you before. He looked at the statuette, and said it was the best thing you had ever done."

Tom stopped in front of the mantelpiece.

"O, ye bootlaces," he cried. "But it's a horror."

"Ah, but the dealers don't think so. And I think it's awfully good. Surely it's good, Tom. And the baby must go away, dear."

For several minutes Tom did not speak. Then he sat down gently by his wife.

"Yes, darling, you are right. I will finish it at once."

May went to bed early that night, and when the house was still Tom went into the studio. Demeter stood shining there, with her head dropped in sorrow for the lost child, and by her the half finished clay sketch of Persephone.

Tom stood silent, with his candle in his hand, looking at her. Then with his left hand he grasped the cold marble fingers of the goddess.

"Good-bye," he said, "they do not want you. And I—I have another goddess and another child."

GRETNA GREEN – THE "RENO" OF ENGLAND

BY B. P. L. MACMORLAND.

IN this age of steam and machinery, when the swift express has supplanted the mail-coach, when telegrams have replaced notes, and newspapers almost take the place of letters, when we think far less of a trip to India than our ancestors did of a journey from Edinburgh to London,—we look back with interest on the old days, over which time has shed the soft light of romance.

There is no place more associated with old-world memories than the little village of Gretna Green, which the traveler by the Glasgow Southwestern Railway passes on his way from Carlisle to Dumfries. Tales of fond lovers and of stern parents, of hurried flight and of hot pursuit, crowd to our minds as we read the name on the sign board.

Let us in fancy alight from the train and pay a visit to this far-famed spot.

Gretna Green proper derives its name from the village common or green, and consists of four or five cottages, the church, station, and Gretna Hall.

If we pursue our way towards Carlisle, we come, in about three minutes, to the cluster of houses named Headless Cross, from an old Runic cross which once stood there. Remains of it may still be found incorporated in neighboring buildings.

Farther towards England lies the village of Springfield, extending in two long rows of houses on both sides of the street. A walk of eight minutes from the last cottage brings us on to English soil, and to the station of Gretna on the Caledonian Railway, just a mile from Gretna Green.

Gretna Green simply owes its celebrity to its position.

By the Scotch law a couple who declared themselves husband and wife in the presence of two witnesses are legally married. Similar irregular marriages were solemnized in England up till 1753, when Lord Hardwicke's Act put an end to them, and forced young couples anxious to avoid parental authority to fly across the border.

Gretna Green was the first place in the northern kingdom reached by fugitives from the South. The services of anything in the shape of a parson were of course quite unnecessary; but strangers arriving suddenly in an unknown district often found it difficult to secure witnesses, till an inhabitant of Gretna Green conceived the lucky notion of starting a kind of matrimonial office, where all facilities could be found—of course on payment of a certain fee.

Some mention Scott as the originator of this happy idea, others claim the honor for an old soldier called Gordon; but it is certain that the profession only began to flourish when it was adopted by Joseph Paisley, who first lived in Gretna Green opposite the church, and afterwards removed to Springfield. He was originally a tobacconist and smuggler, and seems himself to have greatly patronized the latter trade, for he regularly drank two bottles of brandy daily up to his death in 1818. As no qualifications were required for the marrying business he had many imitators. His most formidable rival, David Lang, set up at Springfield in 1792, after a career of much adventure. He was a native of Gretna, but went in early youth to Lancashire as a draper and peddler, and was there kidnaped by the press-gang and forced to serve in the navy. The ship in which he sailed was boarded and taken by Paul Jones the pirate; but Lang managed to escape, and returned to his native place. Elliott, a stage-coach driver, married Paisley's granddaughter, and thus succeeded to that branch of the profession; and Simon Lang, a weaver, followed his father David, and was in turn replaced by his son, the local postman, who still does what little work in the marrying line is to be had in these degenerate days. John Murray, at the Sark toll-bar on the Scotch side of the boundary line, was always ready to unite couples who were in a great hurry, and, with a keen eye to business, he afterwards pressed them to put up and rest at the neighboring hotel, which he had specially built for their accommodation. Towards the middle of this century the most aristocratic weddings took place at Gretna Hall, the old mansion-house on the Gretna estate, which was bought and turned into an inn by Linton, an ex-valet of Netherby, and at which he himself officiated as landlord and parson. Besides these celebrities, there were many persons of less note quite ready to proffer their aid to anybody in need of it.

"A gaily-dressed gallant handed his lady out of a mud-bespattered postchaise."

Though no ceremony was required, the Gretna priests generally found that the conscience of their clients were soothed by a short service, and frequently read over them a ritual slightly resembling that of the Church of England. Sometimes, however, matters were performed in a very primitive manner. Thomas Blythe, who lived at Springfield towards the middle of this century, did a small trade in what he called the "joining line," was one of the witnesses at a Court of Probate case, and thus described the solemnization of matrimony as conducted by him: " I first asked if they were single persons. They said they were. I then asked the man, 'Do you take this woman for your wife?' He said yes. I then said to the woman, 'Do you take this man for your lawful husband?' She said yes. I then said, 'Put on the ring.' The ring was put on. I then said, 'The thing is done; the marriage is complete,'" Marriage lines were generally given to the woman, and most of the Gretna priests kept registers. The following is the form of certificate used by Paisley:

"This is to certify to all whom it may concern that M———, from the parish of X———, England, and N———, from the parish of Y———, England, both comes before me declayred themselves to be single persons, and hereby are now married by the form of the Kirk of Scotland, and agreeable to the Church of England, and therefore given under my hande this 23d day of June, 1818.

"JOSEPH PAISLEY."

Love attacks all alike—great and small, rich and poor, high and low—as the inhabitants of Gretna Green had every cause to know. Lads and lasses arrived on foot, tired and travel-stained; fond lovers came jogging along in a market cart; or a gaily dressed gallant handed his lady out of a mud-bespattered post-chaise. Nor were the victims of the tender passion always young. An impecunious curate arrived with a wealthy spinster of uncertain age, whom he had triumphantly carried off from a fawning crowd of nephews and nieces An elderly widower from the south of England, who had long cherished matrimonial

"The horses which drew the eloping pair flew along at lightning speed."

views, profited by the absence of his son to start for Gretna with the object of his affections, a young woman forty years younger and in a lower class of society than himself. The ceremony was over, and the happy pair were rumbling along on their homeward journey, when they met, a few miles from Carlisle, another post-chaise driving at furious pace. As the two vehicles passed each other the bridegroom glanced at the occupants of the other carriage, and recognized with horror his own son, seated beside an unknown damsel. No need to ask on what errand the young couple were bent. The newly-made husband was transformed into the irate parent. He ordered his postilions to turn the chaise and give chase. Slowly but surely the distance lessened between pursuer and pursued, and there seemed no escape possible for the fugitives, when the son, leaning out of the window, discharged his pistol at the head of one of his father's leaders. Ere the dead horse could be extricated from the harness, the runaways had reached their destination and hurried through the marriage rite.

History does not relate the subsequent meeting of the two couples, but we will hope the elder bridegroom remembered that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and did not upbraid his son for following so closely in his footsteps.

As a rule, the post-boys were inclined to favor the fugitives, having doubtless discovered that love paid better than parental authority. The horses which drew the eloping pair flew along at lightning speed, while the steeds of their enemies paid no attention to the whipping and spurring apparently administered by the drivers.

On one occasion a curious accident helped the cause of law and order. The postilion engaged by the lovers was stone deaf. The horses were at a full gallop on the road between Carlisle and Gretna when the linch-pin of the chaise suddenly gave way, and the fore-wheels were separated from the rest of the vehicle. The post-boy continued his career heedless of the cries and entreaties of his employers, who were left sitting in the middle of the road. Their fate is uncertain, but as they never appeared at Gretna they were probably recaptured.

Sometime a Gretna Green wedding put an end to an awkward situation. In the beginning of this century the eldest son of a Scotch peer fell violently in love with a somewhat faded London beauty. Unhappily the young man was betrothed to his cousin, and his father held him sternly to his engagement. In despair the ardent lover confided his woes to the young lady's uncle and guardian, who greatly desired the match. "My lord," said the cunning old gentleman, "I cannot counsel you to break your word, but the road to Gretna Green is straight and wide." The hint was taken, and this time there was no pursuit.

In the halcyon days of Gretna about three hundred marriages were celebrated yearly. On one occasion Paisley's services were required simultaneously by two couples, who were both in a desperate hurry, and after the ceremony was over it was found that by a trifling mistake the wrong brides and bridegrooms had been united. "Aweel!" said Paisley, contentedly, "jest sort yersels." The same worthy was wont to remark that, though he was well paid for conducting marriages, he could make his fortune in a week were he able as rapidly to effect divorces. The fees demanded varied greatly—from 10s. to 100 guineas—as most of the Gretna parsons followed the principles frankly avowed by Linton, when he explained that "he cut his cloth to suit his customers." A young Church of England clergyman, whose nuptials cost him £30, complained bitterly of the extortionate charge, which contrasted vividly with the modest sum he himself asked on similar occasions. Happy pairs often began their honeymoon without a penny left after the expenses to their journey and their wedding and frequently appealed to the generosity of the old Presbyterian minister, who put them up and tried to negotiate a reconciliation with their guardians.

Many illustrious names appear in the Gretna registers. Lord Cochrane and Lord Deerhurst (the eldest son of the Earl of Coventry) both made what was known as an "o'er march" wedding. Lord Burghersh, afterwards tenth Earl of Westmorland, eloped with Miss Child, the daughter of a wealthy banker, in 1782; and the grandchild of this couple, Lady Adele Villiers, carried on the family tradition and escaped to Gretna with Captain Ibbetsen in 1845. Great excitement was caused by the sudden flight of Lady Florence Paget, who, while engaged to Mr. Chaplin, was married to Lord Hastings at the Sark toll-bar. David Lang's greatest exploit was the "joining" of Lord Erskine to Miss Sarah Buck, on which occasion the Lord Chancellor of England made his way to Gretna disguised as an old woman, and was married in that garb. The name of a Bourbon Prince of Naples also appears.

As the Gretna parsons had not enjoyed a liberal education, and were not well versed in modern languages, there was considerable difficulty when foreigners applied for their services.

Sometimes strange secrets came to light. A gentleman on a visit to friends in the neighborhood went for curiosity to see the Gretna registers, and was astonished to discover the name of a supposed bachelor uncle, who had twice been married at Gretna Green.

Lord Brougham's Act of 1856, which provided that one of the contracting parties in a marriage must have lived twenty-one days in Scotland previous to the ceremony, nominally put an end to the Gretna weddings; but the system would probably have collapsed at any rate under the weight of public opinion and the telegraph.

It is a pity that it has not survived till our time. The idea of a pair of young runaways tearing along in the Scotch express, followed by an infuriated guardian in a special train, possesses a peculiar fascination quite wanting in the old coaching days.

Now Gretna Green is only a commonplace village. Even the registers have been removed, except those begun by Simon Lang and continued by his son and grandson, which may still be seen in William Lang's cottage at Springfield.

Murray's books were taken to Carlisle by one of his descendants, and perished in the flames which consumed her cottage; but those kept by Paisley and Elliot are still in existence, and were recently in the possession of Mr. Johnstone, at Atterly in Cumberland. Mrs. Armstrong, who lives at Dornock, about ten miles from Gretna Green, has inherited Linton's registers. They are bound in red morocco, are regarded with great veneration, and have frequently been taken to London and solemnly opened in court to decide an important law-suit.

These records and a few old tales are all that is left to remind us of the golden days of Gretna Green; but our regret for the romantic past must be tempered with a feeling of relief that in this generation we do not enjoy such unrivalled opportunities of marrying in haste and repenting at leisure..

"And was astonished to find the name of a supposed bachelor uncle."

RESULT OF A COMEDY OF LOST NUMBERS

BY ANITA WALCH M'KNIGHT.

"Oh, Maria. I'm ruined. Our wedding will have to be postponed."

"For heaven's sake, George, what's the matter?"

"I've lost twenty $100 bills."

"Where?"

"Where? What nonsense. If I knew where, wouldn't I go and find them? I've been robbed."

"Robbed?"

"One of the customers of the house came into the office last evening when I was alone and insisted on paying me $2,000. I told him that I would not receive it, as the safe was locked and I didn't know the combination. Then he said he had to take a night train for New York and I must receive it, as he wouldn't carry it with him. Fearing he would report me to the firm and they would blame me, I consented and gave him a receipt. After he had gone I put the bills in my inside pocket and started for home. I can remember leaving the office and walking a short distance; then my memory stops. At the end of a blank, I was lying on the sidewalk, with a crowd around me. The first thing I did was to put my hand in my pocket to feel for the bills. They were gone."

"Gone? Oh, George."

"A couple of policemen took me home, and mother persuaded me to go to bed."

"But what was the matter with you?"

"Why, the policemen say that I was undoubtedly followed by some person or persons who sandbagged me and took the money. Any one could see into the office, for the gas was on and the curtains not drawn. They may have seen me counting the bills and making a memorandum of their numbers after the customer had gone."

"You have the memorandum?"

"That's what troubles me. If I had that, the bills could be recovered. I can't remember what I did with it."

"Don't distress yourself, George, dear. Since you remember making it, we must find it. First, the office must be ransacked."

"The office has been ransacked. I don't believe I left it there."

"Nor I. It would be more natural for you to take it with you. I hope you didn't put it in with the notes."

"I don't know whether I did or not. My head aches yet, and I can't remember much of anything."

"Do they blame you at the office?"

"Oh, yes. They say that I had no business to receive the money."

"And do they intimate—have they shown any disposition to suspect you—"

"They don't say so, but they look it."

"George, that memorandum must be found. You may have put it in some safe place in the office so unusual that it will be very hard to find it. You must attend to that. I can't help you. If you put it in any of your pockets I will find it, for I will go home with you and turn them all inside out."

'Mother has done that already. No, nothing can be done. There's no hope of tracing notes the numbers of which we don't know. We are taken from a height of happiness and plunged into an abyss of misery. Tomorrow instead of being married I may be behind bars."

"Cheer up! Come; let us go to your home, and I will make a search."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"First, give me your coat."

"Here it is."

"Now your vest and trousers."

"Here they are."

"Your hat. You may have put the money in the lining. No, it is not in any of your pockets nor your hat. Did you have on gloves?"

"No."

"You wouldn't have put it in your shoes. I've examined all your outer clothing. I don't suppose you have any pockets in your underclothing?"

"Not except in my nightshirt, in which I have a pocket for my handkerchief, but (contemptuously) I didn't have on my nightshirt on the street."

"Certainly not. Have you got on the shirt you had on when you were robbed?"

"No. Mother gave me a clean one to put on this morning."

"What did she do with the soiled one?"

"Oh, my dear, you are wearing me out."

"If you will get me the soiled shirt, I'll not trouble you any more."

"Here it is in the closet. But I must say that it seems very ridiculous to overhaul a shirt to find a memorandum. But father gave me a long lecture the other night to serve me, after being married, about the singular ways women have of getting at things, and it may be that after all (very contemptuously) there is some connection between the $2000 and a soiled shirt. Here it is."

"Where is the collar?"

"Oh, that's in the closet, too. I suppose you want the cuffs?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, here's the whole thing. By thunder."

'These marks in pencil on the cuff. What are they?"

"The numbers of the notes."

"Thank heaven."

"You mean, 'thank you.' Father's right. Women do have queer ways of getting at things. Give me a kiss—another, another, a thousand."

* * * * * * * * * *

Extract from newspaper item:

A QUICK RECOVERY-A man attempting to change a hundred dollar bill yesterday on which was a number known to the police was arrested, and nineteen other similar notes that had been stolen were recovered. George Randell, from whom they were taken, is to be married this evening. Mr. Randell's employers have given two of the bills to his bride as a wedding present.

A SPARK FROM THE ANVIL

BY E. H. RYDALL.

THE great red fires glowed at Pennington's Iron Foundry, San Francisco, while bloom after bloom was hauled by the immense hanging crane that is always in evidence in such places; now and again came forth the great heated pieces of red hot iron, carried by the suspending iron chain to the great steam anvil, where they were pounded by the hammer smaller and smaller until the attendant with the callpers measured the required size; when a steel wedge was held over the bloom and down came the hammer until section after section of the long glowing iron bar had fallen to the floor. Among the five or six aids to Vulcan attending the work was John McAllister, a good looking young Scotchman; he was the foreman and upon whose orders the others worked. He it was who gave the signal for the bloom to be taken from the furnace, for the steam hammer to descend, to order the measuring and decide the length to be cut off, as the great "shoes" were one by one clept by the hammer. But this particular day, after he had been employed as foreman for a year, and six months after he had married Esther Somerville, a teacher from San Mateo rural school, a spark flew from the red hot bloom and struck him in the left eye. Agonized with pain he rushed immediately to the nearest doctor, some three blocks away, and had the eye attended to.

"You will lose that eye," said Dr. Murphy, after John's third visit; "better let me take it entirely out so I can save the other."

John was in receipt of six dollars per day as foreman for the Pennington factory. Successively he had worked his way from helper, to measure holder, to bellows-blower and furnace minder, on by degrees and various stipends to this prominent position in an iron factory. The progress he had made justified John in his own mind, which is enough for all parties out of interest, to propose to the school teacher; for he saw that six dollars a day was sufficient to keep a rural school teacher and himself in comparative comfort. They lived in a five room flat on Tehama street, some ten blocks away from the foundry and were apparently as happy as six dollars a day can make two harmonizing people of not very expensive tastes. Contrary to the wish of his wife, he sometimes bought theater tickets, for she was economical and disliked the unnecessary expenditure of money. But life was passing and he was young, and John thought the present was the only sure time and the best of all to improve and glorify as he traveled over life's pathway.

When John came home that day with his eye bandaged up Esther solaced him as best she could; and the next day helped to fasten on the silk handkerchief round his head when he went to the doctor, for fear that he might catch cold in it; when he returned home the third day and told Esther what the doctor had said, she burst into tears:

'Don't cry, Esther, you know I have one eye left,"

"Yes," she answered, sobbingly, "but that eye is not as good us the one you have lost and you will not be able to watch the blooms and cannot hold your job."

Time went on and it was even so as Esther had spoken. John McAllister's right eye was not as good as his left; and after the operation, John found that his work was gone; he could not be depended upon to certify accurately the length to be cut off the blooms for the "shoes," and was valueless for such other important work at the foundry. John had to step down and become a helper; merely to let the hammer go when a man with two perfect eyes gave the signal; merely to fill in the furnace doors with bricks when the bloom was in, so as to bring out the heat to cover the bloom; merely to blow the bellows when special heat was needed in the furnace; from six dollars a day John receded to a dollar and a half; on this the family did not live in such luxury by any means as of yore.

But Esther's heart was broken. She had married a man getting six dollars a day; he was just as faithful, kind and indulgent at a dollar and a half, but this was of no avail. Evenings would pass in silence, for Esther was too discouraged to talk; she spent much of her time lamenting his misfortune and wishing she was back teaching again at two and a half a day.

One night John came home and found Esther as usual crying.

"We shall have to move to a cheaper flat," she said.

"Well, dear," he answered, "We can be happy there, money is not everything; I will go over to Hampshire street and get three rooms at a less rent and we will move in and do the best we can."

In a few days in accordance with this proposition, mutually concurred in, John and Esther moved their belongings into a smaller flat and sold part of the furniture by auction at the auctioneer's place on Market street; cosy and comfortable were the new apartments, but over the little kitchen, the sitting room and the bedroom presided that genius of Sorrow, for Esther's hope was over, her vision melted and now she was doomed to spend life with a man who got a dollar and a half a day, when at the time of her marriage she expected six dollars.

Time went on, as it always does and created changes in families in the neighborhood, but no change to the dull black cloud that ever haunted Esther's sorrowing heart. One evening John arrived home and found everything neat and nice and upon the sitting room table a note in the words and figures following:

"Dear John: When I married you you were getting six dollars a day; now you are getting only a dollar and a half; I think it best we should part as we cannot be happy together on that amount; I am going back to teaching at two fifty."

John is still helping around Pennington's foundry; he is alone and has a little furnished room in a lodging house and gets his meals alone at restaurants; he does not like to be alone; but he is a sufferer; one of them; from that most curious fatality—a spark from the anvil. He told me the other day he intended after a while to obtain a divorce. And such is modern life in humble circles.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN TURKEY

BY MARY EDITH DAY.

The very last to swing into line in the onward march of the new woman have been the women of Mohammedan countries. Even the Chinese have been before them. By Christian nations this backwardness has been at once set down to Mohammedan theology and so dismissed from the mind. But now comes a Turkish lawyer, Kasem Ameen, and writes a book demanding complete emancipation for Mohammedan women and denying in toto that the Mussulman faith enslaves the sex. He does not deny that Mohammedan women are enslaved, ignorant, dwarfed mentally, fat, helpless and anaemic bodily. He even attributes the present degeneracy of the Turkish nation to the fact that the mothers of the race are of such sort. Corruption, lack of noble moral convictions, treachery, cunning and backwardness in the ways of modern civilization characterizes the people, and all owing to the besotted ignorance of Mohammedan mothers, declares Kasem Ameen, Esq. In the matter of the degradation of Mohammedan women he admits all that is claimed by the most radical come outer of the feminine sex in the occident. He says, "We have so low an opinion of women that when we want to denounce a man for his rascality we say, 'He has been brought up by a woman.'"

But then—At this point the Turkish lawyer and woman champion shoots off in a line directly opposite the course of reasoning taken by Christian woman's rights people. Theology has nothing at all to do with the Christian woman's superior, nobler, freer development, quotha. The difference is merely one of mode of thought and a custom between oriental and western races. He waxes wroth that Christian nations should lay the lamentable condition of Turkish women to the only true theology, Mohammedanism. If religion really affected the customs of a people, quotha, further, than the Mussulman female would be the freest, the most developed, most enlightened woman of all the world. The Koran itself, says Kasem Ameen, Esq., elevates woman and provides for her as no other code of religious teaching does. Then he proceeds to excuse by one of those explanations which accuse. Centuries ago in the beginning of the making of the Moslem empire, the followers of the true faith were intent only on conquest. The sword was to their seeming the best weapon to spread the faith. They overcame whole tribes of heathers and adopted them by force into the bosom of the true church. But these wild tribes had their revenge, like the races conquered by the Ismelites of old. In time they corrupted the true believer with their unholy heathen ways, and one of the chief of these was the degradation of women.

Anyway, the Turkish ideal of womanhood is certainly heathenish enough, and we may let the argument stand with that admission. Now, not a woman, but a man, Turk of the Turks, believer of the believers, issues a trumpet call for the education and emancipation of Mohammedan women. It required a man, for Turkish women are too sunken in ignorance and slavery to demand better things. The book has aroused profound sensation in the Moslem realm. Women count for nothing, but it is among the men that the new woman awakening is taking place. The party of Young Turks, especially those educated in Western European schools, are welcoming the new woman book as a great illumination and demanding for themselves educated wives capable of being their intellectual companions and friends. They are tired of the fat, ignorant, silly child wife business.

Meantime in Constantinople itself a modest new woman work is progressing quietly, unobtrusively—that is, sending out year by year the very girls that young Turkey wants for its wives and intellectual comrades. This movement centers in the American College For Girls at the Turkish capital, a college founded and maintained by noble American women.

The students of the school comprise the strangest mixture of races ever drawn together by the common desire for an education. Fifteen different nationalities are represented, ranging from Persian to Greek and English. Every brand of theology known to man, except, perhaps, fetichism, is also represented among the girls, and owing to the gentle influence of the teachers, all dwell together in loving harmony.

Many of the college students are from the troubled Balkan States, which is a bright sign for the future there.

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

There is not a nobler and more praiseworthy organization in the United States, or in the world, than the Order of the Eastern Star. It is founded upon the Holy Writings, and is an adoptive system of Free Masonry. The obligations of this Order are based upon the honor of the female sex, and framed upon the principles of Justice and Equality. The adoptive Masonry degrees resemble Masonry and are Masonic in spirit, and were invented for ladies who have claims upon that Order, through the immediate relatives of their family who are or were members of the Masonic fraternity. Those who are entitled to receive the degrees of the Order of the Eastern Star are Master Masons, their wives, mothers, widows, daughters and sisters. The Five Degrees are called the "Rite of the Eastern Star," and are very beautiful and impressive. The moral teachings of the Order are most excellent, and it is a protection for the lady relatives of members of the Masonic Order. The American Adoptive Rite was invented in 1850 by the venerable Robert Morris, a native of Kentucky, and whose portrait hangs in the office of the Grand Chapter, San Francisco. The American Adoptive Rite differs from the European Order, which was instituted about a century ago. Many thousands of people have participated in its beautiful and highly impressive ceremonies, and there are now about two hundred thousand members of the Order in the United States. There are Chapters in every State in the Union, and a Grand Chapter in nearly every State. The order is rapidly growing in membership and its moral teachings meet the spirit of the age. It not only attracts great interest throughout this country, having many strong and powerful adherents, but is extending to other countries. It has reached Honolulu, has a large membership in Scotland, and has also reached far away India.

The founder of this Order states in his memoirs that from his early Masonic life he entertained a desire of introducing the female relatives of Masons into closer friendship with the Order of Free Masonry. He gave the subject a great deal of earnest thought, and, finally, he decided upon a name, and then the number of points to correspond with the emblems of the Master's carpet, which are five. This is the pentagon, the signet of Solomon, and proper to Adoptive Masonry. He selected from the Holy Writings four biographical sketches to correspond with the four first points, and the fifth point introduces one to the early history of the Christian church.

The characters that have been selected are Japtha's daughter, named Adah, which is illustrative of respect to the binding force of law; Ruth, as illustrative of devotion to religious principles; Esther, as illustrative of fidelity to friends and kindred; Martha, illustrating undeviating faith in the hour of trial; Electra, as illustrative of patience and submission under wrong.

All these points are Masonic virtues, and they have nowhere in history more brilliant examples than in the five characters represented in the lectures of the Order of the Eastern Star.

The objects of this Order are to give practical effect to one of the principles of Freemasonry by placing in the possession of the female relatives of that Fraternity a key by which to unlock, when needed, those benefits which await the disposal of all good Masons. They prove their claim by membership in this allied Order. Its ceremonials and teachings make the members, when heeded, better men and women. The Order brings people into closer friendship and social relations: it makes men and women thoughtful and helpful, and expands the sentiments of good will, benevolence and charity. There is a charm in it that increases with advancing civilization.

The Order of the Eastern Star was introduced in California in May, 1869, by Mr. William S. Moses, a prominent citizen of San Francisco.

The grand chapter of California was organized in May, 1873. In the month previous twenty-two delegates of the six Chapters in San Francisco met to consider the necessity of organizing a Grand Chapter.

On May 8th, the following named seven Chapters adopted a constitution, elected twelve officers and organized the Grand Chapter: Golden Gate Chapter No. 1, Suisun Chapter No. 2, Silver Star Chapter No. 3, California Chapter No. 4, Alameda Chapter No. 7, Oak Leaf Chapter No. 8, and Evangeline Chapter No. 9. The total membership of these Chapters was about five hundred. Mr. George J. Hobe was elected Grand Patron, Mrs. Marie Everard was elected Grand Matron, Mrs. Henrietta Whitcher was elected Grand Secretary, and Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats was elected Grand Lerturess. Subsequently Mrs. Willats was elected Grand Secretary, which responsible position she has held for the past twenty years.

Following are the present officers of the Grand Chapter of California, for the year commencing October, 1902:

Worthy Grand Patron—Lyman C. Byce, No. 61, Petaluma.

Worthy Grand Matron—Mrs. Mabel Boyd Seymour, No. 36, Sacramento.

Associate Grand Patron—Dr. Arthur Hill Millberry, No. 124, San Francisco.

Associate Grand Matron—Mrs. Emma Elizabeth Rupp, No. 96, San Diego.

Grand Secretary—Mrs. Kate Josephine Willats, No. 1, San Francisco.

Grand Treasurer—Miss Henrietta Heuer—No. 1, San Francisco.

Grand Conductress—Mrs. Martha Ann Scriver, No. 168, Los Angeles.

Associate Grand Conductress—Mrs. Mary Matilda Laird, No. 159, Penryn.

Grand Chaplain—Mrs. Caroline Musaus, No. 167, Los Angeles.

Grand Marshal—Mrs. Fannie Steinman, No. 117, Sacramento.

MRS. W. FRANK PIERCE,
Past Grand Worthy Matron of the Order of Eastern Star of California.

Grand Organist—Miss Deborah Wallace, No. 111, Mendocino.

Grand Adah—Mrs. Ada Elizabeth Cockerton, No. 140, Oakland.

Grand Ruth—Mrs. Dora May Patten, No. 107, San Luis Obispo.

Grand Esther—Mrs. Belle Schillig, No. 56, Yuba City.

Grand Martha—Miss Anna Beauchamp Barnes—No. 82, Healdsburg.

Grand Electa—Miss Sue "E." King, No. 180 College City.

Grand Warden—Mrs. Julia Elizabeth Ford, No. 74, Adin.

Grand Sentinel—Mrs. Johanna Wilhelmina Aden, No. 3, Vallejo.

The Order is stronger on the Pacific Coast than in any other section of the United States, and, in proportion to the population, perhaps California is stronger than any other State. There are one hundred and seventy-five chapters in this State, with a total membership of about seventeen thousand, and the membership increases at the rate of about one thousand every year. There are eleven Chapters in San Francisco, with a total membership of 1650, and the membership is increasing perhaps more rapidly than elsewhere in the State. The Grand Chapter, with headquarters in San Francisco, has done most excellent work in the past few years in extending the good work of the Order, and foremost among all the noble workers was Mrs. W. Frank Pierce, Past Grand Worthy Matron, a resident of the beautiful City of Oakland. She has been first and foremost in all undertakings for the good of the Order, and to her untiring efforts may be attributed much of its prosperity and growth. With rare executive ability, combined with good judgment, she has accomplished much, and her greatest aim is to advance the interests of the Order of which she is a most worthy and energetic member.

The Grand Chapter is discussing the matter of putting up a building in which to hold its meetings, have its offices and parlors for the eleven Chapters of the City. The matter was energetically advocated by Mrs. Pierce, when Grand Matron, and though nothing positive has been decided upon in reference to the building, it is hoped that the matter will not long be deferred, as the Order is growing rapidly, and its increased membership perhaps now justifies it.

The national chapter of the United States, which meets in September, may meet in San Francisco, though a place has not yet been decided upon. If it shall be decided to hold the session in San Francisco, the delegates will receive a hearty California welcome, and it will be a special recognition of the growth of the Order in this State and on the Pacific Coast.

As stated, the order has grown more rapidly on the Pacific Coast than in any other section of the United States, and its membership has increased more in California than in any State on the Coast. Oregon and Washington each have a Grand Chapter, but Nevada has not.

At present the State has seven Chapters with a total membership of six hundred, more than enough to entitle it to a Grand Chapter, but defers the matter on account of the expense. It is hoped, however, that a grand chapter will soon be organized in that State.

The Grand Chapter of California will hold its thirtieth annual session at Sacramento next September, and the session is looked forward to with much interest.

A complete census report of the membership of the chapters will, perhaps, show a larger membership than the above quoted figures, and, also, progress in every line. A printed circular letter relative to the natal day of Robert Morris will be read.

Each of the eleven Chapters in San Francisco will send three delegates to the session and the Grand Chapter.

It will thus be seen that from seven Chapters and a total membership of five hundred at the organization of the Grand Chapter, thirty years ago, the Order has increased to a membership of nearly seventeen thousand, with one hundred and sixty-five Chapters. There are eleven chapters in San Francisco, six in Los Angeles, and eight in Alameda county.

Following are the names of the eleven Chapters in San Francisco, and of the Worthy Patron and Secretary of each:

GOLDEN GATE, NO. 1.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Frances P. Tower.
Worthy Patron—Mrs. Henry G. Schumacher.
Secretary—Mrs. Katherine Johnson.

IVY CHAPTER, NO. 27.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Minnie Fidella Wallis.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Rufus E. Raglaid.
Secretary—Mrs. Eva D. Salsbury.

BEULAH CHAPTER NO. 99.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Anna Smale.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Fred C. Mayer.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary Todd.

MISSION CHAPTER NO. 155.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Lizzie Christianson.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Richard Herring.
Secretary—Mrs. Mary G. Foster.

OLIVE BRANCH, NO. 169.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Lizzie Atwood.
Worthy Patron—Dr. W. A. Atwood.
Secretary—Mrs. Sadie J. Kahn.

KING SOLOMON CHAPTER, NO 170.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Fannie M. Franklin.
Worthy Patron—Arnold W. Liechti.
Secretary—Mrs. Alma E. Drinkhouse.

(Continued on page 18.)

HOW THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS WAS SAVED

BY FRED C. PFAU.

John Harris was a bright youth of 15, but he was quite tall for his age. He was a poor orphan, as his mother and father both died when he was young. He was left without a home or a friend, so he had to go out into the world and care for himself. He was employed as a messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Co., at St. Louis. His salary was but $3.00 per week, and then between working hours he ran errands. His home was in a cheap lodging house in the heart of the city and he ate his meals at the different lunch counters.

One day the messengers decided to go on a strike for more wages and shorter hours. Tom did not agree with their plans, so he would not stand in with them. The following morning they laid the conditions on the manager's desk, as he was not present. Tom was now the only messenger employed, so he had to carry all the dispatches to the different parts of the city.

The boys were very indignant at Tom for backing out, and so they sought for their revenge. They appointed a leader and followed him out to the suburbs of the city. They hid in the tall grain that was growing near a tumble down fence and awaited Tom's return from a message he carried. They did not have to wait long, as their enemy soon turned the corner at full speed. The gang jumped out of the ambush and surrounded him. He tried to get away, but it was in vain, as he was at the mercy of the mob. They struck him brutally over the head with a heavy club that knocked him helpless to the ground. They completed their treachery by demolishing his wheel by smashing it with bricks. The leader commanded him to sign their papers, and he consented, as he knew if he did not they would kill him. Tom's face was all disfigured and both his eyes were blackened from his severe beating. The gang soon scattered in every direction, and they were never seen again. Tom lay in the middle of the road numb, and the blood flowed freely from his wounds.

The poor lad suffered intensely till a kind gentleman passed along and discovered the victim. He knelt over him to see if he were dead, but he saw there was still life in the prostrate body. He carried him to a nearby house and telephoned for a physician. The ambulance soon arrived and the doctor pronounced him out of danger. He was then taken to the hospital, and he remained there for quite a while.

The time passed rapidly and Tom had almost recovered from his assault. It was a warm day and Tom thought that he would take a walk to the telegraph office. He finally reached there and on entering he saw the manager deeply interested in the morning paper. He approached him and said:

"I've come back after being confined indoors for two weeks, to commence my work again."

"Well," said the manager, taking off his glasses, "I have discharged all the messengers, and you was among them."

Tom was very disheartened at the sad news, so he turned around and left the office.

He stepped across the street and purchased a stock of newspapers with his last dime. He wanted to get a meal for it, as he was very hungry, but he knew he had to have money for the papers first. He sold all he carried, so he hurried back after some more, and before noon his stock had been exhausted. He now felt himself rich, so he went into a bakery and came out with a bag of doughnuts. He walked into a doorway near by and sat upon the steps and ate each of them one by one like a hungry lion. After he was through, he felt better satisfied, but all of a sudden he felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked around and saw a nicely dressed gentleman that stood before him. He said: "I judge you to be an honest boy, so if I can trust you I will have you go on an errand for me. Are you willing to do it?" "Yes sir," replied Tom. He handed him a $100 bill and clearly explained to Tom that it was to be exchanged in a bank at Ashton, fifty miles away. He then slipped into his pocket $6 more so as to pay for his railroad fare and his trouble.

Tom proceeded to the depot and purchased his ticket, which was $1.60. The whistle blew, and just as the train started to move he jumped on the platform of the last car. He noticed that a mysterious man was following him and he grew suspicious at his conduct. He was a professional pickpocket, and he saw Tom put his ticket and wallet in his side pocket. Tom took a seat near an open window and his rival sat beside him. He did not take any more further notice of his seat-mate but amused himself in viewing the beautiful scenery. While he was gazing at a passing train, the pickpocket slipped his hand into Tom's pocket and drew out his money and ticket. The thief concealed what he stole under his coat and escaped to another car.

As the train was crossing a bridge the conductor entered the car and began collecting the tickets. He soon came to Tom for his ticket, but after feeling in his pocket awhile for it, his face suddenly turned pale. The conductor grew angry for being detained so long and asked what was the trouble. Tom replied "I have been robbed." But the conductor exclaimed, "You are trying to beat your way, and I must put you off at the next station."

The brakeman then dashed into the car yelling to the top of his voice, "Next station, Brownsville." The train slowed up and made a short stop. The conductor took Tom by the collar and jerked him off his seat. He threw him off the train, and as it steamed away, Tom was left alone at the station.

The lad sat on a bench to study what was the best thing for him to do. He at last concluded that the only thing for him to do was to walk the rest of the

It was just in the nick of time.

way, which was 15 miles. He started on his weary journey, following the track over its rocky course. The sun was so hot that the perspiration dripped off his face. Tom soon reached a dark tunnel and on entering it, a frightened feeling came over him. He fought through the darkness, hunting his way out into the daylight. The sun was setting and night was approaching. Tom was very tired and so he sought for a soft bed. He found an old oak tree with its spreading branches, and taking his coat for a pillow, he lay down to sleep.

Tom slept soundly all night, but in the morning he was awakened by an angry growl. He opened his eyes and heard a rustle in the busbes. He gazed around and beheld a ferocious mountain lion. Tom ran for his life, but the lion soon lost track of his supposed victim. He was very frightened over the great experience. The air was very clear, and the birds were singing in the trees. Tom was very hungry so he plucked some sweet red berries that grew by the wayside. It was a very rough trip as he had to cut his way through the underbrush.

Tom continued his journey, and he saw by a sign that he was only three miles from Ashton. He turned the curve on the mountain and a long trestle lay before him. He took out his watch and found that he had but ten minutes to cross. Anyhow, he thought he could make it. He walked the ties of the track, and took great pains not to make a misstep. If he should lose his balance he would have fallen hundreds of feet below and been dashed to pieces in the river. He reached the middle of the trestle and he discovered a broken tie. He glanced at his watch and found out that the lightning express would pass in five minutes. He thought he'd better walk back, but then he gained courage.

He decided to signal the train and to save it from its doom. He made a danger flag by tearing off his red necktie and tying it to a stick. He put his ear to the track and heard it tremble, which showed that the express was not far away. It suddenly appeared at the foot of the trestle and the bell rang furiously. It approached the bridge and it thundered with the heavy laden cars. It came dashing towards Tom and he waved the flag to and fro. All was lost, as none of the trainmen saw the signal.

The engineer suddenly put his head out of his cab to see if the road was clear. Spying the danger, he immediately pulled off the air brake and pushed back the lever. It was just in the nick of time, as the locomotive was brought to a standstill only two feet from the broken tie.

Tom was invited on the cab with the engineer, and they backed off the trestle. The passengers were filled with wonder at the strange action of the train. The express stopped and everybody on board got off. They were all in excitement, so they decided to interview the engineer.

The engineer's answer was: "If it wasn't for the brave act of this lad, your lives would have been blotted out of existence. He is the one to whom is due the credit."

They gathered around the hero and praised him for his noble deed. Tom was never so happy in his life as he was at that moment, but he still worried over the lost money.

The passengers rewarded him by drawing money out of their purses and presenting it to him. Tom had more than enough money to pay back the owner of the stolen money, as his pockets were filled with coins of all sizes and checks of different values.

During this time the trainmen were repairing the broken track so as to continue their journey. An hour later the road was clear and the lightning express started, with Tom in the engine room. As they crossed the fatal bridge, they remarked to each other: "If this hero had not discovered the broken tie, the whole train would have plunged headlong into the rushing current."

The train reached Ashton many hours late, and it was met by newspaper reporters and a great throng of people. They ascertained the trouble and after greeting Tom, they dispersed. Since there was no business now for him in Ashton, he decided to go back with the same train.

At 1:30 p. m. the train steamed out of the depot, and their journey back was a quiet one. Tom related to the engineer his story of adventure, including his errand. His companion, in return, showed how the machinery was worked and described everything from a screw to a boiler. They reached their destination just as the sun was setting.

They both left the locomotive and proceeded to walk to the S. P. office. The manager was very surprised when he saw the engineer, accompanied by a lad, enter. The engineer told what had happened and how the lightning express was saved. The manager leaned back in his chair, and said: "Tom Harris, you have done us a great deed, and to reward you for it, I am going to give you a position on the train." Tom thanked him, and then they were dismissed.

Tom left the office and tried to hunt the owner of the money. It happened by luck that he met him at his private office, and he handed back the money. Tom's task was over, so he took supper and went to bed early, as he was very tired.

He slept all night, and in the morning he woke up bright and early. He dressed quickly, as he was so anxious to get to the manager's desk. He got there soon enough, and when he opened the door he saw the manager with a small box in his hand. Tom wondered what was in it, but we will soon find out. He approached him and he was told that he was to start to work immediately. The conversation was closed by Tom receiving the box. He broke it open and his eyes dropped on a beautiful gold medal which bore the inscription: "Awarded to Tom Harris for his heroic act in saving the Lightning Express."

The Order of the Eastern Star

(Continued from page 17.)

CALIFORNIA CHAPTER, No. 183.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Mary Wittman.
Worthy Patron— Mr. Harvey D. Loveland.
Secretary—Mrs. Isadora Horton.

SAN FRANCISCO CHAPTER, No. 196
Worthy Matron— Mrs. Eva Scheeline.
Worthy Patron— Mr. George. W. Geauque.
Secretary— Mrs. Josephine Walworth.

STARR KING CHAPTER, No. 204.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Emma F. Goodman.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Isaac B. Schantz.
Secretary—Mrs. Sarah David.

ALOHA CHAPTER, No. 206.
Worthy Matron— Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Jesse B. Fuller.
Secretary—Mrs. Susan M. Willats.

HARMONY CHAPTER, No. 124.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Elizabeth V. Gould.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Alfred Beadle.
Secretary—Mrs. Eva May Garrison.

Following are the names of the Chapters, and of the Worthy Matron, Worthy Patron, and Secretary of the Chapters in Alameda county:

UNITY, No. 66, OAKLAND.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Helen E. Edwards.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Charles C. Kryster.
Secretary—Mrs. F. A. Perkins.

OAK LEAF CHAPTER, NO. 8, OAKLAND.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Mattie R. Dalton.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Frank B. Ogden.
Secretary— Mrs. Cynthia C. M. Waller.

OAKLAND CHAPTER, No. 140.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Edith Batcheider.
Worthy Patron—Mr. George Cocherton.
Secretary—Mrs. Venice F. Cushing.

ORIENT CHAPTER, No. 117, CENTERVILLE.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Sue G. Granger.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Farley B. Granger.
Secretary—Mrs. Kate R. Willis.

BERKELEY CHAPTER, No. 178.
Worthy Matron— Mrs. Lizzie M. Ferrer.
Worthy Patron—Dr. Silas H. Frazer.
Secretary—Miss Anita M. Sleeper.

GOLDEN WAVE CHAPTER, No. 103, SAN LEANDRO.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Sophia Frank.
Worthy Patron—Mr. Kirby B. Smith.
Secretary—Noah T. Sturtevant.

CYNTHIA CHAPTER, No. 115, ALAMEDA.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Elizabeth A. Weber.
Worthy Patron— Mr. Edward K. Taylor.
Secretary—Mrs. Magdalene A. Norman.

SEMPTER FIDELIS CHAPTER, NO. 135, LIVERMORE.
Worthy Matron—Mrs. Emma S. Johnson.
Worthy Patron—Mr. W. H. Wright.
Secretary—Miss Margaret K. McKee

Have Women The Right To Establish Clubs?

By Sophie E. Gardiner.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of the world."

When the two first large women's clubs were formed, the Sorosis in New York, and the New England Club in Boston, there was a great hue and cry over the country. The papers ridiculed and wrote long satirical articles about them. Pictures were drawn showing these women with short hair and in the most unpicturesque attire, standing on a rostrum, and in a most belligerant manner holding forth on women's rights. And even when they became convinced that this was not their object, and also that those necessary adjuncts to men's clubs, "the sideboard," and "card table," would have no place there, they fell back upon the old worn out libel that all meetings of women could only be for gossip and frivolity. But all that has changed now, and in spite of opposition and ridicule, women's clubs were established, have grown and flourished, and we find them doing great and useful work in all our large cities of the United States, and honored by press and people.

California boasts of many prosperous women's clubs, among which might be mentioned the following: Paradise Sorosis Club, Placerville Shakespeare Club, Sacramento Tuesday Club, Sacramento Kingsley Art Club, Woodland Shakespeare Club, Woman's Club of Palo Alto, San Jose Woman's Club, Woman's Club of Petaluma, Watsonville Woman's Club, Alameda Adelphian Club, The Tea Club of Alameda, Berkeley Town and Gown Club, Oakland Ebell Society, The Oakland Woman's Club, Stockton Philomathean Club, Washington Township Country Club, Alpha Club of Lemoore, Woman's Club of Bakersfield, Fowler Improvement Association, Woman's Club of Hanford, Woman's Club of Visalia, Woman's Union of Aromona, Woman's Club of Lemoore, Shakespeare Club of Sanger, Parlor Lecture Club of Fresno, Query Club of Fresno, Nineteenth Century Round Table Club of Hanford, Alhambra Wednesday Afternoon Club, Covina Monday Afternoon Club, Downey Friday Afternoon Club, Long Beach Ebell Society, Lompoc Alpha Literary Society, Los Angeles Ruskin Art Club, Los Angeles Ebell Society, Los Angeles Friday Morning Club, Los Angeles Wednesday Morning Club, Los Angeles Kindergarten Club, Woman's Parliament of Southern California, Stimson-Lafayette Woman's Club, The Writers' Club, Monrovia Saturday Afternoon Club, Moneta Progressive Club, Pomona Woman's Club, Pasadena Shakespeare Club, Pasadena Monday Afternoon Club, Pasadena Nineteenth Century Club, Pasadena Current Topics Club, Santa Maria Ladies' Literary Club, Santa Maria Coterie Club, Santa Barbara Woman's Club, Ventura Tuesday Club, Hueneme Shakespeare Club, La Jolla Woman's Club, Redlands Contemporary Club, Riverside Woman's Club, Riverside Socorro Club, The Ebell Society of Santa Huna Valley, San Diego Club, San Diego Channing Club, San Diego Shakespeare Club, Sherman Heights Mother's Club, Santa Ana Woman's Club, and many others.

Among the most noted clubs in San Francisco are The Century, Sorosis, Laurel Hall, Forum, California, Corona, Fortnightly, Women's Press Association, Mills, Philomath and the Women's Council, and other clubs.

All except the California are purely literary and social in their character. The California calls itself also a working club. One of their special objects is to work to better the condition of women employed in stores and factories, to endeavor to obtain for them better pay and more healthful surroundings, where it is in many cases a crying need. Also establishing reading rooms for their instruction and recreation. Through the influence of this club the wholesale destruction of the gigantic trees of California has been stopped.

Once a year or so an exhibition of the industrial, as well as fine arts, is given in their rooms, where the skilled workman is encouraged to come and give practical illustrations of his art, and where all those dainty and useful articles may be purchased by either members or visitors wishing to help in this great work. It has several thousand members, the greatest number of any of the women's clubs in the city, which are necessary in order to carry on successfully their many great projects.

MRS. CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE—Los Angeles. The Mother of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Lovell White (only recently resigned) was president of this club since its foundation, and to her energy and ability is due a great deal of its success and its present flourishing condition.

To be an active member of the Women's Press Club it is essential that the person must have written something for publication. And many are the clever newspaper women and authors of note that belong to this breezy, up-to-date Association, where it is a pleasure to listen to their bright entertaining talks.

"The Century Club of California," is one of the oldest and most exclusive clubs in San Francisco. It has a large elegantly appointed home on Sutter street, with a fine library, beautifully furnished reading and reception rooms. Here its members can drop in any time to read and rest, and if they wish, call for a refreshing cup of tea served in the daintiest of porcelain.

At one end of the house is a large auditorium, where the club members meet every Wednesday afternoon, and where all the intellectual and interesting topics of the day are written up and discussed. As all its members are cultured and talented women (the necessary qualifications to belong to these clubs) the subjects are well and ably handled.

It is an exquisite enjoyment to be present on the day devoted to music, both vocal and instrumental. For knowing their critical audience, only those truly up in their art venture to appear.

Also prominent people of the day are often invited to come here and speak on the subjects with which their names have become identified and they are sure of an intelligent and appreciative audience.

Delightful receptions are occasionally given in the evening, when the gentlemen friends of the members are invited and charmingly entertained, and without exception the most enthusiastic advocates and admirers of women's clubs now are the fathers and husbands of their members. If these gentlemen are more, or even as intellectual, as the ladies of the family, they are pleased to have congenial society at home, and to have their wives and daughters converse entertainingly on the principal topics of the day, instead of being obliged to listen to all the gossip and silly tattle of ignorant, idle women, for it is only those that revel in that kind of talk. And how much better fitted to train the minds of her children is the intelligent woman, familiar with all how much better fitted to train the minds of her present generation have too much a tendency to criticise and lead their parents with, as they think, their superior knowledge. Then all honor to the clubs that encourage and bring forth the intellectual qualifications of the mothers of families.

"If the hand that rocks the cradle rules the destinies of the world," then how very necessary it is that women should be learned, clear-headed and progressive. If any man, no matter how great, lets his talents lie dormant, they will rust for want of use, and after a while almost cease to exist. And so, too, with a bright, well-educated woman if after her marriage she seeks her only amusement in fashionable society and devotes most of her time to frivolous occupations, neglecting all mental improvement, she deteriorates, and when her children need her guidance and assistance in the path of learning she finds that what once she knew so well has fled from her mind, and that with the newer methods of education that have been adopted in this age of progress she is totally unfamiliar. Her children cannot understand all this, and they marvel that she is so far behind the times.

What a boon to woman then is the intellectual club, where at least once a week she can forget household cares for a few hours, and where in the midst of congenial surroundings meet bright women with whom she can exchange ideas, or listen to learned treatises, interspersed perhaps with delightful and elevating music.

In France, when Madames Recamier and de Syael, made their salons the scenes of such brilliant gatherings of wit and eloquence, woman improved and reveled in this intellectual intercourse with the greatest minds of the day. But now in the glare and fuss of fashionable receptions, where pride and money hold full sway, intellectual conversation has become the ghost of what it was then.

Silly frivolous utterances and commonplace idle talk is generally what one hears in these glittering halls of fashion, and which certainly does not tend to elevate or improve the mind.

But intelligent women, as well as men, have always felt the necessity of an exchange of thoughts with others of their kind, where in intellectual and social meetings the mind is filled with useful knowledge, the character is elevated and the conversation is bright and entertaining.

And this is the object and aim of these much-talked of, and often maligned "Women's Clubs," where a number of congenial women meet, under rules of gracious breeding, for the universal purpose of improvement, and which they make at the same time delightfully social.

MRS. GEORGE BABCOCK—Fresno. Recording Secretary, California Federation of Women's Clubs.

MRS. ROBERT WATT—Oakland President of the New Century Club.

THE TREND OF THE TIMES—WOMAN'S NEEDS

BY FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.

The British Review of Reviews is one of the periodicals that stands boldly for the advancement of the people, not merely for the male half of the population. In an article that journal has recently published on "The Undesirable Alien," the statement is made that the only "aliens" necessary to exclude from any country are the foreign women of bad character and their "owners," and it is declared that a census taken of one portion of one street in London, showed 233 foreign prostitutes to 43 natives, and it was proved that many of these women were only the "chattels of bullies who live upon their earnings," and that this traffic in young women is carried on continuously between Europe, Africa and America. The terrible evil is difficult to deal with, owing to the ignorance and often innocence of the unfortunate victims who are made to believe they are being sent to domestic situations and find, too late, that they are merely white slaves, with starvation or prostitution as their only alternatives.

You women who, merely reading the word prostitute, shiver and say, at once "I must keep this article from my daughter," think, only for an instant. Which is worse?—to read the word—to grasp the thought for one moment, or to be and to live what that thought means? Your shirking it does not put it away; does not put the fact out of thousands of lives, that, with the help of your thinking upon it, acting to prevent it, might not reach to the wretchedness they know, might overcome baseness or never sink to it.

It is the woman opposer and the man opposer of the effort to give to women a real understanding of her obligation to prevent crime, who helps it on. Many declare that if women were admitted to equal suffrage, this class of immoral livers would blight the purity of national politics. Notice, if you please, that nothing is ever said about the immorality of men's lives blighting their abilities to think on public questions. However, this aside, the undesirable women are, fortunately, so few in number compared to the good, the earnest, the pure, that their influence would be absolutely nothing. It would seem, however, that some men fear this very influence of purity and earnestness, for there is a male opposer of woman's civic recognition, who is not a politician but is worse than a politician, for his very objection is caused by a polluted mind. The other day a man with whom I had been arguing on the lines of justice to the taxpaying citizen and who admitted many of my pleas, yet continued to look unconvinced and said "but—but;" he went no further for a moment and then showed that his reason was deeper than sex—it is in short sexual. "All men are Mormons at heart," he said. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "you give away the secret of your objection to the suffrage." He admitted the charge.

There it is. The vast majority of men still want to regard women as objects of pleasure, and every woman who remains listless in attempting to gain the suffrage is lending herself to the fostering of this estimate man has of her. Such men fear women will become unsexed, that is—we must in this vital matter speak strongly and speak clearly—unfit for mates—be it wives or concubines, they fear women will not wish "to fulfill their destiny and be mothers." We might ask if they cease to fulfill their destinies as husbands and fathers because they drop papers into ballot boxes. Last summer a fresh, fair, good girl, said to me—what proved at once her fear of not appearing in men's eyes as an object of desire, "The boys wouldn't think of me the same way if I voted." She was willing to be thought of as an object of pleasure, but not as a being able and willing to help other beings to live by exercising her mind, as well as her other functions. Fortunately some men, honest, just and clear thinkers, are friends to the cause.

The address of Dr. H. Dickson Burns, made at the New Orleans Convention on "Liberty, Mate and Female," was one that several journals have loudly commended. He said that putting aside all other grounds, he was content to rest his belief in woman's suffrage on "the simplest principles of justice and a naked love of democratic freedom. By what commission, I would ask, does man hold his commission to keep in thrall the other half of humanity? I can conceive of but one watchword for a free people. It is written between every line of our own constitution and underlies the institutes of every liberal government: "Equal rights and opportunities for all; special privileges for none." Dr. Burns recalled the occurrences of 1898, "when in the constitutional convention we contended for an educational and property qualification in a voter," and he said he was confident that if a vote on the question of admitting women who could so qualify, had been taken immediately after the address made to the convention by the President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, the movement would have carried. But twenty-four hours had intervened before the question could be considered and in that time there "arose in miniature a new Cervantes and laughed our chivalry away. We were told how shameful it would be to seek refuge behind the petticoats and votes of our women and the logic of justice and liberty fell down and crumbled into dust." Then was made that compromise by which the women taxpayers were allowed to vote on "all questions submitted to the taxpayers as such." Of this Dr. Burns said: "Oh! what a masterpiece of masculine logic and masculine justice was here! If the woman taxpayer has a just right to vote upon the imposition of a new tax, has she none in choosing the agents by whom the old tax shall be expended? Does not every act of the government affect either directly or indirectly the value of her property? And if it be honest to permit her to vote on a new tax, is it not dishonest to deny her a vote in the selection of public officers? Now permit me to drop two hints as to the conducting of your cause:

"First: Keep ever in mind that the professional politician is your implacable enemy. To him an election is not a process for ascertaining the will of the majority, but a battle to be won by any strategy. He knows that he could not "get at" you, therefore he will never consent to your enfranchisement until compelled by the gathering force of public opinion. Second, at all times give prime emphasis to the fact that to-day, all over the civilized world, women vote. The most unfair advantage taken by the opponents of woman's suffrage is their insistence upon the treatment of it as though it were still an experiment. Therefore spread broadcast the information that in four or five of the United States and throughout the widespread federation of Australia and New Zealand women vote on equal terms with men; that in the United Kingdom women possess all but the parliamentary suffrage. Din this into the public ear, for in these United States, whose people profess to be the most enlightened upon earth, the ignorance of the elementary facts, is wonderful."

"Justice, simple justice."—Lucy Stone.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Member National American Woman Suffrage Association.

Honorary Presidents: Mrs. Ellen C. Sargeant, Mrs. Sarah Knox-Goodrich.

President: Mrs. Mary Simpson Sperry.

First Vice-President, Mrs. Josephine M. Mastick.

Second Vice-President, Mrs. Theresa S. Speddy.

Third Vice-President, Mrs. Anna K. Bidwell.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hattie J. D. Chapman.

Corresponding Secretary, Miss Carrie A. Whelan.

Treasurer, Miss Clara M. Schlingheyde.

Auditors, Mrs. Mary McHenry Keith, Mrs. Annie L. Corbett.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's address, which space prevented my noticing in the last issue, was on "Duties of To-day." In asking "What are the duties of women to the needs of the States," she said: "Women are so keen to all that relates to the home and so dull to the world around them. They do not seem to take an interest in public affairs. What is government to-day? It is composed of men who each represents, not the business interests that elected him. These men are there to attend to the business of industries and sometimes of the people in general. The duty of government is to keep the cities clean and healthy, to make the inhabitants happy. Now what is the duty of woman? To keep the people clean and healthy, say the generality of mankind. Granted. Now why can't they do that through the great medium of civilization—organization? The government attempts to do what ought to be done by women. There was a time when teachers were all men, but that ignorance has been outgrown long ago." Mrs. Gilman showed that woman's ability to care for a home, when applied to the regulation of a city, would give the happy results found in a well regulated household, and to do this was one of the duties of to-day.

A report given by Mrs. Clara C. Colby, on "Industrial Politics," contained these important statements: "The industrial problems especially affecting women, have shown that women are at a disadvantage as non-voting members of the community. As recent facts in regard to Government employment, I would cite the order of Postmaster General Payne, that a woman must give up her position if she marries. The Civil Service Commissioners are compelled, by law, to keep separate lists of men and women who have passed examinations, and they must certify to the appointing officers from either list as specified by the heads of the bureaus, so that it is quite possible for these to keep women out, and fill the place with voters. Commoner W. D. Foulke, not long ago, called the attention of the chiefs of bureaus to the fact that by taking from the men's lists down to the lowest point of eligibility, while women who had passed with a rank of 90 and over, were not chosen, the government was not getting the skilled labor it was entitled to. * * * The continued defeat of the child labor protection laws in some of the Southern States and the condition of children working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, as shown in the testimony before the Coal Strike Commission, show the need of woman's help in shaping social economics, and her powerlessness without the ballot is in sharp contrast with the protective law of Colorado."

How can we stimulate women all over the country to do what they can do, to add their weight of their names and their effort as far as it can go, is one of the greatest questions, and of this Mrs. Colby says that "it needs a consciousness of the solidarity of human interests, so that, from an impersonal, unselfish standpoint, if they have no personal need, they are under the most commanding obligation and add their strength to ours to make better conditions. We might despair of reaching either the over-worked, under-paid, unresponsive wage-earner, or the indifferent, irresponsible, and almost inaccessible woman of fortune, were it not that all are linked by one common possession—that of womanhood, which, when awakened, is the Divine Motherhood, and this is what we must appeal to. We must march on with closed ranks, leaving no woman outside, however apparently separated by good or by bad fortune, by exaltation or by error. Then only will we win in this battle for liberty, the holiest war ever waged."

Mr. M. J. Sanders, who attended the first meeting of the Convention as an ignorant—that is, uninformed if not opposed, listener, declared in a thrilling speech he made later, "there is justice and a grandeur about your cause vastly beyond what we had conceived, and there is an intelligence and force behind it which sweeps away all indifference and compels the earnest consideration of thoughtful men. I have seen enough to believe that hand in hand with earnest men, as co-workers and equals, in no way subordinate, women can furnish brains and power to remove a vast load of the iniquities and inequalities of life and to lift the country to a plane of civilization wherein the masses shall have a chance for happiness and freedom."

There were eight States at the Convention which were represented by but one delegate These were: California, Delaware, Maryland, Montana, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Vermont. Mrs. Priscilla I. Hackstaff, who gave the report on enrollment, said that nothing is more hopeful in increasing the membership and therefore of gaining ground, than having the names of friends and sympathizers of the cause. "The importance of this work," said Mrs. Hackstaff, "was impressed upon me in the recent New Hampshire campaign. Had New Hampshire enrolled her suffragists in every town and village, the work of the campaign committee would have been wonderfully lightened. So I urge every State to work vigorously on the enrollment, that you may know where you can organize a club, and on whom to call in your legislative work and when a campaign comes upon you."

Mrs. Hackstaff's address was the topic on "The Relation Government Bears to Civilization." She spoke of how soon in the life of a race, government becomes something apart from and over the people, especially when it works for its own good rather than for theirs. She pointed to examples history furnishes of this and how social restrictions soon follow governmental ones. But lately the seers had an ideal of government, where individual recognition should be given each person, and now the state of civilization demands such a government. "Strong governments require strong men," said Mrs. Hackstaff, "and the primary object, therefore, of manhood suffrage is to make strong men." Quoting President Jordan of Stanford University, she gave his words: "Without participation, men lose interest: without interest, they lose intelligent comprehension, but given participation and an interest and intelligent comprehension, men are stronger in their patriotism, broader in their views, and wiser in their methods of action." "If," Mrs. Hackstaff demanded, "suffrage has this effect on men, will it not have the same effect on women? Do not restrict the growth from barbarous conditions, by forcing one half the people to drag forward with them the other half who cannot help in the process."

TO ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

IN MEMORIAM

(By Imogen Holbrook Vivian.)

'Tis not of Dewey and his guns,
That rent the early morning air,
To loose from thrall those far off isles,
And firmly plant Old Glory there,
Nor yet of they on Cuban soil,
Who scaled in blood El Caney's height,
To show how brave hearts do, and dare,
For freedom's flag, for freedom's right.

But one there was, great, virile, brave,
And easily of these the peer,
Whose voice is now forever stilled,
With strength supreme, she knew no fear,
Upon this tomb but newly made,
Come, place the laurel wreath of fame,
For this great soul hath nobly won,
The right to an immortal name.

And to the hallowed spot where rests,
This valiant one, our honored dead,
Who sought to right her sister's wrongs,
Bring lilies fair, bring roses red.
Her mortal passing came to end,
E'er hope had reached its fullest flower,
But her brave soldiers in the ranks,
Undaunted still, will never cower,

'Till Justice, equal rights to all,
Is blazoned on their cloth of gold,
And in the ages yet to come,
Their strength, and valor, will be told.
We know what hand the compass held,
Toward liberty, our ship to guide,
And steadfast still, who forged ahead,
Through storms of scorn, nor turned aside.

Mid oppositions little souls,
That fret, and fume, their lives away,
This mighty being saw, through faith,
The dawning of a brighter day.
Her disembodied spirit shall,
Our guide and inspiration be,
'Till we shall span the gulf between
Our dreams, and dear reality.

Sweet liberty, and equal rights,
Shall, in that not far distant time,
Come as a heavenly heritage,
For 'tis God's plan, his law sublime.
Homage to her, whose daring hand,
The corner stone, laid firm and strong.
For justice, moved this dauntless soul,
Her strength was spent, to right a wrong.

LIFE AMONG HIGH CASTE WOMEN OF INDIA

BY DR. EMILY NOBLE,

Whose Personal Experiences in India Gave Her an Insight Into Social Conditions Not Possible to Many Outside the Caste.

Because so many American ladies are so kindly interesting themselves at the present time in the seeming (?) condition of the women of India, I am glad to say more on this subject. I do not dispute the veracity of anything that has been said about the condition of child wives, mothers and widows of India, my object being to emphasize the fact that because India is so vast a country (as large as all Europe—if we leave out Russia) what may be true of some small section is not representative of India, or more than a small minority of its people, which always number over three hundred millions!

Hindu families prefer caste life, and it suits their habits and customs, which have been fixed by religious laws since the beginning of civilization. England pledged itself in a most sacred compact not to interfere with caste customs, and if the compact had been adhered to as sacredly as it was made, there would probably have been no Indian mutiny.

DISTINCTIVE CASTE RULES.

I was chiefly in Southern India, and in visiting in or driving through the Hindu villages I noticed much of their modes of life. I noticed, too, even the houses are built according to caste rules, and only certain times of the year are considered propitious in which to build. Then, too, a certain form of architecture is followed very closely by the different castes—and oh! the wonderful difference between the absolute simplicity of even a rich man's home—and the awe-inspiring grandeur of the temples, especially some of the older and larger ones. The entrance to a rich man's house is always called the lion's gate, and just as in the occident—we have ceremonials in laying corner stones—and burying beneath them coins and printed matter of the period—so the Hindus always commence the building of new homes, or temples with ceremonies peculiar to the different castes. The priests chant hymns, and prayers. The pillars and rafters are blessed—often garlanded with flowers—and annointed with oil and incense, and whether the buildings are for the rich or for the poor—a palace or a hut—there is always much of solemnity and importance about the ceremonial.

PECULIARITY OF THE HOUSES.

Orthodox Hindu people all live on the community plan—with very many relatives of different generations under one roof. The street sides of the houses are always blank walls—with a slanting roof—the lintels of the doorway are usually freshly sprinkled or marked with sandal paste every day. The symbol of their form of worship, and caste is marked on the door. On account of the heat the native houses are mostly without windows. They are built quadrangle fashion, with the interiors opening into courtyards in which is often seen a tank or a fountain of water, and as sun and rain have free access—these court yards are often riotous with the vivid coloring of tropical trees and plants.

THE "FLAME OF THE FOREST."

There is one wonderful blooming tree that is very common in India called the "flame of the forest." It has no foliage, but is covered with a gorgeous mass of bloom, shading from brilliant crimsons to deepest orange tints—and so brilliant it can be seen miles away! Other trees look in the distance exactly as if they were covered with black leaves—but when one gets close to them, one sees they are covered with bats, with large dark wings hanging upon the foliage slumbering in the sunlight, until the dusk arrives, and they start off on their nightly scavenging.

In all homes the kitchen is the most sacred part of the house, and no person of a lower caste than the master of the house, is ever permitted to enter it, or even look inside. If ever the shadow of an out-caste fell upon the food of a Brahmin—the food would be destroyed—together with the pot in which it was cooked.

SIMPLE FOOD SERVICE.

The food, even in the rich families, is still served with the utmost simplicity upon plantain leaves—and is made extremely palatable, though entirely without meat—or fish or fowl—or eggs. Many of the people in India still live in the primitive way—that has been pictured to us of the people of Asia in the Old Testament of the Christian Bible—and many of the women look so beautiful, swathed in their one simple arment, with a pot of water gracefully poised upon their shapely heads—that one is at once reminded of the pictures of the Bible women carrying water from the wells. They use very little in the way of furniture. The floors are mostly cement, often covered with bamboo matting, but rarely with carpets.

All classes sit upon the ground, and are very uncomfortable if, when calling upon Europeans, they are persuaded to sit upon chairs or sofas. There is usually no bedding on account of the intense heat, people sleeping anywhere—on mats or rugs, and servants kept busy night and day pulling punkahs, to cool the air.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

Servants do not sleep in their master's house—but often on the roofs or verandas, though the head man is usually to be found on his master's door mat at night, and ayahs and other personal attendants, of course, remain near their charges. All in the house retire early, and get up before sunrise, and after bathing they make their oblations to the sun and spend some time in religious contemplation—place their caste marks upon their foreheads—with crayons of different colors, salute the four points of the compass with "good thought" and say "hail, kindly light that illumines North, South, East and West." And in praying for themselves at this early hour, many never fail to make some sacrifice or oblation in memory of their dear ones whom death has claimed, then they take a very light breakfast, and attend to the duties of the forenoon.

BATHING, PRAYING AND EATING.

At noon the meal of the day is served, but is preceded with more prayers and bathing of the body and attiring with a clean loin cloth, or sari; then follows the siesta. Usually in a rich man's house enough is cooked at the noon day meal, and offered to the gods, to feed many hungry mendicants who ask for food as they pass by. The prayers are not long or tedious but seem to be a natural part of every Hindu's life. Even at the temples the ritual is very simple. Just a few verses from the vedas are read twice a day—by a priest who gets no salary. But often the temples are crowded with worshippers who go morning and evening for praise, sacrifice and contemplation for spiritual growth. And a Hindu never goes to the temple empty-handed—or gives to his church the last coin he has in his pocket, or offers to his gods somethings he does not want himself. Hindu women never have a "rummage sale" for their gods—but give of their best. And as a consequence one finds at the temple's gates, that thousands of starving poor are fed every day—from the offerings that are constantly brought, and which may represent anything from a handful of rice to an elephant. No one in all India would refuse food to a beggar. It is a part of their religion to recognize God or good even in the person of an abject beggar.

DOMESTIC SIDE OF LIFE.

It is a fact that most Hindu women cook beautifully, and home cares and fashions do not set heavily upon them. Domestic affairs and the care of their many lovely babies seem to be the delight of their lives. They are not interested in other women's husbands, as they never meet them personally, so there are no flirtations to disturb conjugal peace. They wear no millinery, never change the style of hair dressing—go barefoot, and their one garment consists of a long piece of cloth called a sari, which is woven in one length and most gracefully swathed around the wearer, who always keeps one end free with which to cover the face from the gaze of the inquisitive.

She has no use for shoe laces, stay laces, hair pins or needles; does not know how to sew, has nothing that ever needs remaking, or mending, and the children of both sexes go absolutely naked! until they are seven years old. Then the sexes are separated and the high caste boy goes through the first important ceremony of his life. He is taught something of the faith of his father, and taught to be proud of the symbol of his god—upon his forehead, and invested with the "sacred cord," a three fold thread or string which is worn by every male Brahmin over one shoulder and across his breast to his hip, to remind him of the "right path." When he is older another important ceremony in which he has no voice, takes place, that of marriage to some child who later becomes his life's mate.

PROUD OF THEIR CHILDREN.

The babies are the dearest little contented fat roly-polys imaginable. They rarely cry, but are shy—though when of older growth have exquisite manners in the presence of their elders and before strangers. Celibacy is unknown in India except among those destined for the spiritual or religious life, and among these people maternity is looked upon as the crown of womanhood, and children the special gift of God. It is considered a curse to be childless. Children are greatly beloved and welcomed even by the poor, though for social and religious reasons, boys are still more welcome than girls.

HINDU MARRIAGES.

The marriage ceremonies are long—usually lasting five days. There is much of religious ceremonial sacrificing, and feasting, for the poor, according to the rank of the families, and every member of the family, even very distant relatives, attend the wedding, if he is within traveling distance to get there in time. No wedding ring is used, but the garments of the bride and groom are knotted together to symbolize the tying of the marriage knot, and an ornament called a tali is tied around the bride's neck—the hands are joined.

Water, food and fire is offered to the gods, then the bride and groom join hands and solemnly walk around the sacred fire three times, and for the only time in her life, the wife eats with, and in her husband's presence. Then when the ceremony is over the bride often remains under the parent's roof until it is considered wise to establish marital relations.

ADVANTAGES OF CASTE DISTINCTION.

Mr. J. Rees, C. I. E., member of Lord Curzon Council, recently made the following remark on the subject of caste;

Medows Taylor thought the Hindus "as courteous and intelligent a people as any in the world; kind to their children, respectful to their parents, charitable, honest, industrious, and with such vices as are common to human nature." He denied that they were untruthful, and saw in "caste the means of enforcing the least outwardly moral conduct of members."

A RELIGIOUS BASIS.

"The Dewan of Travancore well says that the Hindu home is founded on the basis of religion, its rules and observances on the basis of hygiene, in which a Hindu lives, moves, and has his being. The father is the guardian, preceptor and patriarch, the woman protected by her male relations, and always married; nor looking at other countries where celibacy is practiced by women, can I consider universal marriage altogether a curse. The decay of marriage marked the decline of the Romans and Greeks, and the Dewan would adhere to the High Hindu standard, merely postponing the ceremony till the latest permissible period. The present system produces wives who in all that goes to the happiness of the husband and the peace of the home cannot be surpassed. There is great misapprehension, says the Dewan, among European nations regarding the purdah. There is no slavery or tyranny, and as families rise in the world their females ask for the privilege of the zenana system."

NATIVE HOMES OF THE HIGH CASTE.

THE TOMB OF A HINDU PRIN CESS.

EASY TO GET MARRIED IN CALIFORNIA

BY ELLA CASTILLO BENNETT.

Apparently the easiest thing in the world to do (barring the celebrated process of rolling off a log), is to get married. All you have to do is to go to Mr. Danforth at the City Hall, assure him you are of age, and that there is no impediment to your union with "Beatrice," raise your hand and swear, "So help me God," etc., sign your name in the record, pay two dollars, get your license, and sally forth to priest, minister or justice of the peace, and "Ye twain become as one." No red tape, no explanation as to your suitability or that of the intended bride; no proof of your responsibility, mental, physical, moral or financial, to enter the state of matrimony. You could not enter upon a business transaction with less trouble. You are married and you enter upon the matrimonial routine, the first year of which ends with an undress parade about two o'clock a. m., your wife as a drowsy spectator, you doing the pedestrian act, while your first born is being carried around on your shoulder like triumph by his constituents and followers. Only your offspring does this triumphant parade with unceasing regularity, on an average of every other night, gaining in vocal powers as time progresses until memory takes you regretfully back to the nice little room in the City Hall when the pleasant, courteous Mr. Danforth smiled so benignly to make marriage look seductive, and you think of this urbane dispenser of marriage licenses issuing the privilege to take care of a large and interesting and every other-yearly growing family and you are sure he is aided and abetted by merchants who must sell their goods, therefore encourage matrimony, so conducive towards the propagation of the race and the unlimited manufacture of goods. And you wonder when Mr. Danforth goes to purgatory and is toasted a delicate brown if he will be sorry.

He has issued marriage licenses for ten years and still shows no sign of either remorse or reformation. He helps to bind together on an average of nine couples a day, principally foreigners, Italians predominating. People in all condition of life, and "previous condition of servitude," all ages, all styles, from a young couple of sixteen and eighteen, whose parents do not oppose this juvenile mating, to the grandfather and grandmother, marrying men and women old enough to be their grand children.

The San Francisco population is largely composed of Americans, yet the licenses issued to such run behind those issued to foreigners, showing the increase of bachelors and old maids in this generation. Monday is the star day, and Friday—ever the bane of superstitious—the poorest day in the week, and May the poorest month.

The average age of the men is thirty and the women twenty-one, showing older for the men and younger for the women than the average in Eastern States.

The greatest contrast in age that Mr. Danforth remembers during his incumbency was a woman of 75, who married a youth of 24, the same world wise young man being very good to the susceptible old lady, who left him the fortune which he some years afterwards shared with a wife more suited to him in years.

Mr. Danforth has issued in his time 40,000 marriage licenses. Now, how many of these belong on the credit side, only Providence can tell.

A mulatto, who came for a license to marry a white woman, was highly indignant that the laws of this State did not permit such unions. He asked if this wasn't a free country, and on being told that it was generally so considered, he took issue on that point, declaring he could marry the Queen of England—if she would have him. He put it to the clerk to know what he thought of such an outrageous law; and his indignation reached fever heat when Mr. Danforth told him he approved of it. So the dusky lover took his Desdemonia to Victoria, B. C., where the law sanctions a union with "any old thing," and was duly and legally married, and if Desdemonia has not been smothered by this time—well, she ought to be.

Japs and Chinamen apply for licenses to wed white women and are amazed to find a barrier put in their way. One Chinaman said, "No mally Melican girl? Why? she likee me. I likee her. What you got, say? She Scotch. She heap good girl. I takee good care her. How you fixee him?" On being told that there was no way to "fixee," the celestial hied him and his betrothed to kindly British Columbia and came back to San Francisco to propagate the species of half breeds. The Chinese half of which is probably the better, for the white woman who could marry the Chinese is too low to be even his equal.

One white woman, the widow of a Chinaman, came for a license to marry the brother of her late husband. She had been true to the memory of her transported celestial a year, and tiring of widowhood, was ready to supplant in her affections for her dead husband the nearest thing available.

The crushing news was announced to her that such unions could not be in this State. She grew ugly and quarrelsome, acting as though the lawmakers had a special grudge against her to keep her from Chinamen, the desired objects of her heart. Mr. Danforth asked her where she had married her first husband, and she told him in British Columbia, so he informed her she would have to go back there again to be married.

She laid great stress on the fact that her marriage must be legal. Whether this was an indication of fear of the Chinaman experiencng a change of heart or whether it was proof of her virtuous tendencies would be hard to determine; if the latter, it is only another proof of the freakishness of human nature.

Imagine a white woman bad enough to live with a Chinaman, caring whether the union was legal or illegal, and this virtuous specimen of womanhood probably thought herself superior to the woman who sacrificed her virtue for love of some man, at least half worth the loving.

The law, passed a few years ago, which prohibits marriage sooner than a year after the divorce is granted, is after all more of a detriment than a benefit. It does not deter people from marrying. Most of them will hasten to Reno, Nevada, marry and return by the next train, thus making the prohibition law a farce.

Mr. Danforth knows of two applicants in which this law was evaded by simply living together; by people who did not go to Reno. One couple, the woman a widow with two children, who had been separated from her husband two years before, applying for a divorce, and the man who was a bachelor, simply drew up a contract, which was of course not in the least legal, before witness to live together always, and to be married according to the laws of the State as soon as possible, and this they did the minute the time was up.

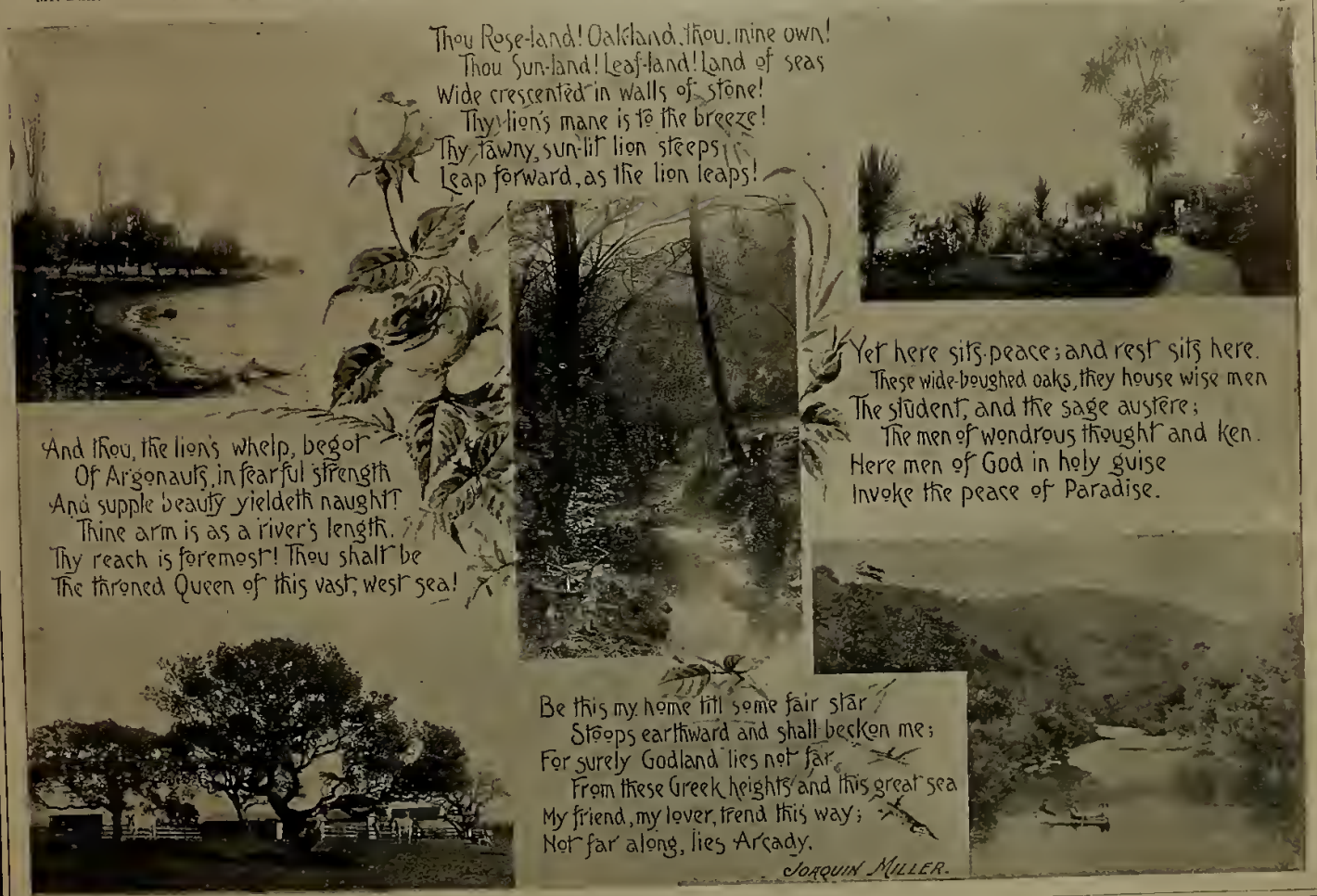
The man of the other couple had no such honorable intentions. He knew well enough when he brought the girl to the office that a divorce of four months did not permit him to marry. He feigned surprise, and the girl showed her keen disappointment. Mr. Danforth suspicioned at once what the man's intentions were, so he said to the girl: "Now, don't consider for a minute a "tug" or contract marriage, for they are not legal. You will have to wait till the time is up." The couple acted as though they thought eight months an interminable length of time, and doubtless it is to lovers, and those serving a sentence in jail or penitentiary. Finally they were told if they could not wait they could go to Reno, Nevada, and be married. The man protested his inability to leave business for that length of time, and Mr. Danforth learned that under promise of marriage, as soon as the prohibition time was up, he had prevailed on the foolish girl to live with him. That was two years ago, and the man has never come for the promised license. She might have known that the man who could not make a sacrifice of a couple of days from business to make her legally his wife would never do so, no matter how favorably the circumstances, nor with what serious promises he had beguiled her.

Mr. Danforth will sell some people a license, and afterwards the same parties procure a divorce, and in the course of time call for another license and try it over again.

The old copy-book line of, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," which once photographed on the retina of the eye, from writing it down a whole page, is never effaced, and is doubtless responsible for some of this persistency in the matrimonial line.

And while marriage licenses are being issued by the pleasant Mr. Danforth, divorces are being granted by one or more of the twelve judges in as many different rooms in the same building, and until the end of time it will probably be so, certainly until human nature is better, and some restrictions placed about marriage, for the hue and cry raised against divorce is absurd. It is far more decent for men and women to divorce each other than to live together in wrangling and quarreling; and railing at divorce is commencing at the tail end of the reformation. It is useless to lop off the branches while the trunk and roots remain intact. While men can obtain marriage licenses for the mere asking, without having to show proof of the financial ability to maintain a wife, and at least one child, and a record of a temperate, honorable character, divorces will result.

The divorce is as natural a consequence of loose marriage laws as that suffering in some manner follows the breaking the laws of God, nature and man.


Thou Rose-land! Oak-land, thou, mine own!
Thou Sun-land! Leaf-land! Land of seas
Wide crescented in walls of stone!
Thy lion's mane is to the breeze!
Thy tawny, sun-lit lion steeps
Leap forward, as the lion leaps!
And thou, the lion's whelp, begot
Of Argonauts, in fearful strength
And supple beauty yieldeth naught!
Thine arm is as a river's length.
Thy reach is foremost! Thou shalt be
The throned Queen of this vast, west sea!
Yet here sits peace; and rest sits here.
These wide-boughed oaks, they house wise men
The student, and the sage austere;
The men of wondrous thought and ken.
Here men of God in holy guise
Invoke the peace of Paradise.
Be this my home till some fair star
Stoops earthward and shall beckon me;
For surely Godland lies not far
From these Greek heights and this great sea
My friend, my lover, friend this way;
Not far along, lies Arcady.
JOAQUIN MILLER.

Across the Continent—San Francisco to New York

BY SOPHIE E. SKIDMORE GARDINER.

I can hardly realize that I have left the old beaten path and am now flying across the continent as fast as steam can carry me, safely and comfortably installed as I am, in these elegantly appointed Pullman Palace cars of the Sunset Limited. We will soon leave behind us this greatly favored Golden State, with all its rich vegetation. Luxuriantly beautiful is Southern California, its trees laden with golden oranges and lemons, and a wealth of brilliant flowers everywhere, all forming a dazzling picture. The weather, too, is simply perfect, though its pleasant warmth gives us faint warning of more torpid days to come, as we travel farther south.

But already we have begun to pass on to less attractive scenes. Traveling from Indio to Yuma, through an alkali desert, is a decided and weary contrast to the verdure and bloom of our just departed Eden. On account of its high altitude and great dryness (for here it never rains) the atmosphere of Indio is considered most beneficial for people suffering from any disease of the lungs. A hotel and a large number of cottages have been built here, and an attempt to beautify the grounds, making an oasis in the midst of this dreary desert waste.

At six o'clock in the morning, when we reached Tucson, in Arizona, a very pleasing and familiar sound was wafted toward us. From a Catholic church in the city we heard a deep-toned bell ringing the three alternate strokes of the Angelus, and we seemed to hear the many reverent voices answer in prayer the early calling.

Later in the day I noticed, at the foot of some mountains we were passing, a large body of water with dancing waves. Asking the name of it, I was told what my senses could hardly make me believe, that no water was there. It was what I had so frequently read of—a mirage—I could fully understand how this often fatal illusion had deceived weary, thirsty travelers, for it seemed impossible that what I saw was not a large body of sparkling water.

The borders of Arizona passed, about noon we entered New Mexico, famed for having the oldest city in the United States. As it is some distance from the railroad, I was unable to see this interesting old place, but we stayed for nearly two hours at El Paso, which is situated in the border line. I was surprised to see such an enterprising, up-to-date city, with electric cars and lights, and rows of very handsome buildings. Immediately in front of the station is a beautifully laid out park, and flitting among the trees were fashionably dressed young ladies. From a paper I bought I see they have a very flourishing Women's Press Association there.

In passing through the towns of Arizona and New Mexico, one is struck with the odd mixture of Yankee enterprise, and the slower old Spanish life. One still sees here the rude adobe buildings of these soft-tongued people, and also the squalid mud-roofed huts of the Indians, while the figures grouped around their doorways form a quaint picture very different from those of their American neighbors.

We are now in the largest State in the Union, Texas, and what an immense tract of uncultivated land is everywhere around us. I regretted, exceedingly, that we passed Fort Bliss in the morning at 2 o'clock, and so was unable to see this interesting old fort, which was formerly occupied by United States troops. It is situated at an elevation of 5,000 feet and the weather is always cool and delightful here, no matter how hot it is in the other parts of the State. It is now used as a summer resort for the exclusive four hundred of this part of the country, cottages with beautifully laid out grounds having been built around the old landmark.

At about noon we passed over the third highest bridge in the United States. It is called Pico's High Bridge, built of steel, over 2000 feet long, and 321 feet high. We could not realize its great height until, looking down, we saw some cattle on the banks of the stream below. They seemed to be the size of those little wooden animals we see in that old-fashion toy box called Noah's Ark. Looking back as we passed nearly two hours in the beautiful city of Houston. Like San Antonio, it is a typical southern city, about which there is something very fascinating.

We had hardly left Houston, when we came to Beaumont, the greatest oil town of the South. The first thing that greeted our eyes was a gay party taking a ride in an automobile.

The thick forests of palmetto and magnolia trees, tell us now that we are passing through the beautiful State of Louisiana.

New Orleans with its thousand and one interesting landmarks is already spread before us. This old Southern city we behold decked out in gala array, in honor of the great reunion of Confederate veterans, whose convention is being held here. The old survivors of the "Lost Cause" have come from all the Southern States, and Canal street, the great thoroughfare, is one blaze of light and color.

The great charm of this old Creole city lies in its many historical places, and associations. For this reason the old St. Louis Cathedral, with its sunken marble floor and quaint but beautiful altar, is an especial object of interest. After the ancient fashion —the Beadle in cocked hat, red coat, sword and halberd officiates at all ceremonies.

This cathedral faces Jackson square, which is undoubtedly the most historic spot in Louisiana. In its center stands the celebrated equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson, commander of the American army in the battle of New Orleans. In this old square took place the surrender of Louisiana to Spain, and here, later, the Independence of the State was declared by the French in 1768, only to be reconquered by the Spanish at which time this square was the scene of the death of the French patriots.

On the north side of the Cathedral stands the old 'Cabildo," a building with much history, as it was here that all former transfers of the colony from nation to nation took place, and it was here in olden times that many celebrated dignitaries were entertained by the authorities, one of the most notable being the great Gen. Lafayette of Revolutionary war fame.

Beside Jackson square there are many famous parks in New Orleans, beautifully laid out and kept. Each one, except City Park, is named for some celebrated personage whose statue is conspicuously placed in its midst. City Park, beside its chain of fine artificial lakes, contains a magnificent grove of live oaks, draped with gray Spanish moss. This was formerly a great dueling place.

The one that interested me most was the Margaret Park and statue, at the intersection of Camp and Prytania streets. It was the first monument ever raised in America in honor of a woman. It commemorates the charities of Margaret Haugery, who, reared in poverty, accumulated a fortune in the bakery business, and who used this fortune to care for and help the poor of the city. She was especially devoted to children, and many a little child felt the benefit of Margaret's generosity. In the center of the park we see the quaint figure of this old woman, carved in bronze, her arm around a little child. Over her shoulders is a knitted shawl, but kindness and charity is written in every line of her plain but benevolent face. At her death the Orphan Asylums and other charitable institutions were made the recipients of generous bequests.

One of the most interesting and curious sights here is the cemeteries. Interments therein are almost entirely made above ground, and the effect of the white mausoleums is so unlike that of burying places in other cities as to make a visit noteworthy. The old National Cemetery of Chalmette, is tastefully laid out and most beautifully kept. It is located on the site of the old historic battlefield where the battle of New Orleans was fought between the British and American forces, on Jan. 8, 1815.

The day before our departure from New Orleans occurred the great parade of the Confederate veterans. It was really the most imposing and spectacular display I ever witnessed. In the slow marching up the streets, many bands were playing inspiring Southern airs, the music swelled high above the heads of the hundreds of thousands who viewed this great, but pathetic scene. The men uncovered their heads and the women strewed blossoms along their path in such quantities that these old soldiers actually walked through beds of flowers.

At the intersection of St. Charles and Howard avenues stands a colossal statue of the great Southern hero, General Robert E. Lee. As the procession passed this stately figure, with folded arms, it looked as if he stood there in life reviewing his old troops, and a mighty shout went up from the vast multitude.

The next morning I was taken along the renowned levee, and I touched with my hands the waters of the great Mississippi. It was my farewell to this interesting city, named for the one in old France made famous by the deeds of the heroic Joan of Arc—the Maid of Orleans.

Though the weather was now hot and dusty, and the cars very inferior to our California palace cars, yet traveling from New Orleans to New York had

TYPICAL SCENES IN CALIFORNIA'S FLOWER-BEDECKED GARDENS.

many attractions for me. The famous Southern cities I saw as we passed through twelve different States, each having its own peculiar attractions and scenery, were certainly so very interesting that I was able to forget all inconvenience and discomfort. Especially beautiful is the green, feathery foliage of the trees, and the creeping vines, against the bright red soil peculiar to Virginia. Then there were the many large rivers, crossing each other in these different States, familiar by name, but viewed now for the first time.

Only a glimpse did I get, I regret to say, of those two noted cities—Philadelphia and Baltimore, but we changed cars and remained a few hours in Washington. I felt a thrill of patriotism and delight as I gazed upon this beautiful city—this great capital of our glorious Republic. It was scarcely more than a bird's-eye view I got of it, but besides its magnificence I seemed to see, on their old familiar, all the famous men, whose great achievements built up this "Land of Liberty" from the illustrious Washington down, pass in review before me, and what a marvelous power it was.

Reluctantly I left this great capital city, so closely linked with all the historical events of our country, and on the wings of night was carried through many places of note. But bright visions greeted mine eyes the next morning, for flooded with sunshine Greater New York, with all its wealth and grandeur, its poverty and squalor, was spread out before me. Delightfully pleasant are the warm greeting, refreshment and rest I now receive and enjoy after my long but interesting journey of 3,000 miles across the continent.

What a big city this is! It takes weeks to realize its immensity. The day after my arrival I started to do some shopping, and that was a strange experience threading my way between the thousands of strange faces, and confusing labyrinth of street cars, underground tunnel cars, and elevated trains. The first place I visited was the noted Wanamaker's huge department store, formerly the far-famed A. T. Stewart's, and I need have gone no farther, even if I had intended to buy enough to stock a good-sized department store for myself. But curiosity led me from one big place to another, not only to inspect the variety and beauty of goods displayed, but to view the immense structures, themselves, each from ten to sixteen stories high, and many of them occupying a whole block.

I quite agree with the lady who said that whenever she came out of one of these big stores she always found that the streets had all turned around. Such seemed to be the case with me.

It was after leaving one of these mammoth establishments on Broadway I happened to look up at the lamp post and read on the sign "5th Avenue." It's a mystery to me yet how I got there, but I also saw in front of me a very attractive millinery store upon which was inscribed the name "Henesey." Seeing some exquisitely beautiful hats in the window, I entered for closer inspection (what woman could resist). There was something pleasantly familiar about the tall, stately woman who advanced and greeted me in true California courteous style. I soon learned she was from San Francisco, and that only a few years before she had come here unheralded and unknown, but through her energy, taste and skill, had built up this large business establishment. Nothing like the pluck of our bright California girls, it always means success with them.

The Native Daughters of our Golden State are very popular ad greatly admired in New York, both for their brilliant talents and great beauty. They have met with wonderful success upon the stage and in all the other professions they have chosen.

I felt honored to meet several of these gifted young women at a reception I attended, given by the Women's Press Club of New York. It was the last social meeting of the season and was held in the beautiful myrtle room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria. I was the guest of their President, Rev. Phebe Hanaford, who most courteously introduced me as a "guest of honor" from California. Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour, President of Sorosis, of New York, Mrs. Fannie Hallock Carpenter, President of National Society of New England, and many other distinguished women were also present. It was a delightful meeting of cultured women. The papers read were bright and interesting, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, of a superior order.

Each day I visit some of the beautiful as well as historical places in and around this overwhelmingly large city. One of the first visits was to the famous Metropolitan Museum, with all its wonderful objects of interest; its countless rare works of art. One could never tire of gazing at the magnificent pictures and statuary, the inspirations of the greatest masters of the world. Then picturesque Claremont, a charming spot at the northern end of Riverside Drive and overlooking the Hudson from an elevation of 200 feet. At the entrance of this park is the imposing tomb of the late Gen. U. S. Grant. Directly on the opposite side of the river are the Palisades, which is a name applied to a long perpendicular, apparently columnar, wall of trap rock, formed by nature, and extending along the coast for over twenty miles.

From historical old Fort George one gets a splendid view of the winding rivers, and several cities that make up Greater New York. It is on a rocky projection now terraced down to the water. Just below is built the celebrated Washington Bridge, and also two other of fine mechanism a little farther down the river. There was a redoubt here during the Revolution, and the old cannon are still fixed in the stone walls.

Central Park, with all its natural beauties and monuments of art,—a simple outline of it would more than fill my limited space. I will only mention the two especial objects of interest that most attracted my attention to this great garden of the world. One was the famous Obelisk, or "Cleopatra's Needle," towering nigh above all the other monuments that surround it, as if its greater age gave it that privilege. This interesting relic was brought from Egypt to New York in 1880, having been presented to this city by the late Khedive, Ismail Pasha, through the Department of State. The work of removing it from Heliopolis, where it had been erected 1500 B. C., was intrusted to Lt. Com. H. M. Gorringe, U. S. N., who designed for the purpose massive and novel machinery. The entire expense was borne by the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt. On the sides of the tall pyramid are hieroglyphic writings telling of the warlike deeds and victories of an ancient King Thukmes II, during his campaign in Central Africa. These inscriptions take us back, therfore, to a period more than fifteen centuries before Christ. This monolith was gazed upon by Moses. It was an ancient monument, the significance of which had grown dim with the mists of time, when Augustus, Caesar and Anthony fought out the question of universal empire in the sight of the voluptuous queen by whose name it has been known for more than a thousand years. During these centuries this Obelisk, so lately transferred to this great modern city, stood erect as a landmark of the Levant nearAlexandria.

The other, to me, most interesting and especially ornamental monument in this beautiful park is Bethesda Fountain. It is built on the picturesque terrace near the shores of the lake, and was designed by a woman. The idea of the fountain was suggested by the story of the Pool of Bethesda in the Bible. The figure of an angel stands in the attitude of blessing the waters. She bears in her left hand a bunch of lilies, emblems of purity, and wears across her breast the crossed bands of the messenger-angel. She seems to hover over, as if just alighting on a mass of rock, from which the water gushes in a natural manner, falling over the edge of the upper basin, slightly veiling, but not concealing, four smalled figures, emblematic of the blessings of Temperance, Purity, Health and Peace. The artist who designed and executed this exquisite group of figures was Miss Emma Stebbins of New York. It was not in vain that this young girl sculptor sacrificed and devoted herself to hard study. She has won fame, and this noble work has proclaimed her to the world a genius.

A FABLE

BY BELLE D'LEIN.

On the garden wall a Kill-Kenney Kat
Climbed up and down and spit and spat.

A caucus of Kats the yeows soon called
And O! my, how they squalled and squalled.

An Eagle upon the roll of fame
Had condescended to scratch their name.

"Now," said the Kats, "what shall we do?"
"Let's shoot the Eagle thru' and thro'."

Approval was sought of Mr. Tom Kat,
Who was busily talking 'through his hat."

"We'll ask for counsel, we will," sez he,
"Go call Mr. Owl, perched in yon tree."

Mr. Owl looked wise and said, "What a shame
That anyone dare guy-yougle your name."

"Now Kill-Kenney Kats, you've got to see
That the Eagle flies no more," sez he.

"It's good advice" they all did yeowl;
Then a pack of coyotes set up a howl.

A moment the Eagle listened, and then
Said, "What's in a name?" "Now give me a pen."

"I will bear aloft Fame's banner high
And engrave my name upon the sky."

"It's not my fault," the Eagle explains,
"That Kill-Kenney Kats were made without brains."

A flutter of pinions, and then away
Soared the Eagle toward the orb of day.

There went up a yeowl, from the feline crew
Looking away where the Eagle flew.

"Who would have thought that our swift dart
Never could touch the Eagle's heart."

A dismal mewing and moawing, sore
And Kill-Kenney Kats were heard of no more.

PALATIAL RESIDENCE AND GROUNDS OF MRS. F. M. SMITH IN OAKLAND, CAL.
Where the United Aid Societies hold their annual May Day Festival.

Native Daughters Golden West

BY ELIZA D. KEITH, PAST GRAND PRESIDENT.

MISS STELLA FINKELDEY,
Grand President.

MRS. ELLA CAMINETTI,
Grand Vice-President.

In assuming charge of this department in the California Ladies' Magazine, I extend a cordial greeting to all my friends in the Order, and outside the Order, and hope that we may find mutual interests during the coming year. While this department is primarily devoted to the advancement of the Order of the Native Daughters of the Golden West, and the setting forth of the aims and objects of our organization, yet it is my determination to conduct it upon lines so broad and liberal that all club women, all fraternal societies will turn to its columns in the full assurance of finding upon this page, help, inspiration, and a fair discussion of all points relating to the common cause of organized effort.

Our Order, Native Daughters of the Golden West, has just held its annual convention, or Grand Parlor, at Red Bluff. This session was successful beyond my most ardent hopes, in that the affairs of the Order were placed before the delegates with an attention to detail, and an exhaustive treatment never before attempted, the Grand President's report taking nearly three days to read. Still further, a number of questions that have been productive of much diversity of opinion, heated argument, and unhappiness in the Order have been settled for good, and the delegates have gone home, feeling that the session has been for the honor and the advancement of the Order.

Not a little doubt and perplexity had been caused by a rumor that the Grand Parlor could not be accommodated at Red Bluff. This rumor gaining credence as early as March of this year, led to an attempt on the part of certain parlors in San Francisco to induce the Grand President to call an extra session for the purpose of deciding that the Grand Parlor of 1903 should be held in San Francisco. Fortunately, the so-called petitions were not according to legal form, and the Grand President gladly embraced the opportunity to escape issuing the call for the extra session which would have cost the Grand Parlor, in mileage alone, about one thousand dollars.

Every preparation had been made for the comfort and convenience of the Grand Parlor at Red Bluff. Dr. F. H. Albright, the Recording Secretary of the newly instituted Mt. Lassen Parlor, was instrumental in organizing Berendos Parlor, N. D. G. W. The citizens of Red Bluff in one evening subscribed over five hundred dollars for the entertainment of the delegates. The two societies, the Masons and the Odd Fellows, placed their halls at our disposal, rent free. A public reception, an open air ball, a grand banquet, carriage rides, visits to the Sierra Lumber Co.'s saw mill, were among the social attentions lavished upon the attendants at the Grand Parlor. In addition to all these, a Street Fair was in progress, which, while entirely independent of the Grand Parlor, and of the citizens of Red Bluff, did contribute to the general air of festivity, and its attractions were enjoyed by many of the delegates and visitors to the Grand Parlor. A. L. Brown, President of Mt. Lassen Parlor, N. S. G. W., and Superintendent of the Sierra Lumber Co.'s plant, was most active in entertaining the delegates, and Miss Ellen Lynch, Superintendent of Schools in Tehama county, President of Berendos Parlor, No. 138, N. D. G. W., was a hostess unexcelled.

Socially, the Grand Parlor session of 1903 was one of the pleasantest in the history of the Order, and without exaggeration, may be said to have been productive of more new friendships, and as we all hope, more lasting attachments than any other Grand Parlor. In attendance, this was the largest Grand Parlor up to date, there having been enrolled nearly one hundred and seventy delegates, with a very large number of visitors. For many years the northern part of the State has asked for a Grand Parlor session within its borders, and by the number in attendance at this, the first one, for years north of Sacramento, the residents of the extreme north showed their appreciation of the choice of Red Bluff for the meeting place. Large as was the attendance, the order was most excellent. There was not a moment when the delegates showed any signs of weariness. That a large gathering of women all interested in the events of the session should once in a while show a desire to whisper, is perfectly natural, but as the presiding officer, I must compliment my Grand Parlor upon its order, its strict attention to business, and upon the neatness and despatch with which all business was transacted.

Night sessions were held, and the Grand Parlor of 1903 has a record of five days to its credit. One of the pleasantest evenings was that of Thursday night, when Berendos Parlor exemplified the opening march of officers, and the balloting, winning prolonged and spontaneous applause from the Grand Parlor for the excellence of the work. Too much praise cannot be accorded Berendos Parlor, the "baby parlor" of the Order, for what it has acomplished during the few weeks of its existence. Another pleasing feature was the night of nomination of officers. More than once has the wish been expressed that outsiders, especially our brothers, could hear a set of nominating speeches. So much enthusiasm, friendliness, and good will, such loyalty, and devotion, such eagerness to place one's self on record for this candidate or that, is shown by those making the nominations that one cannot but be glad at the sight of such good fellowship. The nominating speeches, too, are models of excellence, and are received with breathless attention, and perfect courtesy by both sides. For there are two sides to every question and generally more than one candidate for every office, and it is well that such is the case. Otherwise the Grand Parlor would stagnate, and stagnation in the Grand Parlor, in time, would be the death of the Order. It seems to be generally conceded that the Grand Secretary and the Grand Treasurer should not be changed, since they are the working machinery of the Order. Over half an hour on nominating night was taken up with speeches in favor of Laura J. Frakes, the Grand Secretary. Nearly every Recording Secretary among the delegates, and they were many, seconded Miss Frakes' nomination, and it must have been a satisfaction to her and to all her friends that she was re-elected this year without an opponent.

The new head of the Order, Miss Stella Finkeldey, is a well-known educator of Santa Cruz, and she has taken a six months' leave of absence from her position. Great things are expected of her administration. She is a woman of superior attainments; she takes the Order at the very moment when all vexed questions, all past difficulties have been eliminated from the path of the Grand President, she has the united support of the membership, and it is confidently predicted that the next Grand Parlor at Pacific Grove will be one of the happiest and most harmonious of the Order's many sessions.

GRAND PRESIDENT'S GREETING

Santa Cruz, June 21, 1903.

Dear Sisters—Another year has been added to the annals of our history, the 18th year has now its mission to perform, and I trust with a united Order where strength of character and true nobility of purpose prevail, our Order may reach a very high standard along all lines for which it is organized.

The new year opens in many respects under very favorable circumstances. Let your efforts during the coming year help to make the term of 1903-1904 one of the bright ones in the history of the Order.

Remember the welfare of our organization depends upon how well you, as a Parlor, and as individuals, live up to the principles of the Order. Without your hearty co-operation the efforts of your Grand President would be in vain.

May I ask you one and all to be governed by a just and liberal spirit, recognizing the true worth of your sisters, their efforts and their ability.

I am pleased to recommend the intellectual features presented to you, especially during the last year, but realizing that each Parlor knows its own needs best, will leave to the best judgment of the individual Parlors how much of the work they may be able to do.

I would especially urge you as Parlors to become factors in the community in which you are located, lending your aid, your moral support, to that which is of benefit to the same, thereby adding your mite to the upbuilding of our own glorious California.

With very best wishes for the success of our Order and the future greatness of California, I am, sincerely and fraternally,

STELLA FINKELDEY,
Grand President N. D. G. W., 1903-04.

Before summing up in detail any of the results of the legislation of the Grand Parlor, it will be appropriate to quote a few extracts from the Grand President's report, as presented by me at the Grand Parlor. At the very outset, I informed the Grand Parlor that it was very long, possibly exhausting as well as exhaustive, but that it was my duty as Grand President to set before the Order the true state of affairs, reserving nothing, concealing nothing, so that the Grand Parlor might act intelligently and effectively, for all time, upon the questions that had harassed my term, and which, if not promptly settled at once and forever, would disrupt the Order. Again I thank the delegates for their courteous attention, their prompt and efficient action, their loyal support of the Grand President.

To quote from my report:

Soon the seventeenth year of our existence will be a thing of the past. Its hours are numbered. Its records nearly closed.

"The book is completed,
And closed like the day,
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away."

The year has gone and with it have been engulfed the hopes and aspirations, the errors and the achievements of a twelve-month. What is worth saving for the wreckage of Time?

That is for you to decide; you are the arbiters of the fate of the Order and to you I commit my record—knowing that with you as loyal Native Daughters, as gentlewomen, I shall find intelligent appreciation of my fraternal ideas, and loving, tender, sympathetic understanding of my efforts to serve our beloved Order.

Realizing to the fullest extent the honor conferred upon me by my elevation to the highest office in the Native Daughters of the Golden West, and assuming my responsibilities with the firm determination to be true to our Order, to our principles and to myself, it has been my object to make the name of our Order stand for more in public estimation than ever before. I have sought to bring the Grand President into close touch and sympathetic relation with all the Parlors; to draw all our members into the closest bonds of kindly fraternal feeling. It has been my ambition to present to you at this last day a brilliant record for the Order, a blameless one for myself. I come to you with clean hands and a pure heart. Here is spread before you an open page—every act inspired only by the highest thought of the Order's best good—and executed in the full light of the law.

No thought of winning over an enemy, no fear of losing a friend, has ever stood between me and the performance of my duty as I saw it. I may have lost a friend by my refusal to be used through my office to work out another's revenge,—or to square accounts. I have been the Grand President, striving always in thought and word and deed to be worthy of the trust reposed in me—in every way seeking peace and harmony—yet never to fail knowingly in the performance of my duty—even though the simplest way would have been to close my eyes and stop my ears and to glide along on waves of indolent ease. If I have made mistakes, they are my own. If success has crowned my efforts, it is due to the loyal support of Native Daughters. I have tried to do my work by the kindness that knows no hesitation, no fear, and allows no insubordination. It has been the kindness not of violence, but of the strength of the law and a mastery uncompromising.

When I assumed the responsibilities of my office in June, 1902, the Order was still in the midst of one of the most strenuous sessions of its seventeen years. My experience as Grand President has been unique. It began with a three hours' session after the midnight installation of officers. Ordinarily, a Grand President takes her chair, appoints her committees, makes an address, and then the Grand Parlor adjourns, but the Grand Parlor of 1902 sat until 3 o'clock in the morning after the installation, and on Monday held an all day session, the minutes of which have already been approved and printed in the proceedings of the last Grand Parlor.

At the beginning of my term, our Order was in a very shaky and discouraged condition. "Another such Grand Parlor," said the delegates, "and it will be the end." The delegates of the Grand Parlor of 1902 went home, sick, tired and discouraged, declaring that they never wanted to attend a Grand Parlor again. More than one Parlor talked of surrendering its charter because its members could not endure ridicule or face adverse criticism, as an Order, in their home towns, where heretofore they had held the highest respect and played a leading part in the affairs of the community. We know that this was the inevitable result of the prolonged and argumentative sessions, of the continuous strain to which all had been subjected. We had been more or less misrepresented by the press, partly, indeed, almost wholly, through our own want of courtesy—and lack of tact in dealing with the reporters.

Before the Grand Parlor adjourned in 1902 the committees for the ensuing year were announced. Soon after the adjournment of the Grand Parlor the District Deputy Grand Presidents received notice of their appointment; and with but a few exceptions the list has remained unchanged.

Having appointed the Committees and the District Deputy Grand Presidents for the ensuing year, my next duty was to revive the drooping spirits of our Order, to present anew to them our aims and objects as a great association of loyal Native Daughters, to inspire them with fresh hope and renewed energy. To this end I issued my greeting to the subordinate Parlors. It sounded the key note of my administration, and from it I read with particular appropriateness at this moment of assuming the responsibilities of a Grand Parlor session.

Let us study our Constitution and By-laws so closely, and with so earnest a desire to discover the full import of each section, each paragraph—yes, of every sentence, and of every word—with so sincere a determination to know what is the law and to abide by it, that no perplexing or contentious question can arise.

Yet I would not have you lack the courage of your convictions or surrender what you believe to be a

MRS. ALBERT VANDER NAILLEN,
San Francisco.

fundamental principle of right and justice, for the sake of "speaking peace where there is no peace." Stand for justice, yet remember to temper justice with mercy, and ever seek to obtain peace with honor. Be cautious in all things, but realize that there is a point beyond which caution becomes cowardice, and cowardice ever seeks to hide itself under the cloak of hypocrisy. Create your own atmosphere of courage and breathe its vital air.

It's my heart's desire that our Order may take its rightful place in the forefront of all the forces which make for the honor and glory of California, the development of her resources and the advancement of all her interests.

While my first letter to the subordinate Parlors was yet in the press, I started out upon my first official visit. Fortunate, indeed, was it for me that the necessity of using every moment of my vacations to the best advantage compelled me to fare forth as early as the last week in June; before my term was more than fifteen days old, Grand Presidents do not come ready made,—but each must be developed with experience, and I felt that I could acquire mine none too soon. Is it too much to claim that, because of my constant communication with the District Deputy Grand Presidents, through my official visits to the subordinate Parlors, I do now know the Native Daughters of the Golden West more thoroughly in every detail than does any other member in our Order today! I have visited every Parlor in our State save five. Three of the five, because of sickness or absence of officers, could not receive the Grand President, although several dates were set for the official visit. One of the other two it was impossible to reach at the time—and the other I was compelled to cut out because of my own illness and inability to travel.

My visits have been made in every month in the year. I have seen the Parlors in every season and under every condition. My correspondence has been immense, both official and individual. The demand for decisions was very great, showing a live interest in our law, and a desire to know "the more perfect way." It has been my constant endeavor to answer promptly every letter that reached me—and no Parlor, no individual member who ever appealed to me for advice, or help—or sympathy, has been refused, ignored, or sent empty away. On my official tours I entered many Parlors that had not been visited by a Grand Officer since Worthy Past Grand President Gett made her record-breaking tours over our State. In each and every Parlor the members have made me feel that a Grand President is one whom they delight to honor, for whom they have respect, and in whom they will freely confide. What wonder, then, that I should feel that I do know this Order more intimately, more thoroughly than any other Native Daughter can know it to-day—and that my conclusions are based upon the facts of observation and experience, not upon the rhapsodies of sentiment or imagination?

It is my firm belief that more than one Parlor has been retained in the Order, through the untiring efforts of both the Worthy Grand Secretary and myself —to renew interest, to restore courage, hope and harmony. The Parlors that have surrendered were dying last year.

New Parlors have sprung spontaneously into being. They have demanded entrance into the Order, and I am proud to present you with the splendid Parlors of Clear Lake at Middletown, Lake county, instituted by Junior Grand President Gett; Tejon Parlor, Bakersfield, instituted by District Deputy Grand President Julia Levy, of Visalia; Keith Parlor, San Francisco, instituted by Grand President Keith; Placer Parlor, Lincoln, instituted by Grand President Keith, assisted by Past Grand President Gett, and District Deputy Grand President Lottie Moose; Berendos Parlor, Red Bluff, instituted by Past Grand President Ema Gett; all of them good, strong Parlors.

To sum up the observations of my official visits —to speak generally of conditions within the Order— peace and harmony prevail, with only an exception here or there. While there may be some petty jealousy at work—some temporary forgetfulness of the vow not to let feelings of pique, revenge, nor creed, influence the slightest act, yet the virtues of love, charity, patience and forbearance do exist and exert their benign influences upon us. But a danger menaces our larger Parlors, from which the smaller ones are happily exempt. In a small Parlor all the members must work helpfully and harmoniously, or the Parlor can not live. But in every large Parlor, a very small proportion of the membership is in constant attendance.

Such conditions develop the rule of one energetic sister, and before the general membership of a large Parlor is aware of the fact, its affairs are decided, its policies determined by a very few, who in some cases yield to the temptation not to keep all the members fully informed on any subject. It may be a benefit to a Parlor to have all its affairs in the hands of a few energetic members who will keep everything running smoothly. But, I do believe that a Parlor best fulfills its reason for being, when all the members feel their responsibility, perform their duties, when all love the same cause and labor unitedly for the same object, sharing both the burdens and the honors—equally.

The Proceedings of 1902 are the largest volume ever issued by the Native Daughters of the Golden West. The volume for 1903 will be still larger. Our organization is no longer a young lady's society—or a social club. The Native Daughters of the Golden West is a corporation with widely-scattered, ever-expanding interests. Each year means more to the Order as a fraternal society—as one of the great moral forces of the State. Consequently each year there is more to record. Larger reports make a bigger book. Consider the growth of our Order—the increase in the columns of figures alone has added many pages to the printed records. This year the Grand President issued the Sifford Study of the Ritual, with Outlines of California History, also Keith's Digest of Parliamentary Law, and many printed circulars, embodying instructions, decisions and advance ideas.

It is true that through the educational work of the Grand President money has been spent, but I do hold that it is better to spend money in educating the Order in the law and so averting breaches of the law, than to have to pay it after the law has been broken.

While it is an arduous task to visit all the Parlors in the State, taking miles to travel, and days to rush, it is only by her own personal official visitation of all the subordinate Parlors, that a Grand President can gain a thorough knowledge of the condition of the Order, and become personally acquainted with the entire membership. My itinerary had been arranged so as first to reach the Parlors that had been omitted last year. This brought the long and uncomfortable sea trip, the far and distant points, the hot, dusty, and all-but-endless stage trips very close together. That you may realize what is the itinerant life of a Grand President—travel with me from Parlor to Parlor—be with me in the rolling, tossing, trembling little lumber schooner, stage it with me in the hot July sun in the glare and dust of mountain roads. Ride with me for hours and hours on the top of a stage coach in one continuous downpour of the first rains of winter—plough through the snow-covered forest with me in the soft, silent snow storms, travel all day and all night by rail, by private conveyance or on foot, everywhere to be met by loyal, enthusiastic Native Daughters, everywhere to receive the warm welcome of loving Native Daughters' hearts.

As Grand President I have traveled over 1400 miles by water, over 700 miles by stage, and including the trip to Red Bluff nearly 5000 miles by rail, making a total of 7000 miles. I have visited officially ninety Parlors, paid twenty-five social visits to Parlors, and witnessed eight installations of officers by my District Deputy Grand Presidents, and installed the officers elect in five Parlors Three birthday parties have I attended, officiated at two Native Daughters' funerals, taken part in two Memorial Day observances, and instituted two new Parlors. I have received nearly sixteen hundred letters, written nearly twenty-eight hundred letters, and issued twenty-seven circulars, three sets of which were issued at my own expense. Among these circulars were those addressed to the school teachers of our Order, to the County Superintendents of Education, and the first of a series of leaflets upon California history.

Other printed matter issued by the Grand Parlor during my term were the Sifford Study of the Ritual, Outlines of California History, Keith's Digest of Parliamentary Law the bound copies of the Historical Landmarks Committee's Report, Maryland Ode Books, Native Land odes, Map of California, and Pictures of Pioneers.

As a result of the year's labor, we have "Native Land," introduced in subordinate Parlors; Balloting Made Uniform; Continuous music for all floor work, and our Memorial Services formally introduced; official Native Daughters of the Golden West pin brought prominently before the Order; Study of California History, introduced into Subordinate Parlors; Formal Observance of September 9, as Pioneer Day, Flag Day—Thanksgiving season; Arbor Day, first observed by the Native Daughters, as an Order; Trees planted in Stockton, Bakersfield, San Jose, Woodland; First Native Daughter Memorial Tree, Golden Gate Park planted by Keith Parlor, April 8, 1902; Roosevelt Souvenir and Joint Reception, May 13, 1903; Forty Parlors contributed to the Examiner Landmarks fund; The observance of the Children's Birthday Party, in Subordinate Parlors; Birth book introduced as one of the Subordinate Parlor's records; File book for presentation of correspondence—generally introduced through the Grand Secretary's office; Collection of Gold Seals of Subordinate Parlors framed and placed in Grand Secretary's office; Lithograph copy of official Native Daughters of the Golden West emblem placed in halls of Subordinate Parlors and in the Grand Secretary's office; Great Seal of California and description thereof placed in Grand Secretary's office; two pamphlets and one bound book published by Native Daughters of the Golden West; five new Parlors added to the Order; Map of California placed in Subordinate Parlors.

As a result of our Grand Parlor deliberations, I am happy to say that the Grand President's policy was commended, her work endorsed, her ideas adopted. The Native Daughter emblem was ordered placed in every Subordinate Parlor, the official emblem adopted as the device for the official letter head of the Order, "Native Land," was formally adopted as a Native Daughter Ode. All old regalias, and old editions of ritual, and ode books were called in. Parlors were instructed to provide themselves with new rituals within the year, and to cease displaying old banners, but to supply themselves with banners of the prescribed form, such as were displayed at the Grand Parlor through the kindness of Sara G. Sanborn, President of Aloha Parlor of Oakland. The Grand Parlor and the Subordinate Parlors are each to provide themselves with an electro of their official seal for use in printing notices. The Grand President and

MRS. JESSIE CALHOUN ANDERSON,
San Francisco.

the Grand Secretary are to receive the aid of printers' ink during the year for notices and circulars. The Grand President is to file her decisions as soon as rendered with the Grand Secretary and once a month to send out printed copies of her decisions to the Subordinate Parlors.

These are a few of the suggestions made by me that have been adopted. The one that must be of lasting value to the Order is the publication of the Manual of Instruction which is to contain all the instructions of my administration, together with some new matter introduced by the Grand Secretary under the sanction of the Grand Parlor, such as sample pages of Subordinate Parlor bookkeeping. This Manual is to include the words in the ritual, properly marked for pronunciation, and each accompanied by its synonym, the Order of Business, Directions for Balloting, programs for musical accompaniment of the floor work and changes in initiation, and other information necessary for the subordinate Parlors.

Among other results, the Caminetti Grand Parlor Funeral Fund was adopted by a great majority. In the next issue of the California Ladies' Magazine, full particulars will be given regarding the operation of the fund. Also more detailed accounts of Committees appointed and the work possible for each to accomplish.

The litigation that has vexed the Order for a year had been ended, the ban of censure removed from Minerva Parlor, the danger of another suit at law this time over a printing contract averted.

One of the happiest incidents of the Grand Parlor was the presentation of an elegant altar flag to Berendos Parlor. Grand Secretary Frakes ordered a flag to be sent up ready for an emergency. Sisters Fannie L. Prather, and Mary Dempsey of Los Angeles Parlor proposed that the Grand Parlor members be invited to make additional contributions to a flag fund for Berendos Parlor. A committee of Sisters Prather, Dempsey and Past Grand President Bertola collected the money, and on Friday night Sister Prather, in behalf of the committee, presented the flag to the Grand President to present the Berendos Parlor. Ellen A. Lynch, President of Berendos Parlor, received the flag for Berendos, Past Grand President Bertola made a few appropriate remarks, and the Grand Parlor joined in singing "Native Land." Thus closed one of the most sympathetic moments of the entire session.

The music throughout the session was particularly fine. Ida B. Herman, the Recording Secretary of Amapola Parlor, Sutter Creek, was Grand Organist, and the Grand Parlor, recognizing Miss Herman's superior ability as a musician, gave her a vote of thanks for her exceptionally fine rendition of the marches and melodies of the session.

One of my last official acts as Grand President was to render a decision as to which officer was entitled to install the incoming Grand Officers, the sitting Past Grand President, or the Junior Past Grand President. Reasoning that the sitting Past Grand President could not be the Junior Past Grand President until her successor was installed in the chair of the sitting Past Grand President. I awarded the honor to Junior Past Grand President of the Grand Parlor of 1903, Ema Gett, who installed the Grand Officers elect, and she also presented the retiring Grand President, as in her new rank as Past Grand President, with the emblematic ring of the Order, a diamond and a ruby in a circlet of gold.

Past Grand President Conrad for the third consecutive time was the Worthy Supreme Grand Marshal. Her floor work is perfection, reflecting in its excellence the discipline of the Order of the Eastern Star, of which Mrs. Conrad is a Past Matron. Past Grand President Bertola presented Grand President Finkeldey with a beautiful bunch of red and white pinks, congratulating her upon being the idol of her Parlor and Miss Finkeldey responded in fitting terms. Junior Past Grand President, Baker, read a touching little poem on "Justice," and Sara G. Sanborn, President of Aloha, paying a tribute to the poem and its sentiments, called for a rising vote of thanks to Eliza D. Keith, the Grand President of the year 1902-1903.

Such an expression of love and good will, indeed, do touch my heart, and I thank all who so honored me with the seal of their approval. Now we have entered upon a new administration. That it may be a happy and a prosperous one is the devout wish of every loyal Native Daughter.

A BEVY OF CALIFORNIA'S PRETTY BABIES—THE PRIDE OF THE STATE

RISING GENERATION OF NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF CALIFORNIA

BEAUTIFUL BABIES OF SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S LEADING FAMILIES

A GROUP OF CHILDREN OF SOME OF CALIFORNIA'S PROMINENT PEOPLE

Fourth of July Celebrations in Early Days

BY J. M. SCANLAND.

The first Fourth of July celebration in California was in 1836. It was a picturesque affair, and lasted two days. Jacob Primer Leese, an American trader, obtained from the Mexican government a "concession" to build a house, and live in the country. He landed some lumber at Yerba Buena cove, on the second of July, and at once began to lay the foundation of the future San Francisco. He selected a lot on the south side of Dupont, a few doors north of Clay. The few American traders and sailors in the port assisted and the house was finished about ten o'clock in the morning of the Fourth—the object of the rush being to finish in time for the celebration. It was a frame, 60x20 feet. Tents were stretched for the accommodation of the guests. Mr. W. A. Richardson had previously built a tent house on four redwood posts on the corner of Clay and Dupont, and thus the new village was ready for the celebration. Mr. Richardson went across the bay inviting the citizens, explaining to the Mexicans that it was the same as their 16th of September. About sixty guests were present, including General M. G. Vallejo, General Castro and Don Jose Martinez. A few ladies were present, including the sister of General Vallejo, whom Leese married three days later. The celebration began at three o'clock in the afternoon by the booming of two small brass cannon borrowed from the Presidio. The Stars and Stripes were raised and fluttered by the side of the Mexican flag. Dinner began at the fashionable hour of five o'clock, and was a continuous performance until late at night. Many toasts were drank. The toast-master, Reese, hoped that the American and Mexican flags would continue to wave in friendship forever. General Vallejo responded with a toast to the "Great Americano," George Washington. During the festivities, a band borrowed from the Mexican brig "Don Quixotte" did its best. The band consisted of a flute, clarionet, violin, fife, bugle and drum. The Mexicans were dressed in their native costumes of wide-legged pantaloons with bell buttons down the outer seams, cloth jackets braided, and waistcoats of many colors. The Americans wore the best they had, including well-worn suits of broadcloth. Indians danced around, and were liberally supplied with provisions and "fire-water." The celebration ended late on the night of the 5th.

The Fourth was celebrated at Monterey on the eve of the conquest, on board the "Congress," in which the officers and sailors of the other ships of Commodore Sloat's squadron joined. He had arrived on the second day of July. The sailors were paraded on the deck, and the Chaplain, the Rev. Walter V. Colton, delivered a prayer, and read the Declaration of Independence. Six days later, upon hearing of General Zacharia Taylor's victory over the Mexicans on the Rio Grande, he landed his marines and took possession of Yerba Buena, afterwards known as San Francisco.

In the meantime the Fourth was being celebrated at Sonoma. The Declaration of Independence was read by Lieutenant Woodsworth, of the navy, and several other officers of the "Portmouth" were present. There was a fandango in the evening, and a considerable quantity of whisky was dispatched. On the next day there was a more serious celebration. Some of the celebrants, those who belonged to the "Bear Party," met and declared that California ought to be a free and independent republic. The Bear Flag, a bear couchant on a white field, was raised, and considerable powder was wasted. Martial law was declared, and several prominent Mexicans were arrested, who were at a loss to understand the cause. A few days later Commodore Montgomery sent a force to Sonoma and took possession in the name of the United States, and hoisted the American flag.

The celebration in San Francisco, in 1847—the first after the American occupation, was practically ignored by the Mexican element. There were none to toast the "Great Americano," George Washington. There was a military procession from the Presidio to the plaza, where the Stars and Stripes waved from the staff where formerly flew the Mexican eagle with a rattlesnake in his beak. The two cannon which had been buried when the Mexicans fled from the pueblo, had been dug up and placed on duty in the plaza to salute the flag. The Declaration of Independence was read by Mr. Robert Semple, editor of the "Californian," the first newspaper printed in San Francisco. Himself and W. V. Colton had started the paper the year previous in Monterey, and subsequently removed it to the growing village of Yerba Buena as a better field. Mr. Semple was a Kentuckian, and was the biggest orator in San Francisco at the time, being six feet and eight inches in height.

The feature of the celebration in 1850 was the "tallest liberty pole ever seen." It was one hundred and eleven feet in height, straight as an arrow, one foot in diameter at the base, and tapering to three inches. It was cut from the forests of Oregon and presented by the people of Portland to San Francisco. It was erected in the Plaza, and the Stars and Stripes now flew higher than ever before. The presentation speeches were made by W. W. Chipman and S. Coffin of Portland, and responded to by Hon. J. W. Geary, Mayor of the City.

The celebration of 1852 was a banner one, and the most varied and comic in the history of the State. It was the largest of any preceding celebrations, there being a general turn out of the French, Italian and Mexican population. The Chinese also aided with their mite—the only instance in which John has carried the banner in an American procession in California. At that time there were about 4000 Chinese in San Francisco, and a place in the parade was given the wearers of pig-tails—at the tail end. They carried their green dragon flag, burning fire-crackers as they marched, evidently believing that the Americans had adopted their method of frightening evil spirits. They beat cymbals, gongs and stone drums, just as if going to a funeral, the noise raising above the strongest efforts of the other bands, which were blowing out the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Wearing of the Green," "The Marseilles," and other national airs.

The celebration of 1853 was the first military parade held in San Francisco. The parade was from the Presidio to the Plaza of the seven battalions of troops, including the Sutter Rifles." Major General John A. Sutter reviewed the troops from the grand stand in the plaza, surrounded by a staff of officers in brilliant uniforms. At night there were grand fireworks in the plaza, at the expense of the city.

A few years before the American conquest, the accomplished and pretty daughters of Don Juan Bandini, of San Diego, made an American flag, in compliment to the Americans who visited the Don's hospitable residence. The flag was displayed at receptions and balls given in honor of Americans, and at Fourth of July dinners. This was the first American flag made in California.

New Year's Eve. Twenty-eight Years Ago

BY EVELYN MORETON.

THE words in a feeble handwriting were still wet upon the smooth, fair paper of the open diary. Miss Elizabeth Leslie had been in the habit of using such a diary during the last sixty-five years. In bygone days there had always been a lock to the book, but now the writer was old and lonely, there were no treasured secrets to record. She sat erect as she had always done, in her old fashioned mahogany chair, lost in thought. A frail looking little old lady, with neatly smoothed snowy hair beneath the clean white cap, the silver locks half hiding the little ears, and passing thence into such a small knot at the back of her head. Her features were finely chiseled, the nose aquiline, the brow low and broad; the eyes, once a brilliant hazel, were hollow and lustreless now, while the mouth had fallen in flatly, where the pearly teeth had been wont to peep forth in merry smile and laughter.

Miss Elizabeth was very old, and sadly frail, as the hand containing the pen showed plainly by its tremulousness; but there was no one left to care for her age or frailty now. Yes, she knew it well as she sat alone on that winter's night, with the silently falling snow without and the bright firelight within. Old, faded, useless, and so lonely, for she had long outlived her generation, and the busy life of younger men and women found scant room for an old woman of eighty. She belonged essentially to the past century—the present one bewildered her with its rapidity. She heaved a sigh as she gazed at the glowing embers where intermittent blue flames lapped round the logs of firewood, her memory, the while traveling back into the dead past. No, not dead, she thought; what had once existed could never really die: past faults, past virtues, the days of joy, the days of sorrow, all those myriad items, great and small, which make up the history of each human life, are things as immortal as the life they have moulded. We may relegate them to the dust heap of forgetfulness, or bury them deep out of sight, flattering ourselves that we have outgrown this weakness, forgotten that folly, crushed out forever yonder cherished and futile hope. So we think until there comes a sudden overwhelming tidal wave of recollections, sweeping onward, forcing upon our unwilling knowledge the fact that memory is everlasting and the past eternal. It does not interfere with the present, or trammel our daily existence; it is only at times when in the rush and hurry of life we pause for a moment to look back upon the road over which we have traveled, that we are thus overtaken, swept once again into the limbo of the past.

It was thus with the solitary woman to-night, as the fire crackled and the old tabby cat on the hearth-rug purred in sleepy content. Yes, she was transported back, far back, among the days which had long ago ceased to exist—back among men and women laid to rest in the bygone years.

"Childhood and youth are vanity," she said meditatively to the bright fire and the cat; yet those were the portions of her life to which memory reverted most readily, of which she dreamt most gladly. Surely, she thought, the prophet was wrong, for was it not in youth that the life history of most of us lay? She drew an old diary from the open drawer by her side, and turned over the leaves; the ink was brown and faded; here and there a grain or two of silver sand still lurked in the crevices of the binding. She smiled softly as she passed her fingers up and down the gritty particles which had lain there since the day her girlish hand had dusted them over the wet writing.

Here was the record of the happy day when she was released from school bondage; in running Italian hand, with numerous flourishes and adornment, ran the childish expression of joy:—

"My education is finished at last, and I am grown up. Yes, really grown up at last. Mama has given me a lovely pair of white satin dancing sandals, and I have practiced all my steps in them before the great mirror in the withdrawing room; and oh, I am longing for a ball or a rout, where I can show myself to everybody as a really grown-up young lady."

Further on a long account of dresses and bonnets and all manner of youthful delights and varieties; among them stray remarks—for it was dated 1813—on the absorbing subject of Napoleon's Russian campaign; casual words; for of what import were the rise and fall of empires to a dainty maiden of eighteen in the first dignity of being "grown up?"

Then came the record of her first ball: long pages of raptures; panegyrics upon the toilettes, the dancing, the gallant officers in their gay uniforms, the "bloods" of the day, and last but not least, her own success upon that occasion. She smiled as she read it; how strange it all seemed—so far away. Sixty-two years this very night since she stood, a light-hearted, thoughtless child, upon the threshold of life; and she was standing upon the threshold again, waiting, not to enter, but to depart.

"I am engaged to Frank—my Frank, my own precious darling; yes, he really is my very, very own at last, and I am nearly mad with joy—so happy that I cannot find words in which to write or speak one-half that is in my heart. I can only sing all day long, 'Frank loves me, Frank loves me.'"

She pushed the book aside sharply; why open the old wound long healed, though deeply scarred? And yet, there was a bitter-sweet pleasure in it all which she could not resist tasting once again. Sixty-two years this very night since she had danced at her first ball in her simple white frock with its quaint high waist, her hands and arms veiled by dainty lace mittens lending additional refinement, it seemed, to the tapering fingers and pink filbert nails. Sixty-two years since Frank Cavendish, "Handsome Frank," as his friends called him, had first pressed her hand and whispered soft words in her willing ear. "Frank—my Frank," she murmured, a shadow of youth flirting across her seamed and wrinkled face, as she recalled the handsome young lover with his clinking spurs, the sword and sabre-tache at his side, clattering martially as he moved, the hussar slung jacket with its soft fur floating from his broad shoulders. Ah, yes, she saw it all so vividly, in spite of her dim eyes. Then that following Christmas eve, beneath the mistletoe bough, hanging so enticingly in the old hall at home, he had stolen his first kiss; she had blushed and almost cried with mingled shyness and pleasure, whilst her brothers laughed aloud and long at "little Betty's" conquest.

But he had ridden away, and she waited vainly for the clink of a sword, the jingle of spurs; what was a pretty little country maiden with cherry lips and star-like eyes to a gallant young officer of his Majesty, King George III's valiant regiment of —Hussars—

But he came at last, gay, debonair "Handsome Frank," to woo and win her—win her so easily; then followed that ecstatic period of youthful love and airy-castle-building, until within ten days of their marriage. But even as the cup of happiness was raised to their lips, duty sent forth her warning cry, and three days before the appointed wedding Frank was starting for the seat of the great war—to face that wonderful little Corsican artilleryman, who was playing his gigantic game of chess against Fate, with the Powers of Europe as the pieces upon the board, and vast armies and navies as the pawns. And so the poor trembling little maiden watched her lover depart for the distant land, while she must possess her soul in such patience as she could muster until his return—until his return: ah, ah, those weary days and nights, those endless weeks of cruel waiting, of scanty news and agonized doubts and fears, of overwhelming dread for his safety. One bright June morning all England rang with the stirring news of Waterloo, of the wonderful victory, the crushing defeat of Napoleon; but in the old country home there was mourning and sorrow, for among the long list of gallant dead was the name of Frank Cavendish.

To-night as she recalled it all, the tears chased one another down her withered cheeks, blistering the blank pages of the unfinished diary. He had died gallantly, as he had ever wished to die, for his country and his King, while little Betty Leslie was praying for him in peaceful England. "I'll wait for you even till death, darling," had been her parting words: little had either thought how far off would their meeting be.

What changes she had seen since that time; the slow decay of health and strength and the gradual loss one by one of those who were dear to her; until to-night, sixty-two years later, she was sitting, old and lonely waiting for the bells which should announce the birth of the new year. She had long ago ceased to wonder what the newly born year would hold for her; she had seen too many to feel any enthusiasm, any curiosity.

Her eyes wandered to the open drawer and rested tenderly upon its contents—a few crumpled brown roses loosely tied with blue ribbon, a packet of oft-read letters, yellow with age, blistered with many tears, and a little gold ring. Poor paltry things, but her greatest treasures; the few tangible records of bygone days. Tears blinded her eyes as she gazed at them.

Suddenly through the still night came a deep sonorous boom, the first stroke of midnight was sounding from Big Ben, solemnly quivering upon the night wind. Above the dull roar of the great city's ceaseless traffic it rang, silencing with its ponderous majesty the lesser chimes and clocks within hearing. The old lady counted the strokes, as Time hammered them slowly forth into Eternity; and as the last one died in a quivering breath of sound like a long drawn sigh, her head sank upon her hands. "How long, O God, how long?" she murmured.

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FRENCH EMBROIDERY

BY MRS. SHEPARO OLIVER.

French embroidery is employed for almost all household linen initials and monograms, of course; but also for towel borders, dresser scarfs, pillow shams, borders for sheets, center pieces, etc., there is no form of embroidery more effective.

One of the latest and most popular novelties is the little tray oval. Almost every regulated household has two or more little silver trays of different sizes, used for cards or for passing cups at table. Necessarily the oval doiley which is invariably placed on the tray must have frequent launderings and therefore French embroidery is the ideal decoration.

For a long time I used to think that this style of work must be done with embroidery cotton, but accidentally I discovered that silk called tailors' hand sewings, which I use in lace making, was the medium par excellence for this style of work. It can be had in various sizes, "O," "A," "B," "C," "D," as you prefer, and for some mysterious reason this grade of silk can be boiled without turning an ivory hue. The twist is perfect, and to button-hole with it is a delight. I give here a tray and cover designed for French embroidery; it is original, and is perforated in two sizes, one 12x7½ and the other 8x3½ inches in size. The motif is butterflies and grasses drawn expressly for this particular style of embroidery, therefore each space is just the right width for over and over stitch.

The border should always be buttonholed very close and firm; as the

OVAL TRAY COVER.

spaces are very narrow between the lines in the scallops no padding will be necessary for this part of the work. For the border you can use silk as coarse as "D." The wings of the butterfly are buttonholed around the edge with a very narrow stitch, they are filled with dots worked over and over, just as you would work a jewel. The larger dots should be padded.

The body of the butterfly must also be padded and worked over and over crosswise. The grasses should also be raised and worked over crosswise. The inner border should be feather-stitched on each outline and the little squares inside work solid. The half wreaths, pad and work same as grasses; work all stems over and over. The design between the inner border and outer scalloped edge treat in same manner, only emphasize the padding more in this part of the work; raise the half wreath higher than any other part of the work.

Ladies, you can certainly make no mistake carrying these tray ovals in your summer resort stocks, and they are very desirable wedding gifts. A nest of a dozen, assorted sizes, would be more acceptable to a bride than silver, because harder to procure.

SCIENCE OF EMBROIDERY.

Embroidery requires two sciences—one the mechanical art and the other 'science of art." The mechanical art in embroidery is to take the stitches right, and the science of art is to be able to put the colors in their proper places. It is hard enough for any one to learn one thing at a time, but the students of art needlework must learn two things at a time; therefore their work is much more difficult.

CENTER PIECES FOR ALL WHITE WORK.

First, for white work the design must be drawn with a view to suitable spaces for the over and over satin stitch. These spaces should not be too wide, then again many ladies wish to do French embroidery but they "hate to pad," so that dislike should be borne in mind also, and in the three center pieces given here I think all requirements—simplicity of design, suitability of spaces to be worked over and

NO. 286—BUTTERFLY CENTER.

over, and a pleasing motif have been observed.

First on the list presented is the dainty butterfly center, No. 286. In this there is very little satin stitch called for and that of the simplest kind. The eyes must be worked over and over, the antennae and scrolls about the head worked in satin. The body must be padded lengthwise and worked over and over crosswise, and then divided into sections by laying at intervals a straight thread across, or the upper parts can be thus worked, the body outlined and the lower parts filled with the tiniest seed stitches; work the wings either in fine outline or tiny feather stitches. The scrolls between each butterfly must be worked over and over in satin stitch and may be padded or not. They will be all the richer for the padding. The rococo part of the scrolls can be outlined or couched, and the border should be worked very close and firm. This design is made in all sizes, 6, 9, 12, 18, 20, 24, and 27 inches. If satin stitch is too difficult in the scrolls, that part can be done in solid stitch, though it would not be as attractive.

The second on the list, No. 285, is a beautiful arrangement of mountain fringe. This design must be padded. Always lay the padding in an opposite direction to that which the over and over stitches must follow. For the leaves commence at the tip at the right

NO. 285—MOUNTAIN FRINGE.

hand side and work on an easy slant to the center vein, taking one long stitch to cover the space. These stitches must lie close and even, but not be crowded one over the other. Keep the outer edge true to a thread. Work the stem in close cord outline, having the stitches covering the flowers run all the same way. The outer edge of border pad very high and work over and over in close buttonhole.

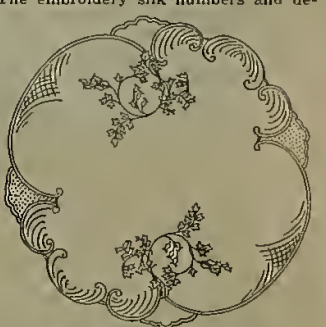
The rococo parts work in crossed outline. The curved side lines are effective done in feather-stitch. The part of border filled with dots should have the outer edge buttonholed to match the rest of border and the space inside filled with seed stitches or French knots. This design is also made in all sizes given for No. 286.

No. 309 is sure of a welcome. What there is about ferns that so appeals to the embroiderer is a mystery I have never yet solved. There are other designs just as pretty and just as simple, but they do not seem to appeal to so large a number of workers as the fern. I am not quarreling with this state of things, I am just as much a fern lover as the maddest enthusiast of them all. I only wonder why?

This design is exquisite worked out in white. The fern can be worked in white filo in the usual solid stitch, shading in a bit of green 1720, 1721, 1722. The scrolls must be worked to match the ferns, but the outer edge forming the border should be padded and worked in solid buttonhole stitch, using white Dresden, No. 1201. Where the fern fronds form the border, buttonhole all around them first in close, short buttonhole stitches, then work them solid just as though there was no buttonhole edge underneath or any edge to be considered; the row of buttonhole stitches will prevent fraying when the edge is cut out.

This set is made in 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 20, 24, and 27 inches. Nothing could be lovelier or more acceptable for a wedding gift than a center, eight plate dolleys all worked to match in white. For the fern fronds I use filo floss, also for the scrolls.

Either of these three designs make beautiful luncheon sets. The 24 inch center pieces are 65 cents, 20 inch centers 50 cents, 18 inch center 40 cents, 12 inch dolleys 90 cents per half dozen, 6 inch dolleys 60 cents per half dozen. The embroidery silk numbers and de-



NO. 309—FERN CENTER.

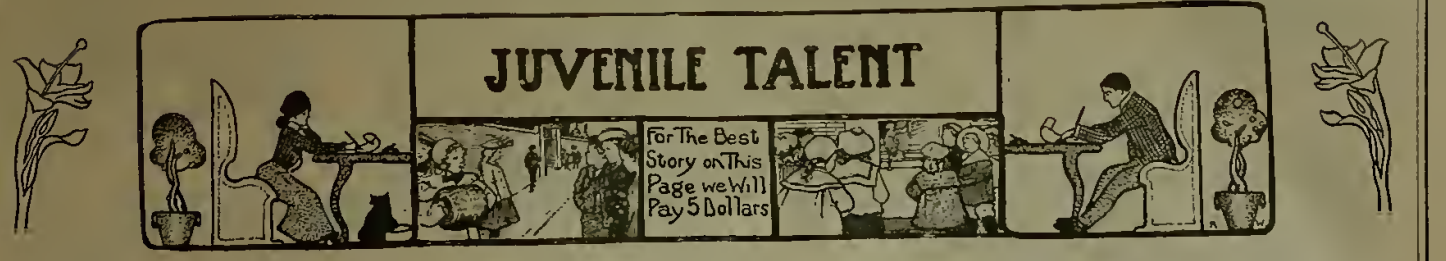
signs represent the patterns and silk of the Carlson-Currier Co. of San Francisco.

FANCY DRESS TRIMMINGS.

I am making dress trimmings this year, and as they are very simple, think perhaps others would like to know how to do it. I make lovely edges around boleros, jackets and entire vests. For the edges I take old lace edges that have a scroll pattern for motif, baste this lace on the material for vest and cut away the lace background, leaving only the scroll pattern. Take a double thread of India Royal floss (all the oriental colors in one skein) and couch it around the pattern with gold thread, couch this on both sides of the scroll; through the center of scroll sew a gold bead every quarter of an inch, allowing a long stitch of the silk to show on the right side between each bead. Fill in the spaces with French knots of the doubled silk; it gives a rich oriental effect to scatter these knots over all the plain material of the vest.

PHOTO BOOKS.

These convenient receptacles for photographs are very easily made. A piece of linen 11x30 inches will be required to make the book. If a silk lining is desired, then a piece of silk the same size will be needed. In case you line the linen cover, sew the linen and silk together around the edges, then make up as described below. Place the linen right side down on the table, take the two ends and bring them nearly, but not quite, to the center. A space one-quarter of an inch must be left for a hinge. Feather-stitch the edge with silk to match in color the lining. Sew the two sides of each pocket together. Now to keep the book in shape cut two cardboard covers just a little narrower than the depth of the pocket. Cover with sheet wadding and China silk, overhand around the edges. Satchet powder can be added if desired. Slip one board into each pocket. The ribbon bows should be made out of the best quality of silk or satin ribbon.



BILL PRINDLE

A LEGEND OF CALIFORNIA.

BY MASTER WALTER DONN ELLY

A few miles from San Francisco, across the bay, there is a deep inlet, winding several miles into the interior of the country and terminating in a thickly wooded swamp or morass in a canyon. On one side of this canyon are a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. Under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, there was a great amount of treasure buried by Spanish pirates. The inlet was so situated that they could bring the money secretly and at night to the very foot of the elevation whereon these trees grew, while these oak trees formed good landmarks by which the place might be easily found again.

The native Californian believed that the devil presided over this canyon, consequently gave it a wide margin. "The devil always watches over buried treasure, particularly—when ill-gotten." Many years later when earthquakes were prevalent and shook so many almost out of their senses, there lived not far from this canyon a miserly fellow by the name of Bill Prindle. He had a wife as miserly as himself, and they both were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Not a hen could cackle that she would not secure the new laid egg. Her husband could not find the secret hiding places of what should belong to both. It was hard to tell what they found to eat. They lived in an old shack that stood alone, with the look of starvation about it. A few straggling trees grew near it, where the ragged buzzard roosted no smoke was ever seen curling from the chimney; travelers never stopped at its door. A sorry looking old horse in an inclosure made of brush leaned his head piteously over the fence at the passer by and seemed to ask for food and water. The house and its inmates had a bad name; the woman was tall, with a fierce temper. They were often heard quarreling, when Bill Prindle got the worst of it. If a man was passing, and he was a bachelor, he would hasten on, rejoicing in his freedom. One day when Bill had been over the hills looking for strays, he took what he thought was a short cut homeward through the canyon. Like most short cuts it was an ill chosen route. The night was dark, the owls hooted in the neighboring thickets. The way was full of quagmires partly covered with weeds and mosses, where lived the bullfrog, the tadpole, the water snake, etc. Bill had been picking his way cautiously through treacherous greenspots. He was startled now and then by the quacking of some wild bird rising on wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a firm piece of ground which ran out like a peninsula into the deep and dark bosom of the swamp. Bill Prindle was tired, and paused there a while to rest himself. Anyone but Bill would have felt unwilling to linger in such a lonely spot, for the natives for miles around had a bad opinion of it. He did not care, however; he had no fear. He seated himself on the ground and listened to the tree toads cry. Sticking his cane into the damp earth at his side it struck something hard. He pulled it from the soil and lo! it was a skull. "Oh," said Bill, as he gave it a kick. "Let that skull alone!" said a deep voice. Bill lifted up his eyes and beheld a great dark man near him. He was surprised, having neither heard nor seen anyone approach, and he was still more surprised to see, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither white nor black. He scowled for a moment with a pair of great red fiery eyes and said, "What are you doing on my grounds?" "Your grounds;" said Bill, with a sneer. "These grounds belong to General Dawldon, and pray who are you, anyhow?" said Bill.

"I am commonly called 'Old Nick,' but I would much prefer to be called 'Old Scratch.'"

Bill for the first tim enoticed a very large axe in the stranger's hand, and said, "what are you going to

MASTER WALTER DONN ELLY.

do with that axe?" "I am going to cut down that large tree yonder, I need it for fuel. I will take it and several others to make a fire hot enough for Gen. Dawldon." "O, don't," said Bill. "This land is mine by right of discovery and all that is on it," said the stranger, "buried treasure and all."

One would think that to meet with such a singular person in so wild and desolate a place would have frightened one most to death. But Bill was hard minded, not easily scared, then he had lived with a scolding wife so long, that he even did not fear "Old Nick," but rather inclined to take him as a friend. The stranger, seeing that Bill was leaning that way, said: "Upon conditions that you will not disclose my whereabouts I will take you in as partner in business that will be of some value to you, but first I must put my mark upon you, that I may be sure of you."

"If what you tell me is true, and I will be benefited thereby, I will agree to your proposition, and you may put a mark on me if you want to know me next time," said Bill.

The dark man looked with fire in his eyes, which lighted the way, and said, "It is time that you go."

Bill rose and walked to the dry path out of the swamp with the dark man, when to his surprise the stranger had disappeared. Bill reached home as fast as his feet could carry him. The first news his wife had to tell him was that Gen. Dawldon was dead; "a mighty man had fallen." Bill was not prone to let his wife into the secret. He chanced to look into the one cracked glass and what did he see but a black finger print burnt into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate. His wife saw it at the same time and demanded an explanation. After bickering and scolding, he consented to take her into his confidence. At the thought of gold being in the possession of a black man she determined to overreach her husband and get into the black man's good will. So she started off for the canyon. When she returned she would not speak. The next morning she started off again with her apron full of something, Bill could not tell what. When evening came, she did not return. Morning, noon, night again, yet she did not return. Bill grew uneasy for her safety, especially as he found she had taken all the valuables they possessed. Another night passed; another morning came, but no wife. In fact, she was never heard of more. Her real fate no one ever knew, but it was well confirmed that a great dark man was seen coming out of the swamp with an air of surly triumph. During a long summer day Bill thought he would visit the canyon again and search for his wife. He walked over the gloomy place; he called her name repeatedly, but no wife replied. At length he looked up and beheld a bundle tied in a checked apron hanging on the branches of a tree with a great buzzard keeping guard hard-by. His heart leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it contained their household valuables.

"Let me get hold of the property," said he to himself, "and I will get along without the woman." It was believed that she attempted to deal with the dark man as she dealt with her husband, but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the "Old Nick," yet in this case she had the worst of it. Bill believed that she was dead, and had died game. He knew her powers from experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce hand to hand fight. "Egad," said he to himself, "Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it." Bill was a man of fortitude and consoled himself for the loss of his wife and property. He even felt gratitude toward the dark man and sought to cultivate his acquaintance, but without success. The "Old Scratch" buried treasure. He dissolved partnership with him, Bill had betrayed his confidence, therefore he could not trust him. He would not now show him the buried treasure. He dissolved partnership with him, and almost cut his acquaintance. He seemed to look upon Bill as some one inferior, for, said he, "Bill, you are meaner than I am, and I am the Devil."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT

BY ANNIE VIDOVICH.

Johnny Lee was so good-natured, and so ready to help every one, that all the boys in the school liked him. He was a good scholar, too. No one studied harder or behaved better in Miss Clark's room.

Of all his schoolmates, Fred Parker was his best friend. He sat next to Johnny and was next to him in rank in the class.

Both boys were as fond of play as well as study, and they especially liked to go a-fishing together. They often went to the river to sit patiently, on the pier of the bridge, with rod in hand, waiting for a bite.

On Saturday afternoon the boys were there fishing, and had sat still, side by side, for a long time. The fishes must have been away on a picnic, for neither boy had a bite.

At last Fred felt something at his hook. He shouted, and gave such a pull that his line snapped short off, and he fell back against Johnny and knocked him into the deep water.

Poor Johnny! When he was taken out by two men who had heard Fred call for help, he was almost drowned, and had a cut on his head and one foot hurt.

He was carried home, and good old Dr. Butler came and put a big plaster on his head, bound up his lame foot, and gave him some hot, bitter medicine, that he might not have a fever.

After a while, Johnny was much better; and when the doctor came again, he was able to tell how it all happened.

"Then you don't think Fred was to blame," said the doctor.

"No, sir," replied; "he didn't mean to do it. I am sorry Fred lost his fish."

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"But you lost your new rod," said the doctor.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but my old one is pretty good yet. It's stronger than my new one."

"You have got quite a cut on the back of your head," said the doctor.

"Yes, but mother says that is much better than if I had a cut on my forehead or my cheek, and made a scar that would always show."

"Your mother is right; but you will have to take my medicine."

"I know it, doctor, and I don't like the peppery stuff, but mother gives me some candy when I take it. I shouldn't get any if I had not been hurt."

"That is true," said the doctor; "but you can't go to school all this week, and Fred will get above you in your class."

"Yes, said Johnny;" but I had rather it should be Fred than any other boy."

"What are you going to do all day? You will have to stay indoors."

"O, I am going to whittle out a boat for cousin Willie. I shall have plenty of time now that I can't go to school."

"That's right," said the doctor; "I see you are making the best of it. But next time you and Fred go fishing, don't let him put you into the water for bait."

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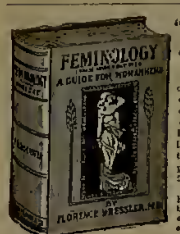

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FANCY WORK

BY MRS. SHEPARD OLIVER.

CHATELAINE BAGS.

First string two bunches of beads. Make a chain of 5 sts.; join and work 2 sc. in each of 4 and 1 sc. in the fifth making 9 sts. altogether. Thus the foundation of a 9 point star is made.

Then 1 stitch, 1 bead, 1 stitch, bead, until the first round is made. This makes 9 stitches with beads and 9 without (every other stitch a bead).

FIGURE 5.

2nd round 1 st., 1 b., and the next st. (also with bead) in the same loop, thus widening each section of the star.

3rd round—1 st., 2 sts. each with beads, 1 st., etc.

4th round—1 st., 1 b., 2 sts. (with beads) in one loop, 1 st., etc.

5th round—1 st., 1 b., 2 sts. (with beads) in one loop, 1 st., etc.

Each round is increased as the previous ones are, having one extra stitch

FIGURE 6.

with a bead in it, in each section of the star. Go on this way until there are eleven (11) sts. with beads, then decrease the beads and increase the plain sts. See illustration.

At the 17th round commence using a bead in the center st. between the star sections, next round 3 beads, increasing each time until the star is finished. Then 1 bead and 2 stitches for 9 rounds, or until the bag is sufficiently large.

The back side is made in the same manner, but entirely plain, no beads being used, as they scratch and wear the skirts. It may be mounted with steel or silver top, at home or at the jeweler's. Finish by crocheting the two sides together, or as far as clasp will reach and make a bead fringe of any desired length.

Figure No. 6 is made like the illustration of the star design, only that a bead is used in every stitch of the front, and the back is plain.

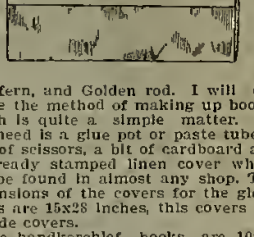
GLOVE, NECKTIE AND HANDKERCHIEF BOOKS.

Sets of three pieces are the fad of the moment for unceremonious gifts, and as they are so useful, it follows naturally that they are always accepted gratefully. To add to their general usefulness I will say that they can quite appropriately be given to either lady or gentleman, as both use the articles which they are designed to hold.

Three sets are shown here. Water

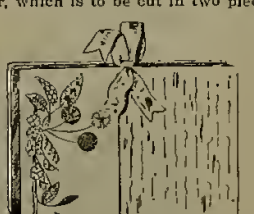
lily, fern, and Golden rod. I will describe the method of making up books, which is quite a simple matter. All you need is a glue pot or paste tube, a pair of scissors, a bit of cardboard and the ready stamped linen cover which can be found in almost any shop. The dimensions of the covers for the glove books are 15x28 inches, this covers the outside covers.

The handkerchief books are 10x30 inches and the necktie books 9x26 inches. This gives enough linen to make the box of China or taffeta silk, using the linen for the book covers only.



INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING BOOK BOX.

In making up these books, first make the box which consists of the bottom and four side pieces; shape the two pieces like this) for front edge and like this (for back edge; this shapes the edge of the box to imitate a book. Cover the side and end pieces of cardboard with the silk, overhanding the edges. Cover the bottom of box with the silk but on the surface forming the inside of bottom, put a sachet pad. You are now ready for the cardboard cover, which is to be cut in two pieces,



as follows: One cover, five inches; one cover, seven inches; down the side of the seven-inch cover cut a score mark two inches from the edge, cut nearly, but not quite through the board. This is to form the hinge of the book and must be on the upper cover, not the one covering the bottom of the box. Now glue the five inch board to the edge of the one just scored. This will give you a book with covers, five inches wide, and a back two inches wide.

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BY MAY ASHTON REED.

SAGITTARIUS—DECEMBER

The gem is turquoise, signifying prosperity.
The flower, holly, denoting happiness.
The astral colors, gold and brown.

December—The Bowman rules from November 22 to December 21, the motor and the muscular nerve-systems, represented by the thighs. Sagittarians are consequently active, energetic, industrious, and indefatigable. The leading characteristic of the sign is fidelity, which is expressed in all the departments of life. Once they take to a thing, they are not inclined to relinquish it, often being unwilling to recognize even utter defeat. Still defeat seldom accompanies their efforts, which are so bold, decisive, fearless, enterprising, and well directed that success is almost a foregone conclusion. They succeed where others fail, and are prosperous and progressive when others are eking out an existence. They are found behind and directing the greatest enterprises in the world, as exampled in Andrew Carnegie, Henry Frick, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Cyrus Field. They are, however, essentially one thing at a time people, for they concentrate all their forces and energies on that which they do, carefully weighing and balancing the difficulties and consequences, and then proceeding with all the energy and strength of body and mind. Concentration is a predominant characteristic, and they are restless and anxious when compelled to diffuse their forces. Like the Bowman, they aim well and hit the mark, this applying to their mental, moral and physical accomplishments. They are excellent marksmen and are strongly inclined to make war on certain forms of vice. They hate anything secret or hidden. They are honest, sincere and open, so frank that they are apt to make enemies and wound their friends by speaking their minds too freely. They are both friends and enemies will all the might of their being, though their kind and sympathetic natures restrain them from deeds of violence. They are quick and high-tempered, impulsively doing that which they afterward regret. They are lovers of science, hygiene, self-culture, and take great interest in public affairs. In business they are executors, giving play to their physical energies. They are remarkably successful military and naval commanders, and the most brilliant musicians come from this sign. The Sagittarius women are notably more successful in making their own way in the world, holding positions of honor and responsibility, and holding first rank as writers, musicians, ethical teachers and accountants. Yet they are very domestic, and being finely organized and artistic, they make beautiful and happy homes. The marriage relation is held in most sacred fidelity by both sexes, and mismating is a most serious thing to this exalted nature. They are tender, sympathetic, and devoted to religion, home and friends. They have strong intuitions, are prophetic and clairvoyant, often knowing in advance what will befall the public, themselves and their friends. Sagittarius people should endeavor to cultivate repose, as they are quite given to squander their forces unless their innate restiveness be held in subjection. Fatigue and prostration are the inevitable penalty for their ceaseless activity, which is expressed mentally, in planning, scheming, etc., if not physically. They should lay their plans carefully, and then, drawing on their wonderful powers of concentration and energy, proceed to execute. Also they should ever keep before them that "to err is human—to forgive divine."

ROSE HEAD PILLOW.

AQUARIUS—FEBRUARY.

This sign extends from January 20 to February 19, and is represented by the water-bearer, who governs the bones and framework of the system and also the nerves of sensation, consequently occupying corresponding departments of service in the grand body. Perhaps this is the most paradoxical sign in all the twelve, its people being liable to the greatest extremes in character and action. They are at once the weakest and the strongest.

When under the proper impulse and the soul is really aroused, they are capable of wonderful achievements in the way of good. On the contrary, when under adverse impulses or with the spiritual faculties dormant, they are prone to sink to the lowest depths. They are rarely mediocre in any function of life, being decidedly one thing or the other—running the gamut in all directions, in fact are extremists. Their mental endowments are wholly in the useful, and they belong mainly to the mercantile sphere of life, though with strong impulses in the direction of public good, we frequently find them among the most eminent politicians. James G. Blaine was born in Aquarius.

They are prominent patrons of popular resorts and assemblies, being supporters of operas, theaters, fairs and all amusements. They like to mingle with the crowd, and are inclined to go to extremes in the matter of public opinion, caring too much of what people say and think of them. They belong essentially to the province of city life, where they may be active in business, social and public life. Some of our best national financiers come from this sign. They are shrewd, versatile, earnest, proficient, and when their energies are aroused to enthusiasm they are capable of the greatest achievements. They are remarkably good judges of character, have strong intuitions in

AQUARIUS—FEBRUARY.

The gem is amethyst, signifying contentment.
The flower, primrose, meaning believe me.
The astral colors, blue, pink and nile green.

matters of honor and dishonor. They are endowed with a great deal of psychic force, being able to control wholly by the power of the eye. They are also very clear reasoners on matters of a purely materialistic character, and are capable of acquiring the finest education.

The most devoted of wives are found in this sign—which gives the purest and most faithful kind of love-nature. They have great regard for their personal appearance, and also are disposed to adhere to conventional forms and beliefs. Form and ceremony appeal to them strongly and they are more than likely to go through life on the lines or paths marked out for them by their predecessors. Yet they are easily persuaded and influenced into new channels and lines of thought, as their own thought is not progressive, being too well satisfied with the established order of things. The things of the ideal world appeal to them more forcefully than do the practical, every day realities. They are amiable, affable, and make the most agreeable companions, since they are not combative and would do anything to avoid disagreement—would sacrifice a great deal for the sake of harmony. They are rarely high-tempered or arbitrary. They are tender-hearted, sensitive, and easily hurt, though showing it in a most dignified manner. They can be kind, merciful and sympathetic, or hard and cold—as things appeal to them. Aquarius, being the trader, should marry with a person born in Leo, thereby conserving the home relations.

PISCES—MARCH.

The Fishes rule from February 19 to March 21, governing the feet of the grand body—metaphysically the understanding. This is the last sign of the Water Triplicity. Pisces belongs to the mechanical and is a restless searcher after knowledge in all departments dealing with the externalities of life. Persons born in this sign are noted for their restlessness and anx-

PISCES—MARCH.

The gem is bloodstone, denoting courage.
The flower, violets, meaning love and faithfulness.
The astral colors, white, pink, emerald and black.

iety. They are nearly always anxious about money matters, fearing lest they should come to want and so be forced to depend on others—a condition they could not endure. They wish to know that they have earned what they possess, and consequently are entitled to enjoy it. With this thought ever before them they are provident in contemplation of the future. Also with the innate feeling that people and fate are against them, they feel that they must look out for themselves, and so are inclined to be close and careful in the use of money. If the love of money becomes the controlling influence with them, it is likely to make them lose sight of the sense of honor and become tricky and dishonest. Otherwise they are honest and upright, and as we rely on the feet to keep the body erect, so may we rely on these people. They are careful and conscientious and make very reliable and accurate clerks and accountants. Their chances are most favorable in mercantile pursuits. When selecting a vocation for children born in this sign great care should be taken, as a wrong start is serious for them, holding them down to the sphere of drudgery and servitude. While not wholly lacking in self-esteem and self-reliance, they need some one to push them forward. Natural modesty and marked conscientiousness, as well as being honorable, just and upright, makes them fear to fall short of requirements due the situation, and so they hesitate, till some one comes along who will supply the deficiency in confidence. For this same reason they shrink from professional and public life, even after having spent years in study, research and preparation. Their search for knowledge, both scientific and philosophical, leads them through all channels in which knowledge is to be obtained—travels, books, life. They are great students of history and the useful sciences. Their minds are logical, tenacious and exacting, and decidedly materialistic. What they believe is founded on reason, giving no heed to intuitions, which antagonize. They find it difficult to form accurate conceptions of religious or spiritual subjects. They are, however, law abiding, just, sensible and kind, and inclined to be strict disciplinarians in family matters. While they are not particularly ardent in their love natures, their fidelity and sense of duty make them good husbands and wives. They are subject to despondency and self-censure. Great activity, both mental and physical, is characteristic of those born under the sign of Pisces. Being in the mechanical, the motive or mechanical members of the body are brought into play, viz.: in walking and swimming. Frequently their recreation takes the form of pedestrian tours or explorations. They are subject to diseases of the feet and head, in the latter respect being affected in the brain, though in much smaller degree than those born in Aries. Women should guard especially against peculiar weaknesses. Pisces, the understanding, the mechanic, should wed with Virgo, the discriminator, the perceptive power.

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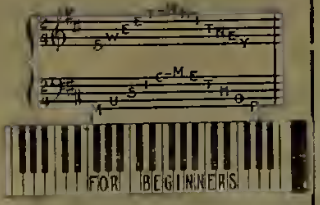
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An open secret:—

It's the Hair - not the Hat

That makes a woman attractive

Love Letters Answered

BY MADAME MINERVA.

Dear Minerva— Please give me some of the good advice that you seem to be so full of. I am in love with a very wealthy young man who is very far above my station in life. He sends me many expensive presents and takes me to see everything. This makes me discontented with my own poor lot and the humbleness of my surroundings. Tell me if you can, what must I do. Should I refuse to see him any more and give all my attention to my work or should I accept him and leave the things to which I was born.

MARGUERITE.

I think you can make both your circumstances and your love agree. Continue to keep his company if he is satisfied, and work earnestly till such time as he asks you to accept an equal position with him.

Dear Goodness—I want you to tell me what in the world I am to do. I have been keeping company with a young man for some time, and last evening he proposed to me. I had never seriously thought of getting married and I refused him. He has left me in sorrow and anger, and I wish I could now tell him, "Yes." I never knew that I loved him so much before and if I had I would never have rejected him. Tell me, is there any way that I can arrange things in an honorable manner and bring my dear Frank back? FLORA.

You acted foolishly in not taking time to consider his proposal, when you had not thought seriously of matrimony. By all means write to him and tell him that you have considered better. I doubt not that he will be well satisfied.

Dear Minerva—I am just sixteen years old today, but I was never more unhappy than I am on what should be the sweetest of all my birthdays. I have a dear girl friend of mine who is deeply in love with a very nice young man. He also loves her in return and I know that they are made for each other. Now I have come to love that young man dearly, but I have never shown it to him, because I thought it might be wrong to break in on their happy dream. Now tell me, dear Minerva, whether I should sacrifice myself and keep silent, or whether I can let the young man know that I also love him. EGYPT.

My dear young friend, it seems harsh that the little god Cupid should wing his arrows in such an ill-fated manner. For friendship's sake you must drive all thoughts of that young man from your mind and rather encourage the happiness of your two friends. This will be a noble sacrifice for you to make, and surely Cupid will send an arrow of recompense into your sad little heart.

Dear Madam—I am just after having a good cry all to myself, and I thought the best thing I could do was to write to you and ask you to help me. I keep company with a young man, who loves me and whom I love very much and prefer to any one else. But a few evenings ago we attended a party together where I met many nice young men. Now, as I like to be popular, I spent most of the time talking playfully with my new acquaintances, and leaving my sweetheart to look out for himself, because I knew he loved me anyway and I thought he wouldn't mind. He did mind, and all the way home he wouldn't talk, and he didn't bring me into the ice cream parlor, as he always used to and hasn't spoken to me since. Now tell me, dear Minerva, what a poor, sobbing girl should do.

ELSIE.

Don't cry any more, dear, but go right away and ask that young man's pardon for your carelessness. If he really loved you, he will be more than satisfied and every thing will be brighter than before. After this attend to your lover in preference to any one else, and if he wishes all your time give it to him.

Dear Minerva—I am not seventeen yet, but I think I have lots of trouble. I have two sweethearts who are both very much in love with me. But they dislike each other and are always having angry words over me. In their jealousy, like in the romance of old, they have decided to have a fist fight for the possession of my hand. Now, dear Minerva, how can I stop such a brutal affair? Shall I refuse to see either of them or shall I let them settle it? F. S. S.

My child, you will act very correctly if you refuse to see your lovers. They are very foolish and their behavior renders them unfit for any girl.

Dear Minerva—I am sorry to trouble you, but you know the old proverb, "If a man is drowning he catches any straw that passes next to him, imagining that he can save his life." Now I am in great trouble myself, not drowning accidentally, but am afraid I willingly will go and drown myself. The young man to whom I was engaged left me all at once without any reason or cause and I don't know what to do. Please help me in this great trouble. MARY L.

You little, silly, foolish girl, what sense is there in your letter? That young man is better off to stay far from you if you are so silly as to think of drowning yourself for such nonsense. You must remember that you have a soul which is not your own property, but the property of your Creator, and you have no right to dispose of the same. Difficulty in love can be settled in many different ways, and you must try an entirely different one from drowning.

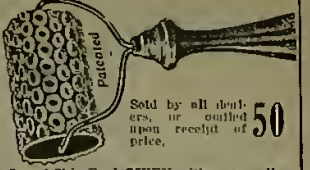
Dear Minerva—I have a dear lady friend who was in trouble with her lover last February. She took your advice and did everything you stated and she succeeded finely. Such experience made me ask advice from you. In a few weeks I am going to be married, but my sweetheart is of a different religion to mine and wants me to be married in his church and I want it in mine. A third party advises us to have the Justice of the Peace marry us, that it will be right for both.

NETTIE.

Dear lady, it is better to be married by a church of any kind or form than by a judge. Such a question, in which church is concerned, cannot be answered.

Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller

Makes, Keeps and Restores Beauty in Nature's Own Way



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A Jar of Skin Food GIVEN with every roller

If you have beauty to make or beauty to keep.

Wrinkles that are shallow or wrinkles that are deep.

Cheeks that are hollow or neck that is spare.

Here is a treatment that has made thousands fair.

Bailey's Duplex Massage Roller

will fill in the hollows and round out the bust and neck, making the flesh firm and healthy. Treat the neck in the same manner as the arms, using first the warm water and Bailey's Complexion Soap, then the Duplex Roller, and lastly rubbing the neck and bust thoroughly with Bailey's Skin Food, and you will find the hollows disappear, the loose, flabby flesh become firm.

Bailey's Complexion Soap..... .10
Bailey's Skin Food (Large Jar).. .50
Bailey's Duplex Roller.....$1.00

Mailed on receipt of price.

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Four Samples Free

To induce every housewife to test the merits of "PERFECTION" DYES and SPECIALTIES we make this liberal offer: Send ten cents for a package of Dye, any color wanted, and we will include FREE, four selections samples—two of PERFECTION DYES, each sufficient to color a skirt, waist, pair stockings or lot of ribbon; one of CONFECTION PINK, a harmless preparation for flushing on frosting, candies, ice cream, etc.; and one of LAUNDRY BLUING, a pure cerulean indigo for the laundry.

Our booklet, "HOW TO DYE," gives special directions for coloring old and faded garments, capes, kid gloves, feathers, straw hats and bonnets, for making wood stains, colored varnishes, shoe dressing, etc., etc. Also is sent FREE together with reliable information how to MAKE and SAVE MONEY at home. Send at once for the dye, samples and booklet.

PERFECTION DYES. Dept., 14 Foxcroft, Maine.

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We are the largest growers of roses in the world, and make a specialty of "Beauties."

Also new varieties imported from Europe. Write us about how to have easy success in culture with the best varieties, and the small price at which we deliver big, strong bushes (not pot plants), express paid, to your home.

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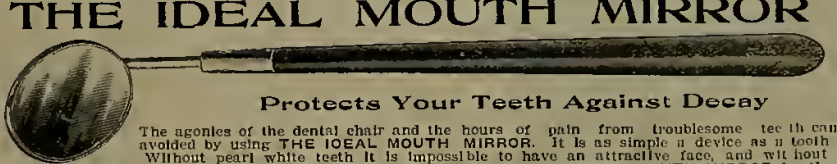

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A DENTIST WITH HIS BIG BILLS NEVER ENTERS THE LIFE OF AN IDEAL MOUTH MIRROR USER.

This simple, perfect, indispensable article, without which no person's toilet is complete, will be sent prepaid for fifty cents, in silver or money order. Address IDEAL MFG. CO. Dept. B, ST. MARYS, OHIO.

SUMMER

To the general mind an impression is made, either favorable or unfavorable, by one's clothes as a part of the personality. Many women have naturally the knowledge of how to dress to the best advantage, and no matter if the material used is not costly, as is sometimes the case, they will always make a good appearance.

The prevailing style should be followed, but in a way to bring out the most advantageous points of the personality.

Neatness is another important item. No matter what kind of a gown is worn, neatness in its appearance doubly increases its effect.

The majority of men realize only the general effect in clothes, and when these are becoming to the wearer, this effect is enhanced. Let the gown be simple and pretty, and it is apt to make a much more favorable impression than one that is expensive. This is particularly the case when a man knows that the wearer or her family is not rich, and even in that case the thought will go through his mind, perhaps unconsciously, how much he will have to expend for dress if he marries the girl.

On the other hand, a simple, tasteful, gown will show him how well she can manage. He will be more apt to hurry the hour when he will ask her to dress for him, and not wait until he has scraped together more money, and the blush of youth has passed away forever.

THE CYNTHIA SHIRT WAIST.

Never forget that the coiffure is important; that by puffing the hair out in one spot to fill a cavity, or smoothing it back in another, results are to be obtained. Always remember that the way a hat is put on may spoil your appearance or render it much more attractive.

One day you may be able to wear your hat at such an angle, the next, your hair isn't quite the same, you are depressed, your face a bit pinched, and it does not look well worn in the same position, and at the same angle it did yesterday, when you were happy. Take out the pins and rearrange it. Perhaps you will have to bend the brim. A tilt to the fore or rear will often work wonders.

No woman under 5 feet 4 inches should wear a large hat. No woman of imposing height should wear a tiny chapeau. The short woman should abjure flying ends; they make her seem even shorter. Don't expect your acquaintances to say a new hat is anything but "becoming" to you, no matter how you look under it. It's "polite" to admire it; don't be satisfied with such admiration.

If you have doubts as to the hat you have, or intend purchasing, put it on, and with a hand glass stand at a good mirror. Note your defects, and your good points—remembering all the unkind as well as the kind things said about your various features, your coloring, etc. Look for the bad points, note those that are accentuated and those that are modified.

Next take the good ones, observe which are brought out and which are lessened. Pitch the hat at different angles and study yourself again. Bend the brim in here, then out there; push a spray or flower here and there; pull a bow so as to stand out this way or that. In other words, ring all the changes on the hat. If satisfied, wear it. If not, don't stop until you are.

THE CYNTHIA WAIST.

A pretty shirt waist of fine linen tucked, with low hung deep flounce of linen lace and embroidery. Tucked and stitched cuffs on moderate Bishop sleeves. The stock is of good black India silk, the hem lining feather-stitched on, the same uniting the three bands forming the collar. Turnover of white linen, done in Mexican drawn work.

BUTCHER'S LINEN COSTUME.

Costume of white butcher's linen, seven gored skirt, seams hand dotted with black silk French knots. Medallions Teneriff lace surrounded by dot work. Blouse waist buttons at back, the bag sleeves are set in wide turn back cuffs. Black chip hat with black and white feathers. Black and white sunshade.

STYLISH PONGEE GOWN.

Costume of Shangtung Pongee, skirt with shirred sections set in and medallions embroidered in the silk. Back set in inverted plaits. The blouse is cut on bias, gathered full in front on yoke of Fillet lace, with band and straps laced over. Sleeves cut in tabs opening over sleeves of lace and silk. All edges piped with turquoise blue silk. Sunshade to match. Hat of burnt straw, trimmed with white tulle, and narrow black velvet.

BUTCHER'S LINEN COSTUME.

STYLISH PONGEE GOWN.

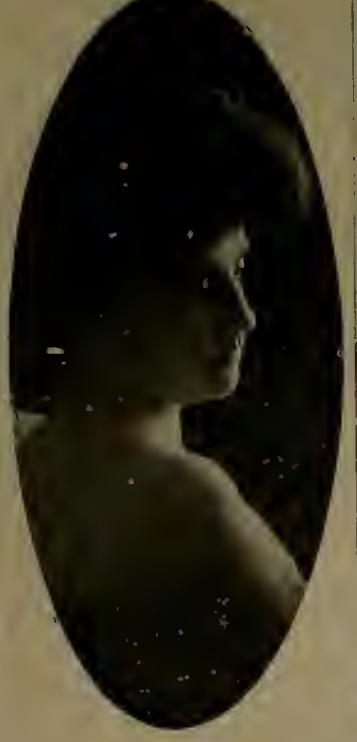
FASHIONS

Color, as well as form in dress, should also be taken into consideration. It has been proven that color has more or less influence over people, as, for instance, a person entering the room carpeted and papered or painted in red, will find the action of pulse and heart slightly increased. Red therefore, can be worn in winter where a warm effect is desired and not used for shirt waists in summer. These may be pale green, light blue or gray, to give a restful, cool effect to the eye.

A color, if adhered to, like a perfume, will be found to make such an impression that, when a person meets that color or perfume, he or she will be reminded of the one who uses it steadily.

Color helps reveal character also, for it will be usually found that true, straightforward, dependable women like blue; quiet, unobtrusive, home-loving women like gray; while hasty, impulsive women like red to predominate in the color or coloring of their dresses.

A plain girl will sometimes be seen getting more attention than her prettier and more striking sisters. In a majority of such cases the reason for this will be shown in her style and manner of dress, which reveals indirectly the attractiveness of her character.



SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR LADIES TO INTRODUCE

Mme. Andrews' Beautifying Specialties

Sample of Skin Food and complexion powder, with full instruction, sent prepaid for ten cents (stamps.)

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MADAME ANDREWS
Dermatologist

MOTHERS

Your Baby's Photograph May be Worth Five Hundred Dollars This Year.

SPIM CO., of Johnstown, N. Y., proprietors of SPIM Soap and SPIM Ointment, have issued a little booklet, "How to Take Care of Baby's Skin, and Keep It Soft, White and Beautiful," which they wish to place in every mother's hands who will write for it.

They wish to establish a "CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES," which will contain the photographs of all babies sent them under the following plan.

Write to SPIM CO. for a BABY REGISTRY CARD, which contains blank spaces for information concerning your baby's birth, which if you will kindly fill out and return for registry (followed as soon as possible with baby's photograph) will register your baby in SPIM'S CABINET OF BEAUTIFUL BABIES and a complete copy forwarded to you when issued, FREE OF CHARGE.

When this CABINET is completed it will be submitted to a committee of 3 (not one of whom has ever seen the pictures before), who will pick out the HANDSOMEST BABY of all those pictured in the Cabinet.

To the one so selected, SPIM CO. will immediately place in bank, in its native town, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, in trust, which sum, when the baby shall have attained its majority, shall become ITS ABSOLUTE PROPERTY, with all ACCRUED INTEREST.

This $500.00 at ordinary Savings Bank interest COMPOUNDED, will (if the baby be a boy) start him in business at his majority, or if a girl, give her a fine educational advantage and place her beyond the reach of immediate want.

PLEASE NOTE.—The only conditions required for your baby to be eligible for this liberal offer are that SPIM Soap or SPIM Ointment shall be used to preserve, purify and beautify its skin, scalp and hair, and a WRAPPER of one or the other sent us with the name of the druggist from whom you purchased them.

NOTE.—If your druggist does not keep SPIM Soap or Ointment, enclose with your request for a registry card 25c, and the card, the booklet and a CAKE OF SPIM SOAP will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. SPIM Ointment is 50c prepaid.

Address in full SPIM COMPANY, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

Spim Soap and Spim Ointment have cured a little baby born with blood poison, red blotchy skin, terrible itching, hair in thin, shred-like patches, hands broken out in raw places between the fingers, and on the delicate little body, chafing had worn the folds of the skin almost to a raw state. Everything was tried, the child meanwhile suffering cruelly, crying and moaning day and night. SPIM Soap with warm water baths appeared to help the sufferer at once. Greatly encouraged, they persevered with the treatment applying at intervals SPIM Ointment. In a short time the child grew better, the skin cleared, hair grew again, appetite returned with restful days and sleepy nights; finally came clear, healthy baby skin, smooth, pink and natural. Today the child is healthy and clear-skinned with no trace of the disease.

TRIUMPH OF BEAUTY

BY MADAME MARIE EMMETT, DOCTOR OF BEAUTY.

Letters to this department should be plainly directed to Madame Marie Emmett, California Ladies' Magazine, San Francisco, California.

Please sign some name or initials which can be printed in the magazine, as replies will not be answered by mail.

Proper questions and information will be give in these columns each month, and I kindly ask all subscribers and readers of the California Ladies' Magazine to write and ask me such questions pertaining to health and beauty as they may deem proper and wish to know.

A few words about the care of the hair, hands, nails, complexion and how to present a youthful appearance, will not be amiss. A skin of beauty is a joy forever.

Beauty is one of the greatest blessings heaven has bestowed upon woman.

Rarely ever is an individual found who is not beautiful or cannot be made beautiful by proper care.

Too much cannot be said against the reprehensible habit which some of us have in neglecting ourselves. When the proper care is taken, with a little time, a transformation always takes place which is not only instructive, but always beneficial.

Many women of scrupulously cleanly habits seem not to understand how to thoroughly wash and cleanse the face, head, neck and hair.

The pleasing whole of a well dressed neat looking woman's appearance is completely marred when one discovers the apparent neglect of any one of these important little members.

The diet has much to do with refining the skin—avoid greasy, highly spiced and stimulating dishes, pastry and sweets of all kinds. Eat plenty of fruit, take a tepid bath each day, preferably in the morning before breakfast, with a hot soapy scrub at least once a week, and drink a pint of water each day between meals.

Of course, it is impossible to give full directions for the preservation of health and avoidance of actual disease of all the various conditions, of life upon our planet.

I can only hope to present some general rule for the protection of our invaluable bodies, which is far more to us than an equal weight of the finest gold could ever be; and a few directions for recognizing and escaping, as far as possible, the thousand and one little ailments that mar our beauty in some unguarded moment, and as they are strong or weak, numerous or isolated, either kill us at once outright, or slowly and insidiously undermine our beauty.

According to the inexorable laws of our step-mother (Nature) bare existence itself, and still more healthy and comfortable life, is the reward solely of unceasing watchfulness—the prize of a constant struggle; the crown of a merciless warfare; with all the opposing powers and forces which incessantly strive to extinguish our beauty and health.

If for a little time the hostility of these adverse influences seem to be lulled into slumber, this peace is a delusive one, and we may be sure the enemy is steadily at work snapping the foundation of every careless improvement and neglect.

It has been related to me of the celebrated eccentric Dr. Coryell that upon one occasion a child was brought to him suffering from some disease of the skin, it is true, but in a far worse condition for want of cleanliness.

The doctor, seeing at once that this later misfortune was the cause of the former, said to the boy's mother:

"I can soon cure your son if you will strictly follow my directions: Get a large tub, fill it every day two-thirds full of warm water; put the little fellow into it and then rub him all over with the best castile soap and a towel."

"But, doctor," exclaimed the astonished woman, "that would be giving my child a bath."

"True," replied the physician, "it is open to that objection."

If, as I firmly believe, it is morally our duty to take the best possible care of our bodies, with which we have been intrusted, the old saying, that 'cleanliness is akin to Godliness," finds no higher expression than in the proper use of baths.

In order to understand the value of bathing we must glance for a few moments at the anatomy and the physiology of the skin, which is, of course, the portion of the body interested in this, our first beauty talk.

Baths should never be taken immediately after meals, nor when the body is very much exhausted by fatigue or excitement of any kind.

For the purpose of cleanliness baths par excellence are those of warm water, this term being applied to the ones in which water of a temperature from 70 to 80 degrees is employed.

Liquids of this degree of heat usually give a sensation of warmth when placed in contact with the human skin, and therefore avoid the disadvantages of the shock to our systems produced by a cold bath (that is, below 60 degrees.)

Many persons are apt to remain too long in a warm bath and care should be taken to avoid this mistake, which has a very debilitating effect if often indulged in.

For the purpose of aiding my elderly readers, who are not yet tired of life, and who desire to grow old comfortably for some years more, I again respectfully request all to ask me any questions pertaining to health and beauty and same will be answered in these columns.

Cold baths are invaluable aids in promoting and preserving health, if properly used in suitable cases, but may become dangerous agents, causing even fatal results; if employed by the wrong individuals, at improper time, or with excessive frequency. Very cold plunge baths, that is, below 50 degrees in temperature, should only be indulged in by the most robust, even with them it is doubtful whether the shock to the system is not more injurious than the after reaction is beneficial.

In every instance the test for the advantage of a cold bath is very simple and easily understood, being merely the occurrence or non-occurrence of this reaction or "glow" as soon as the skin is dried; when such a glow is felt promptly the bath does good, and may be repeated at the same temperature; but if reaction takes place slowly or not at all, the person feeling chilly, and the lips, the skin beneath the nails, and indeed, that of the external surface generally, continuing for ten or twenty minutes blueish, instead of pink, the bath does harm.

Cold (not ice-cold) sponge baths are valuable tonic and may often be advantageously used in delicate states of health. The shock to the system is much less than with the plunge-bath and the consequent reaction less intense, but the rules for judging of their beneficial influence is precisely the same.

"Retaining beauty" is a phrase in common use among many people who rarely recognize that it expresses a given truth in regard to intellectual as well as physical life, for a woman can and often does live through her physiological captial in thirty years, when with care she might have made it last to sixty or seventy. Oftentimes we can have our choice at the outset of life; but the days come, it may be soon, when we must decide which path-way we will follow, and then we should remember that all experience proves we cannot retain our beauty unless we take care of same.

It is for this reason that "Triumph of Beauty" has been added to the California Ladies' Magazine.

In conclusion will say: For the purpose of aiding my elderly readers, who are not yet tired of life, and who desire to grow old comfortably for some years more, I again respectfully request all to ask me any questions pertaining to health and beauty and same will be answered in these columns.

Latest Styles

STYLISH HAT OF BLACK AND WHITE STRAW BRAID.

STUNNING SHIRT WAIST HAT.

STYLISH SUMMER GOWN, WITH PARASOL.

SUMMER COSTUME OF TAN VOILE, EMBROIDERED WITH CORO AND GRAPES.

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PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE

The Fixtures in
This Bathroom cost
Approximately $87.00

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used than all other makes combined shows how they are regarded at home. The people here know them by their works. Their superior qualities are recognized.
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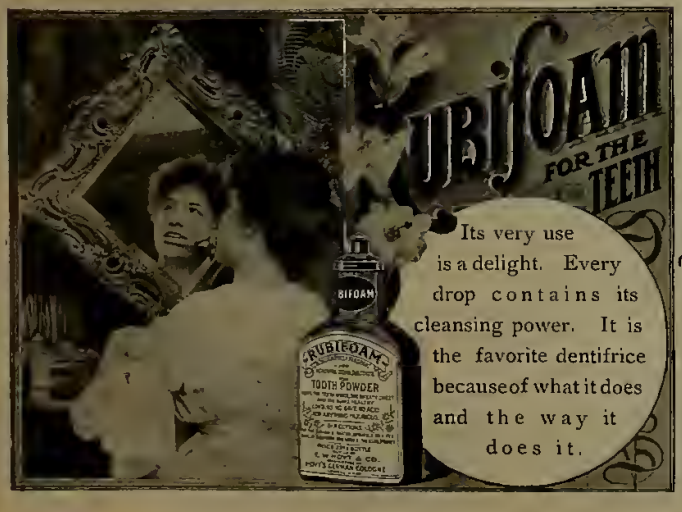
RUBIFOAM
FOR THE TEETH
Its very use is a delight. Every drop contains its cleansing power. It is the favorite dentifrice because of what it does and the way it does it.
RUBIFOAM
TOOTH POWDER

The Use of Correct English

BY JEAN K. BAIRD.

The use of incorrect English arises from one or all four sources; ignorance of the correct grammatical form which can be learned only from the study of technical grammar; the influence of an environment whose atmosphere is reeking with bad grammatical form; the readiness with which we accept and add to our own vocabulary provincialism and localism; and our mental indolence, which finds it easier to slight a construction than observe it in all its niceties.

If one has been accustomed from childhood to hear ungrammatical expressions it will be a difficult, but not impossible matter, to acquire the use of correct English; and the greatest difficulty will be not in overcoming the error but in recognizing it. It is exceedingly difficult for an ear accustomed to discords to recognize them as such, so it is with the ear which is accustomed to wrong case and tense forms.

The use of elegant English is largely a matter of environment. It is possible for a person to speak correctly and well, and know nothing of the technicalities. But the blessing of an environment from which such results come has been granted to few. Those not so blessed, may acquire it either by the study of a text book itself, by the reading of standard authors, or by strict attention to the conversation of the educated and careful speaker.

In reading, it is well not to select a dialect story or one which is strong in local coloring. We acquire much unconsciously, and invariably the unconscious part of us is the stronger.

Eternal vigilance is the price of pure English. Under some circumstances, the use of slang is countenanced, and localisms permitted, but one must be a Solon to know the time and place. In this matter it is better to be too rigid than too lax in the choice of words. The too free use of slang is like the too familiar manner, often tolerated in our friends, but rarely enjoyed.

Slang should be to our conversation what tabasco sauce is to our meals, used rarely and with a background of the substantials.

The inelegance of speech which results from ignorance, while being deplored, may be tolerated; but for those which spring from indifference and mental laziness there should be no toleration shown or pardon granted. Society does not overlook slovenliness of attire; why then should it overlook slovenliness of speech, since both spring from the same cause?

Incorrect speaking may be divided under four heads; poor enunciation and the slighting of sounds, which is the direct result of careless physical habits; the use of ungrammatical expressions; the incorrect use of synonyms; and the use of inelegant terms and localisms.

One may be pre-eminently correct in the construction of her sentences and yet be inelegant. The learning of a rule in grammar is the easiest part of the matter; for if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, few would blunder in speaking. After comprehending a rule there must come a mental drill, the use of our strongest will-power, the eternal vigilance which not only has an effect upon our speech but which is a potent factor in the formation of character itself.

Do not be slovenly, allowing yourself to slip over words easily, giving little or no thought to correct form. If you make a grammatical mistake immediately correct yourself. This keeping a check-rein on oneself is not pleasant; but it is corrective and wholesome, and that is what the women of today are demanding.

Watch yourself closely while in conversation with friends. Observe the number of errors which you make through carelessness and not because of your lack of knowledge. Correct these before you seek to broaden your knowledge of the technicalities. One rule studied in its observances is worth a whole grammar committed to memory and not practiced.

Write out a list of the mistakes you have made—not as you make them but in their correct form. This is one of the principles of teaching in which training schools are drilling their students; "keep the correct form before the learner. Never call attention to that which is incorrect." The newer rhetorics and language books are working along this line, and are omitting many of the exercises in the correction of false syntax.

If, for example, you discover that you do not always say, "It is I," or "It may have been he," write these forms on a piece of note paper and tack it by the side of your dressing table, where it will meet your eye every time you arrange your toilette. Then go over the expressions a dozen times or more. I suggest that this be done aloud, that your ear as well as your eye may become accustomed to the correct form.

When it comes to the subject of clear enunciation, few of us can cast the first stone. This slighting of sounds is, in part, a lazy habit into which we are drifting; and, in part, a lack of physical training of the organs of speech, which sometimes are unable to act as quickly as the mind.

Americans use the upper lip very seldom in talking. In this, they differ greatly, from the Germans, whose upper lips in the forming of the modified vowels are drawn far down below the edge of the teeth. The direct result is a long upper lip among the Germans, or even those who have spoken that language for some time.

As a race, we Americans have upper lips which are weak, short, and disproportionate to our other features.

As a test, read aloud several pages from any book and observe how seldom the muscles about the upper portion of the mouth are brought into play. The use of these muscles are necessary to the correct pronunciation of several sounds.

Of course, this fault must mainly be overcome in the school-room. But the simple device used by the teacher may be of benefit to the woman who although long out of school, is ambitious to be correct in speech.

Five minute drill each day must be given repeating a list of words as—ask, bask, task, mask, cask; observing that much abused sound of a, and the much neglected 'k.' Then 'ed' or 'ing' must be added to the list and each word again repeated. There will be a tendency here to pronounce the word as though it consisted of one syllable.

A second exercise used to bring the tip of the tongue forward to the teeth is found in repeating the following list: prints, price, chintz, chins, chance, chants, glands, glance, lance, lands.

An excellent drill to bring into play all the muscles about the mouth is found in repeating, "Some shun sunshine. Do you shun sunshine?" "A shot-silk sash shop' is a shop where shot-silk sashes are sold."

There was a time and not so long ago when it was considered modest and well-bred for a woman to talk with lips parted as little as possible. These were the days that Dickens tells about when young ladies entering society were taught to repeat: "papa, potatoes, prunes, prisms," to get their mouths in proper shape.

But that time with much of its affectation is gone. The trouble of today is that few women separate their jaws wide enough in speaking. In this do trained vocalists have an advantage even in conversation.

To overcome this habit of keeping the teeth touching each other, take a book and going off where no one will interrupt, read aloud. After pronouncing each separate word open the jaws wide enough to allow three fingers to be inserted between the teeth. Each day read a page or more in this manner.

This will give firmness to the lower part of the face, and rob it of that characterless tone which the lips and jaws of many women show as they talk.

The trouble with the majority of women is that they weary in well-doing. They covet a beautifully modulated voice, full-tones, clear enunciation, and correct form, but they become disheartened if the end is not accomplished in a short time and by easy methods.

Reading a grammar or rhetoric, and not following it by a drill is like Hercules seeking to strengthen his muscles by tossing pebbles.

We generally reach the plane on which our eyes are fixed. If we do not, the fault generally lies within ourselves. The old adage that 'Everything comes to him who waits,' is true in part. I like it better with its modern addition—"and hustles while he waits."

The trouble with the majority who seek cultivation is not that they are unwilling to wait, but they are unwilling to make strenuous mental effort unless it be followed by immediate results.

Stylish Summer Suits

THE POPULAR "FLOROORA" HAT.

DAINTY PERSIAN LEGHORN HAT.

PARISIAN GOWN OF WHITE SUMMER CLOTH.

The new Paquin model is that of a Parisian gown of fine white summer cloth, skirt and blouse accordion plaited. Sleeves of the cloth plain, trimmed with fringe, and rosettes of ribbon, centered embroidery. Cape with long ends of the cloth embroidered, edged fringe. Undersleeves and vest of white ribbon. Odd sash of kilted and embroidered cloth. Black tulle hat, trimmed with jet pendants and feathers. Parasol trimmed with black lace and white chiffon.

One of the most attractive promenade suits of the season is an elegant gown of grey crepe de chine, deeply accordion plaited. The blouse and sleeves done in narrower plaits, lace bolero with shoulder capes, and lace cuffs appliqued on sleeves. Hat of black chip, trimmed with black tips and white lace applications.

An exquisite coat for summer wear is made of black silk, cut in round tabs at bottom, with edged black and white ball fringe. Handsome collar and stole of black and white silk. The full sleeves set in cuffs to match. Collar of white silk embroidered with black. Lining of white silk.

A chic costume is made of tan voile, embroidered with black and white silk cord, with raised grapes. Skirt cut with foot flare; stitched hem. Shirred elbow puff; close cut lower sleeve, embroidered cuffs. Yoke and stock of tucked chiffon with stitched bands and passementerie laid over.

Large black chip hat, underfaced tulle folds. Trimmed black plumes, tulle and jet.

MILLINERY NOTES.

Among the many attractive creations for summer wear is a hat of black and whit straw braid, sewn in shells, which are sewn over each other. The top is sewn in plaque shape. Black velvet ribbon on the top of the the crown and over the brim at the left back, and under the brim.

Another stunner is the new shirt waist hat of brown and green straw, trimmed with changeable silks to match, cut and stitched in many ends and loops, spreading from low crown over brim; two strands carried over brim to the head side. Loops and ends wired.

The "Florodora" hat is made of black horsehair lace, with comet shaped jet fringe on under brim. The hat is flat, and raised on deep bandeau. The top is trimmed with flat rosette bow of black velvet ribbon, with a white and black feather coming from under, falling over the left side.

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Life-work for Women

BY JEAN K. BAIRD

The right of women to be bread-winners and wage-earners may be open to question. Whatever the ethics of the case, the fact remains that many are so, some by choice, others by necessity. The question with woman now is not how to rid herself of the responsibilities, but how to meet them to her own upliftment.

A drudge is a thing to be avoided; but an intelligent working-woman conscious that she has a special work in the world to do, and a particular place to fill, and ambitious to do that work and fulfill the duties and courtesies of that place, as no one else can, bears the marks of her own nobility.

The great mistake which many young women make in their eagerness to be wage-earners is in taking up the first work which presents itself, whether it be suited to them or not.

Anna B—has taken up teaching, secured a position in good schools at lucrative salary. Immediately, Anna B.'s ambitious young friends flock to the school room. One or two of the number, by good luck rather than the exercises of good judgment, may find the work congenial and achieve a fair rate of success and happiness. The others will be, for the remainder of their lives, little more than drudges or hangers-on in the profession, and if they experience any happiness in their calling, it will be at best a passive, neutral kind of happiness. There can be nothing exquisite about it.

The amount of salary or income is not the measure of success. The spirit of the work makes the work divine. It is a sordid consideration of money that makes labor a thing to be bought or sold. A large salary where the work is uncongenial and the whole system subjected to a physical and nervous drain is dearly bought. It is much like a series of false entries in accounts. A day of reckoning is sure to come.

A woman may draw on her health and reserve nerve force for a time, but the day inevitably comes when she must meet these demand notes.

Before undertaking any new work a woman should consider the matter after this fashion: "I have so much physical and mental strength; so much time and natural executive ability. I owe certain duties and time to my employer; certain others to the development of my own three-fold nature; yet a third part to society." I use the word society in its broadest sense;—"I have neither time nor strength to accomplish all I desired. Now, what of all these things is worth while? What had I best let go to the wall?"

Even under the best conditions, a woman can accomplish but a fractional part of what she desires, and where the conditions are not favorable and she is working against 'the grain', the fractional part lessens in proportion as the friction increases.

There are two great principles of philosophy which every woman should absorb. The first is that friction is a destroying power and success depends upon reducing it to its minimum. It can not be wholly destroyed in these days of imperfect surfaces and uneven tempers; but it can be reduced until its effect is almost negative.

So long as a woman is employed in uncongenial work there will be friction; not necessarily an outward manifestation of fuss and turmoil, but a constant wearing force that she must bring to bear upon herself that she may accomplish the work she has undertaken, a nose-to-the-grind-stone sort of existence will be hers.

'The second principle of philosophy, that I would have her learn is that 'power works easily;' but only when applied in its legitimate direction. A stream flowing in its natural channels performs its work with little noise, and no fretting. It is only when it is dammed back from its natural way and overspreads the surrounding country that it causes confusion and ruin. Two equal forces acting upon a body from opposite directions produces a state of rest. This is the condition of the professional woman who seeks to overcome natural adaptation by an excess of energy applied in an opposite direction.

Irritation, discontent, nervous troubles are often the direct result of misapplied energy.

There is an old rhyme we used to learn in school-days:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight.
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

'The word toiling as used here is not pleasing to me. To the healthful, ambitious soul,—who has found her own work in life—there is no toil. Laboring in that place which is hers by nature is an exquisite joy. She dreams and seeks to fulfill her dream. She no longer is a mere creature but a creator. Little by little, she shall drop that which is animal and draw nearer to the divine. In her services to humanity, she works out her own salvation, and in a measure becomes her own savior, for she lifts herself by her own efforts from all that is selfish, and narrow, and low, and brings herself into that plane which the drudging soul never dreams.

Our Concord philosopher writes: "The common experience is that the man fits himself as well as he can to the customary detail of that work or trade which he falls into and tends it as a dog tends a spit. Then he is part of the machine which he moves. The man is lost. Until he can manage to communicate himself to others in his full stature and proportion as a wise and good man, he does not yet find his vocation. He must find in that an outlet for his character so that he may justify himself to their eyes for doing what he does."

"'That work or trade he falls into!" is not that what many of us do?—Fall into the first work that seems to offer itself to us, wholly disregarding our natural tastes or adaptations?

If the work promises to pay from a financial point of view, and if she feels that she can accomplish it after some sort of fashion, the average woman accepts any position or enters any profession as the easiest solution of the labor-problem.

It may be said that some women are forced into certain lines of work because no other opportunity presents itself. The great soul creates opportunities. Columbus did not wait for the perfecting of a modern steam-liner to discover a new world. He proved the theory and accomplished his purpose with what was at hand.

I caution everyone before taking up a life-work to consider. Look at the professions and trades from the point that gives the broadest view, remembering always that there is something beyond its money consideration. There is the woman herself with all her high ideals and noble purposes. If you believe that life, and mind, and soul, and lofty purposes are things to be bought and sold, at least, rate yourself so high that in all the Universe there can be but one purchaser.

Before undertaking a profession or trade, a girl should know something of its duties and responsibilities. She must gauge her physical strength to see if it is equal to the task; consult her natural tastes in order to be sure she is taking up the work she herself, and not her friends or family, desires; study herself to see if she has moral force enough to bear the petty trials and vexations that may come up, and do come up, daily in every line of work.

Let her think over these matters, then choose her profession, and her choice under these conditions will uplift the work and the worker, ennoble the woman, and the atmosphere about her shall be purer and sweeter for her effort, and the woman herself will experience an exquisite happiness.

For it is only in congenial labor that happiness can be found; all else is drudgery, toil, trouble. The weak soul shrivels in such an atmosphere, and that which should be a crown of glory becomes a millstone about her neck.

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The Training of the Child

BY OTILLIA WILLIS.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.
—Milton.

It is a sad, but nevertheless true fact that the average American child is not a well reared child. Compared with its European cousin it certainly does not rank as the child of so glorious a republic as ours, should rank.

Let us view it on this page with an impartial eye, and let us all, mothers, sisters, teachers, friends, strive to bring it to a higher standard of training. Viewing it impartially, we must admit, however much against the grain, that it is lacking in obedience, veneration, economy, industrious habits and respect for law and parental authority.

There are many mothers, it is true, who discharge the sacred obligation placed upon them, with the finest kind of judgment, tact, firmness and discrimination of responsibility. To these we only say, help the others.

Statistics show that crime is on the increase in our country. Now so long as the conditions in the home are not improved, it will continue on the increase. The lawbreakers in the home will be the lawbreakers out of it. Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

Almost daily we find some mother attributing her child's disobedience or willfulness to its youth. "Johnny is too young to know better," she invariably explains; "but he will come out all right in the end; he will outgrow his temper when mother can reason with him." Poor, weak, self-deluded mother! If she would only reflect for a moment, she would certainly see what all sane persons cannot help but know, that every repetition of disobedience, or indulgence of temper gives strength to the act and roots it more firmly in the child's nature.

The training of the child should begin on the day of its birth. It is true you cannot reason with an infant in arms, but you can form for it habit that will later on make it yield of its own accord to correct reasoning, and will make it pliable toward good.

Have you ever watched an average mother in her attempts to quiet her first-born's cries? The program seldom varies. At the first indication of restlessness she takes the little bundle of humanity from its pillow, temporarily stifles its crying with some half dozen excited kisses thrust into the open mouth, and pitches the infant about in her arms, assuming in the latter act very closely the line of movement a batch of butter takes in an old-fashioned churn. If between these movements the little one is able to suck enough oxygen into its lungs to start its vocal anatomy anew, it again breaks forth, but this time quite spasmodically, owing to the scarcity of oxygen—in fact so spasmodically, that its color begins to deepen somewhat.

At this stage kisses are not resorted to, but instead, "No, no, no darling"—"Mamma's own dear, darling baby," etc., etc., are poured into the gasping mouth—(for little ears are firmly closed to such appeals) and the supply of oxygen falls lower. A deep purple suffuses the baby's temples and forehead, and the cries emerge at longer intervals. At this stage even the meal which the frantic mother frantically attempted to administer between her other performances, is abandoned, and, the little martyr finally ceases its defense from sheer exhaustion, and falls into a tired, hungry sleep, from which, after a short interval, it awakens, pale and irritable.

Perhaps all the baby wanted when first it called the mother's attention to itself, was change of position. The mother seldom takes all her sleep in one position; what right has she to expect her offspring to do what she rarely, perhaps never does?

Feed and bathe a baby regularly and clothe it comfortably. If, when these duties are performed its sleep is restless, change its position occasionally, shake up its pillow and straighten out its clothing, and if it is a healthy child, it will usually be satisfied.

I once knew a mother who always placed two pillows side by side when she put her infant to sleep. If the little one's sleep proved restless, she would gently take it up, turn it over on the second pillow, and immediately shake up the first pillow to be ready for further use. This same mother never permitted any one to take up her infant as long as it could be made comfortable on its bed; and when the child was taken up to rest it from its long, reclining position, it was never hobbed up and down, or danced about the room for amusement. "Such treatment excites children," the wise mother stated to the nurse, "and I want my daughter to grow up, oblivious of the fact that she has nerves."

On the other hand take up an infant every time it calls your attention to itself, and it will learn in a very few weeks how efficacious its lungs are in the matter of self-will, and it will rule—yes, rule the entire household with a merciless, tyrannical hand. It is infants thus started, that grow into the "peculiar" children that are the bane of every teacher's life.

Prompt obedience is the most difficult lesson mothers have to teach, and children have to learn, and it can be obtained successfully only by persevering firmness.

If you make a request or give a command, see that your child carries it out; slight other duties if necessary, but do not let your words go unheeded.

Some mothers may raise the cry: "Who will do our work if we devote so much time to our children?"

If you begin properly and early in the child's life, the training into prompt obedience will not require an exorbitant amount of time, and the time that it does require will be made up to you with compound interest, as soon as the child realizes that your yes means yes, and your no, no. Have you ever noticed that the obedient child seldom puts its parents to shame by an evil temper? It has learned that its parents' words are law, and that no amount of fuss or commotion can shake their good judgment. And here let me say, dear mothers, be careful that your judgment is good, else woe be unto you!

Some years ago there lived a mother just this side of the Alleghanies, who was a firm believer in obedience, and who in spite of an unconcealed pride in her ability to exact that quality from her offspring, possessed positively the two worst children in the neighborhood in which she lived. The following incident, which is a fair example of her mode of procedure in obedience training will fully diagnose her case:

One evening, callers being present, she asked her two little ones at their usual bed hour, to say good night, and to let their nurse put them to bed. The presence of the callers, however, proved too strong an attraction for the children, and they blandly refused to do their mother's bidding. Coaxing, persuasion, promises of good things to come, were indulged in for about fifteen minutes with no result, but increased obstinacy on the part of the children. Finally in a tone of victory that settled the question beyond a doubt, the mother commanded: "Now you simply shall not go to bed—for I will be obeyed!"

Mothers, let your no be no, and your yes be yes, for if a child once discovers that persistency on its part can sway the parental will, he will soon assert his own, and make things in general lively; in short, he will soon be "father of the man."

But until obedience is reduced to a standard, we cannot hope for general improvement, for one mother will be satisfied with "Yes, mother, in a minute" (the minute varying in length from half an hour to total forgetfulness), while another will accept nothing short of "Yes mother," and immediate discharge of duty.

Often when women become grandmothers, they recognize the shortcomings of their own motherhood and try to improve upon it in the rearing of the third generation, but usually this recognition comes too late, for the daughters have already fixed their standards by their mother's and thereby proceed to rear their offspring.

It is more difficult to get obedience from some children than from others, I hear some mothers say. This is quite true, and therefore you must use tact as well as judgment. A contrary cry is made concerning the schoolroom.—Our children are not all treated alike. How in the name of justice can they be? If there are thirty children in a schoolroom that room comprises thirty distinct personalities, or rather, granting the teacher the privilege of a personality also, thirty-one. One child yields obedience intuitively, we might say; another, from mere suggestion; still another from a single command; while a fourth may feel privileged to usurp half a session to grant the same obedience. The Creator does not deal equally with His subjects; is it possible, therefore, for a mother or a teacher to deal equally with the varied temperaments given into her charge? No, a thousand times, no!

The average American-born child is quick to grasp ideas. Intellectually it is at a premium; physically, perhaps at par, but morally it is at a discount. As before stated, it is lacking in respect for law and parental authority; in obedience; in veneration, and we might add, in regard for the rights of others.

Can we not as a nation turn the quick-wittedness of our children into a course that will make the rising generation more law-abiding, courteous, respectful and mindful of the rights of others? We can, but only with the constant help of the mother.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

ODD

There ain't a room in all the house
  Ez in'restin' to me
Ez is the kitchen—that's the place
  A feller mustn't be!

There ain't a day in all the week,
  A hull one, when a kid
Cu'd play, like Sunday—that's the day
  Yer'd ketch it if yer did!

And hev yer noticed now, I ask,
  How things is never half
So roarin' splittin' funny'z when
  Yer where yer dassn't laugh?

And did yer ever hear 'em tell
  They'd had so big a blow,
Such all unheard of larkin'ez
  The time yer didn't go?

CATHERINE YOUNG GLEN.

Max and the Wonder Flower

BY JULIA D. FRY.

Long before the great King Charlemagne ruled over Germany and France, the mountain forests that border the Rhine were peopled by gnomes and dwarfs, witches and fairies, some of whom were very mischievous and could never be trusted, while others did kind deeds for the people.

They all were under the control of a fairy king, who lived in the deepest recesses of the mountains, and whose palace was so vast that it reached even under the river. On moonlight nights the fairies could be seen playing in the clear waters, sometimes enticing the fishers to their death, by showing them gold and jewels; for the poor, simple fishermen would dive down into the water and would never be seen again. But then there were good fairies among the mountains, and these gave presents to persons whom they thought deserving of rich gifts, for the mountains were filled with treasures of gold, silver and precious jewels; and my story is about a little boy who was rewarded by these good fairies.

He was only a poor little shepherd boy and tended the flocks of a rich baron whose castle stood high upon a rock that looked down over the valley where the little boy lived. His father was dead, and he was the only help of his mother, and two little sisters, Roschen and Elsie. They owned a little cottage, a goat, and a small bit of ground which Max, for that was the boy's name, tilled in the evening, after the sheep were all safely penned for the night.

He was always cheerful and kind to all. He loved the beautiful river that flowed along so peacefully, and the vine terraces where grew the purple grapes. The dark forests, that seemed so still, filled his heart with reverence and wonder toward the great God who had made such a lovely world.

Max longed to know how to read, so as to learn more about it all, and yet he worked on, early and late, and enjoyed even the air, and the flowers; and the butterflies, as they flew by him, made him glad that he was alive and well.

But there came a day of sadness for poor little Max, in the winter time, for his mother was taken very ill, and the old nurse of the village, who took care of her, said she must die unless an herb could be procured that grew in the mountains, and these were now covered with snow, beneath which the herb lay buried. But Max did not despair; he started forth, with his snowshoes and a stout stick, to climb the mountains and find the herb that should cure his sick mother.

It was cold and the wind blew drearily through the trees; still he tramped on boldly, until at last he stood on the summit of the mountain. The snow lay around like a soft white blanket, covering all the herbs, ferns and flowers, keeping them warm and tucked out of sight, until the spring time. It was not very deep, and Max, with a little spade he had brought along, pushed it aside, and there was the brown earth beneath. Yet in that spot there was no herb, but before his eyes there grew a beautiful strange flower, whiter than snow, its heart like a breath from the garden of heaven. Max gazed with longing upon its beauty, and his first thought was to pluck it, and to take it home that they all might see the loveliness, but his second thought was, "Oh, no; I must first find the herb to cure Mother, and then I can come here again for this flower with which to gladden her eyes." So, with a parting look, he went farther on his search, found the herb, and with it safely in his pocket, came back to the spot where he had left the lovely flower.

Alas, it had disappeared! But while the tears filled his eyes, the mountain where he stood opened wide, like a door, a dazzling fairy figure appeared, and a silvery voice said:

"Enter, little Max, for thou didst first thy duty, Take what thou wilt of the treasures before thee, The wonder-flower that thou hast seen, thou canst not take with thee. It blooms but once in a thousand years and can only be seen by the pure of heart, Take of the gold and diamonds, love thy mother ever as now, aim to be a good man, and keep thy heart pure, that thou mayest again see the flower in the gardens of heaven, where a thousand years are but as a day."

And the fairy vanished, but around in a great marble hall shone diamonds and rubies, and bright bars of gold, before the eyes of the bewildered Max. A little brown dwarf who seemed to be a guard over the treasures, gave him a sack, and motioned him to fill it, and even helped him, saying never a word. When it was filled, it was so heavy that Max wondered how he could ever carry it home; but while he hesitated the dwarf threw it over his shoulder, and beckoning Max to follow, crept out of the door, and as Max followed the mountain closed behind them, and the snow lay over it as before.

It would all have seemed a dream, only that there stood a dwarf, with his pointed little cap, and strange face, with eyes like a squirrel. Not a word did he speak, but he trotted on down the mountain, and it seemed to Max scarcely an hour before they stood at its foot. There, with a bow, the dwarf set down the sack, and then clambered up the mountain.

Max hastened home as fast as he could, with his heavy treasure, and gave the nurse the herb, hiding the sack under his bed, until his mother should be able to hear of his good fortune.

The herb did its work so well that in a few days his mother was able to sit up, and then Max, with his hand in hers, and his little sisters standing by him, told her all.

She clasped her hands and said:

"My sweet child, the dear God has been very good to thee. Thou hast seen the wonder-flower, that first blossomed when Christ was born, and that no one but an innocent child may see. Keep its beauty always in mind, else the treasures it brought will give thee no happiness. Let us thank the great God of heaven for His love to thee, a poor little shepherd-boy, to whom He has shown the wonder-flower, which even the king himself may not see!"

And it was in this strange manner that Max's wish was at last granted; for with his treasure to help him, he now could go to school, and learn all about the great world outside of his little Rhine valley. He lived to be an honored and learned man, always doing good to others; and with all his wisdom he was as unassuming as a child.

RIDDLE BOX

Answers to riddles in the May number:

Heads and Tails—1, cart; 2, clamp; 3, ebony.

Diamond—1, C; 2 car; 3, caper; 4 Captain; 5, realm; 6, rim; 7 n.

Cross Word Enigma—Flag.

Charade—Manage.

HEADS AND TAILS.

1—Behead me and I am to authors dear;
Curtail me I may be gained it is very clear;
Complete I do connive, it will appear.

2—Behead me and an angry passion find;
Curtail me, I am a tree oft tossed by wind;
Complete, I'm terrible but also kind.

3—Behead, and I'm a solemn looking bird;
Curtail, you'll find me grazing with a herd;
Complete, in convents it is a common word.

BON TON.

PHONETIC SPELLING LESSON.

1 To try; 2, not difficult; 3, to covet; 4, a river in Asia; 5, set in order. (Combine two letters of the alphabet in such a way that when spoken they form a word.) Example: A girl's name, answer K T (Katy).

E. C. M.

EASY CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in January, my second in October, my third in April, my fourth is in June, my fifth is in November, my sixth is in February, my seventh is in August, my eighth is in September, my ninth is in March. My whole is the name of a patriotic maiden who was put to a cruel death.

M. C. D.

RIDDLE.

A troop of tiny soldiers brave,
  All ready for the fary;
In shiny yellow uniforms,
  And orderly array.

But now they scatter for the flight,
  Which hot and hotter grows:
Oh, how they snap their little guns!
  And dance upon their toes!

The battle o'er, but where are gone
  The little soldiers bold?
You'll see them wearing robes of white
  And shining crowns of gold.

MYRTLE WILKINS.

THE TRAIN AT 4:04.

"Four tickets I'll take, have you any?"
"There's a train at 4:04," said Miss Jenny,
Said the man at the door,
"No four for 4:04,
For four for 4:04 is too many."

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A boy bathing in a river was in danger of being drowned. He called out to a traveler, passing by, for help. The traveler, instead of holding out a helping hand, stood by unconcernedly and scolded the boy for his imprudence. "Oh, sir!" cried the youth, "pray help me now and scold me afterwards." Counsel without help is useless.

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ECONOMY OF THE HOUSEHOLD

BY OTTILIA WILLIS

Emerson indeed spoke truth when he said: "A creative economy is the fuel of magnificence. Without it the world would scarcely know the millionaire."

The economy of the household depends largely, in fact, principally upon the wise management of the wife. She rules supreme in her small domain and by her example weaves an inevitable influence around her subjects, of whom her husband is her most impressionable follower, as well as her strongest ally.

Management is the corner-stone of economy, and if the wife is lacking in it, the bank account stands a poor chance of increase. It requires no great ability to earn a dollar, but it certainly requires ability to keep it, or to render it as effectual to one's purpose as possible.

The secret of the great fortunes of our country lies not in the making of them, but in the process of making.

What a step toward the betterment of the condition of mankind were it, to require every couple contemplating marriage, to pass an examination in the economy and management of a family! I fear the per cent. of applicants of both sexes would be appallingly small, and I am certain the matrimonial bureaus would become bankrupt in a single day.

It is interesting to note the different standards of economy among the many nationalities represented in our State. The more enlightened North-European bases his economy on the thrifty management of expenditure for food, clothing and daily comforts to gratify his intellect; whereas the South-European and the Oriental in general economise on intellectual pursuits to meet the requirements of their love of display.

The economical household spares expense according to its circumstances and wastes nothing!

Blessed indeed is the woman who can make a wisely bought garment serve her brood in downward succession until its very identity is lost in the varying touches given it to make it suitable for each new aspirant. I say a wisely bought garment because it is the man or woman of moderate means, who can least afford to buy cheap clothing.

And blessed is she also, who from "scraps" gathered from her pantry can put together a meal that would defy the criticism of an epicure. There are such wives and mothers, but our country needs to multiply them.

It is a notable fact that, comparatively, greater economy is practiced by the wealthier classes than by those who really need to practice it. Watch the markets of any city in early spring and notice which classes in general patronise the early vegetables and fruits.

It is the laboring classes, and not the families of independent means. The latter did not accumulate their riches by thriftlessness and extravagance—and habit is strong.

A wealthy woman desiring to give her washer-woman's family a treat the past spring, purchased for them one morning two boxes of strawberries at fifty cents a box, and gave them to the small son who regularly called for the clothes. She handed the baskets to the boy, saying: "Here's something Johnny, you haven't had yet this spring," when the latter answered triumphantly: "Law, maw bought us four baskets of 'em two weeks ago!"

The following is told of one of our San Francisco millionaires, and forms a strong background for the washer-woman's idea of living. On one of his visits into the foot-hills to look after some business interests, he was accompanied by his young grandson, and with the latter spent two weeks in the home of the ranch superintendent, a man of comfortable means. At the outset of the first meal the attending Japanese spread the young heir's bread with butter and jelly, whereupon the grandfather promptly ordered the jelly scraped off and saved for another slice, exclaiming: "If he is hungry, one spread will taste good to him and if not, both spreads will only be wasted."

I once knew a Colorado woman whose economy ran along the same line as that of the millionaire. She never permitted cream gravies served with meats at her tables, when the vegetables of the meal required sauce or gravey of any kind. She too, was a person of no small means.

The majority of us abhor such economy and readily cast our sympathies with the views that recently permitted an eastern girl to be frightened out of her engagement, because the young man of her choice, dilating upon the thriftiness of his people, remarked one day that an aunt of his had made one paper of pins last her fifteen years. The young woman failed to appreciate the many points of such economy and feared to enter a family that practiced it.

Not many of our American girls would think it possible to entertain two college chums and an epicurean uncle on a sixty-cent dinner, and to entertain them right royally, at that. Yet this was done recently by a Philadelphia girl who is being educated in this State by a well-to-do bachelor uncle.

Before her last spring vacation she received the following invitation, which, as many before, she eagerly accepted: "Come and spend your vacation with Uncle Joe in the country, and show him how you can run a house. The Chinaman has begged for a week's leave of absence, so we'll have a gay time."

It was during this visit that she was called upon unexpectedly to entertain two college chums to dinner.

It happened that her uncle had gone to San Francisco on that particular day and would not return until half past six in the evening. She knew that he would be glad to find her friends with her when he returned, but a certain pride and a deep appreciation of all he was doing for her made her hesitate to entertain them at his expense without his previous knowledge of her doing so.

Yet, what was she to do? She had but sixty cents in her purse—not as much as Uncle Jack usually paid for his porterhouse steaks.

However she decided to make her sixty cents go as far as possible and started off for the nearest provision store. This is what she bought: Twenty cents worth of lamb chops (four chops); five cents worth each, of carrots, potatoes, lettuce and celery; a half dozen eggs for ten cents, and a can of shrimps for ten cents.

From this store she prepared a meal that would have pleased any normal palate. Coffee, milk and "trimmings" as a matter of course she used from the pantry.

She prepared her dessert first, in order that it might be sufficiently cool by meal time. For this she beat together the yolks of three eggs, one fourth cup of sugar and two small tablespoonfuls of corn starch—the last first mixed with a little milk to keep it from forming in lumps—and poured the mixture slowly into a quart of boiling milk, stirring constantly for about five minutes. Before removing it from the fire she flavored it with lemon. When the mixture was nearly cool, she distributed the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, in rounded tablespoonfuls over the surface of the pudding, being careful to preserve the snowy whiteness of the froth by not dipping it too deep into the pudding.

Carrots were the vegetables chosen, because they would serve her for two courses. After she had scraped and washed them carefully, she put them into a boiler with about six cupfuls of water, and let them slowly cook on the back of the stove, while she made her salad. The latter she made in the usual manner, by chopping up a sufficient quantity of shrimps, celery and lettuce, mixing it with an oil and egg dressing and serving it on lettuce leaves. The remaining lettuce she seasoned with pepper, salt and a little vinegar, and garnished it with two hard boiled eggs cut into thin slices.

The potatoes she French-fried.

When the carrots were thoroughly cooked, she removed four cupfuls of the carrot water and put it into a separate granite ware and put it into a separate granite dish. To this broth she added a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a good portion of salt and some pepper. This was her soup—bouillon sans stock she termed it. Those who have never tasted carrot soup still have a treat in store for them. Served with crackers or a bit of toasted bread, it is delicious.

For the carrots themselves she prepared a dressing of butter, cream, pepper and salt, and added just enough of the carrot water to moisten them well.

The crowning part of the meal was a plate of good old-fashioned baking powder biscuits that would have done credit to any southern Aunt Dinah.

When our young friend's table was laid, and she made her final trip to the kitchen to review her menu and to add a finishing touch or two before summoning her friends to the dining room, she mused complacently: "Not a fashionable meal by any means, but I'll warrant it's as good as anybody could get up for sixty cents!"

EMILY NOBLE.

The New Thought

IN ITS RELATION TO

Health and Beauty

BY DR. EMILY NOBLE,

(Recently Returned from India)

Questions invited along the lines of health culture, but diseases will not be recognized or prescribed for in this department.

The Upbuilding of the Human Body

'THE CITY OF NINE GATES."

"Not mean nor base,
But of heaven's best upbuilding is this house,
Fashioned for man:
The City of Nine Gates—
Wonderful, subtle, sacred—to be kept
Fair and well garnished;
Graced with ornament.
Outside and in, and wardened worthily,
That, in its ordered precincts, angel's wings,
May float and fold, and body help the soul
As soul helps body."—
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Although in school days our studies in physiology gives us a fair idea of the wonderful construction of the human body, yet as we grow older, how comparatively few of us remember anything very definite with regard to the upbuilding of its most vital functions? And how very few of us, even though near the noon-tide of life, realize how to best keep these temples of the passing soul, a fit habitation for its temporary sojourn in this mundane sphere.

In Hindu literature man is often spoken of as a microcosm of the universe, a repetition in miniature of 'that which exists."

In India people are taught the three fold importance of existence; soul, mind, and body. The higher or real self soul; the body, its instrument, or servant; the mind, the connecting link. And surely it is well, for people of all nations to realize that their souls and bodies are separate entities, and so use the body, that it will in nowise hinder or obscure the growth of the soul.

Tennyson once spoke of the human body "as a little city of sewers—with all its wants and needs no greater than the beast"—and in the case of a diseased body the similie is not unjust. We are undoubtedly—(except in cases of heredity)—largely responsible for the state of our bodies—appetites and desires gain the ascendancy, and body rules the soul and hinders its development; for how can a soul be a luminous center if dwarfed by a body racked with pain? Let us learn to treat our bodies as separate entities, and see to it, that the great river of life, the circulation, is kept properly oxygenized and energized by the action of the lungs—which some of us only half use—and then we only half live. Let us see to it that the channels and by-ways of the living stream is kept free from the accumulations of decayed debris. Let us remember often—that the great designer supplied our bodies with a more perfect and intricate system of irrigation, drainage and sewerage, than man has ever dreamt of—by which nature intended the waste products of the system should be carried off—but which, through ignorance, or neglect, are allowed to accumulate in the system, and prove a fertile source of disease.

Let us teach our children to realize that through a healthy pair of lungs thrre should pass every day about 400 cubic feet of air, that the stream of life carrying its myriads of red and white corpuscles should move at the rate of about seven miles an hour, and that it depends on the action of the lungs for oxygen for its purification.

The body is constantly throwing off its waste products, and at least thirty-four per cent passes off by the lungs. It was not until the discovery and perfected use of the microscope, (since 1830), that our scientists have been able to understand the exact method of the upbuilding of the human body.

The microscope proves that the body is composed of millions of smaller bodies, consisting of myriads of cells in constant activity, always creating or destroying each cell, seeming to have an individuality and a function all its own. Not all of which are even yet understood, but science has proved beyond all question of doubt, that the life of each cell is very short, and that human life is carried on through the constant reconstruction of healthy cells. Time is not far distant, when right living and thinking will enable this cellular construction to constantly improve instead of deteriorate; and who knows? Edison's prophecy may soon be realized and men will discover the germ of old age, and destroy it. Self control exercises a vast influence over the cell-building of the daily and hourly reconstruction of the human body, well directed energy generates wonderful vitality, and every single thought and emotion carries with it a chemical affinity or change in the system, either beneficial or detrimental.

Disease and old age is typical of decay, and both conditions can only be made bearable or attractive by self-control and cheerfulness. It rests with us to replace in our selves or our friends cheerful suggestions instead of depressing ones.

It means very much to a sick man, whether his friends say "you look better todny," or "poor fellow, you don't look as well as you did."

It may not be possible to cure melancholy, but we can always divert it in ourselves or others. Envy, anger, grief, blues, worry, all poison the blood, delays and impairs digestion—and destroys more nerve force and cell building in a day than can be rebuilt in a week.

There's a big difference between mere feelings and emotions; the feeling of pride, anger, remorse, etc.—imprisons our soul, but emotion of the right kind sets it free to soar into boundless space and for a while feel itself a part of the infinite, and gives renewed hope, joy, courage, content, adoration and sympathy, and shuts out the lower self.

One of the earliest of the Hindu teachers has said: "Serene contentment is God's golden gift, have thou that and all is had." And also that "the greatest manifestation of power is to be calm. Thoughts may be rippling waves, but when disturbed and uncontrolled, may become tempests and whirlpools." Thought waves move in circles, and there is an old saying in England that "curses come home to roost." It is equally true that good thoughts come back to us, and that our thoughts are constantly building our own environment, and attracting or repelling the good or the bad.

I want my readers to learn the law of the attraction of harmonic vibration, and make it a part of their daily lives and first of all to get "a sound mind in a sound body." Study along the lines of new thought is very helpful towards the better upbuilding of the human body, but mere reiteration of "I can" and "I will" is not all. Greater attention is claimed for right breathing, exercising, dieting, sleeping, and above all, self-control. One must realize, and not merely reiterate, any assertion. When we realize we possess a power, we shall better understand how to use it.

"God sleeps in the mineral.
Breathes in the vegetable.
Moves in the animal,
And wakes in the man."

And the sooner we realize the God in us, the sooner we can harmonize our environment and get the best out of it for our neighbors as well as ourselves.

Soon I will offer my readers some instruction for nerve energizing, such as I have learned in India. All real knowledge is based upon experience, and I shall only speak of what I have proved to be truth. Nerve waste is largely under self-control, and so also are the ordinary ailments of the body. Humboldt said: "There will come a time when diseased man will be looked upon with the same abhorrence as a thief or a liar, and when it will be understood, disease is as much subjected to the mind as any other habit.

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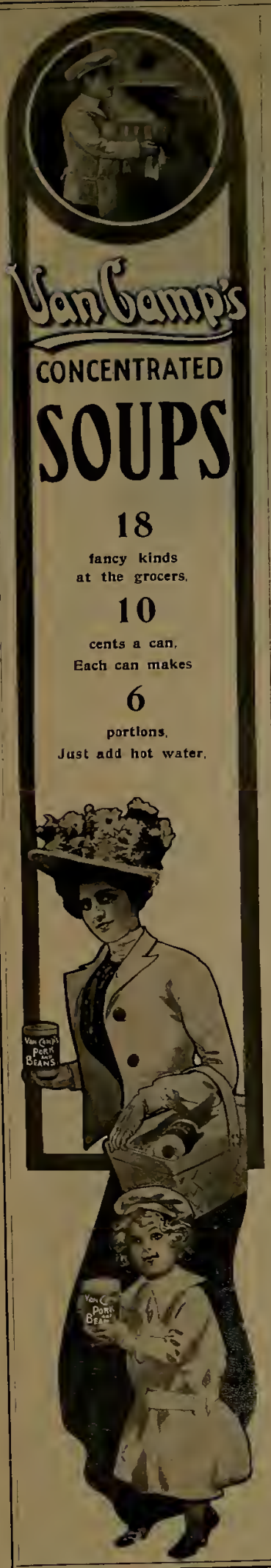

In spite of all that is said of the modern girl and her frivolity, she is not such an idle person after all, witness the number of cooking schools, and the private classes for instruction in cooking. Call it a fad if you will, but it is a very practical fad, for once learn the principles of cooking, you will not forget them, and at least you will be able to see that your meals are properly prepared and served.

A few words of advice to young cooks or new housekeepers may not be amiss.—One of my rules is—"Never stand when you can do your work as well sitting." I learned that long ago from "Marion Harland,"— and it has been an invaluable help to me, for oftentimes the fear of fatigue will deter one from trying some favorite dish, whereas if you feel you can sit down to it the labor is but half.

Another rule is—If I have a dish to make from a recipe I carefully read the recipe, or if I am making it "out of my head"—I think it out.—Then I get all the materials together, be sure all even to the spoons to measure with. You will be astonished if you follow this rule how many steps you will later save yourself, but more important still you will keep yourself from getting well "flustrated" as we say at home. And "flustrated" means flushed and excited, and tired before half the work is done. Next—if you are boiling water—have it boiling mad—if you are using cold water have it cold as possible, have your fire a good, hot fire; if you are beating eggs see they are well beaten. If you are sifting flour, sift it two or three times, if the recipe says a teaspoonful see that it is a teaspoonful, neither more nor less. All these little things seem trifles—but remember that it is "trifles that make up the sum of existence," and in the end attention to the trifles is what pays.

Another thing I would recommend to the naturally perplexed young housekeeper, is, buy all the labor saving machines you can, and at present they are all so cheap they come within the reach of all.—Have a potato peeler, an apple corer, an egg beater, a good sifter, biscuit cutters, molds, rice kettles, slicers, dish mops, strainers, in fact any and everything that will help you to do your work neatly, and with as little hurt to your hands as possible. Go to some good shop and examine all the things, say—"What is this for, and what that?" they will explain to you and you will be astonished to know how much you can be saved.

Next month we will have a further chat about the care taking of these things.

A green pea omelet is a most delicious luncheon dish. Drain a cupful of cold peas almost dry; mash with the back of a spoon and season. When your omelet is ready to dish spread the peas over one half, fold the other over and take up on a hot platter.

Real mushroom lovers will like plain escalloped mushrooms without foreign seasoning, which hide the mushrooms' flavor.

Belgian Hare—Cut up the hare and soak in filtered water for one hour and a half, wipe dry, and roll in flour, and brown in butter. Put one hare boil an onion in two cups of water, and pour this water on the hare and simmer an hour and a half. Add half a pint of cream before serving; pepper and salt to taste.

Sausage Omelet—One half pound sausages; prick each with a fork; fry slowly; pour off fat as it comes off; take two when done and chop quickly, drawing pan to one side of fire; break four eggs into a bowl; add two tablespoons of warm water; mix with a fork and season with salt; heat another pan very hot, melt in it in one-half teaspoonful of butter and pour in eggs. When eggs begin to thicken allow them to set; when set, but still soft in center, lay in chopped sausage; roll and turn out on platter; garnish with whole sausage.

Cucumber Pickles—Get small cucumbers as nearly one size as possible; soak them for one week in a brine that will float a small potato; then put them for one day, in clear cold water, after put some cabbage leaves, or better grape leaves, in the bottom of your jar or earthen pot, then a layer of the pickles; sprinkle a little powdered alum over them, then another layer of leaves, then pickles, alum, etc., until the jar is full; boil in enough vinegar to cover them, and they will be still nicer if you add all-spice and whole pepper to the vinegar while boiling; pour the vinegar while boiling over the pickles and cover at once. Next morning pour off the vinegar from the pickles and boil again, adding a little more vinegar if necessary. Repeat this process next day; leave for a week before eating.

Orange Marmalade—Boil nine oranges and seven lemons in water two or three hours; draw off water and open oranges and lemons, taking out the seeds, and retaining all the pulp and juice possible. Cut the rind in small strips; weigh it all when it is done, then put three pounds of sugar to two of the pulp, and boil slowly until clear.

Fig Pudding—One pound suet chopped fine, one-quarter pound bread crumbs, one-quarter pound sugar; two pounds smyrna figs chopped fine; four eggs, one cup milk; one cup brandy; two tablespoonfuls flour, a little nutmeg; one teaspoonful yeast powder. Steam four hours in a mold. Serve with hard sauce, flavored with brandy or vanilla.

Green Tomato Pickles—Slice tomatoes into a jar and sprinkle salt over each layer; let them stand for twenty-four hours and drain off liquor. For a peck of tomatoes add a teaspoonful each of ground ginger, allspice, cinnamon, cloves, mace, scraped horse-radish, three large red peppers; three large onions, and a cup of brown sugar; cover all with vinegar and boil slowly three hours.

Recipies by Mrs. Armstrong

Meat Glaze for cold meats is much better with a little Kitchen Bouquet.

Bouillon—To one quart of Bouillon add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet. It will greatly improve both taste and appearance.

Bean Soup—(As well as Meat or Vegetable Soups), is rendered more savory by adding a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet to each quart of soup.

Jellied Veal becomes Marbled Veal, if Kitchen Bouquet be mixed with alternate layers of the preparation as it is moulded.

Brown Sauce—Melt two tablespoons of flour to same quantity of butter (or fat in pan from roast or broiled meats) and thinning with a cup and a half of stock or water. This makes a light colored sauce; but half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet gives a rich and most appetizing color and flavor.

Mushroom Sauce—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and add a slice of onion. Cook this slowly five minutes, remove the onion and add a cup of sliced or chopped musnroom (removing stems and skin from fresh ones). Cover closely and simmer ten or fifteen minutes. Then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant pint of stock or hot water, and season with salt, pepper and Kitchen Bouquet. This is excellent for either broiled steak or a filet of beef.

Recipies by Mrs. Armstrong

Aspic Jelly may be made more attractive and palatable by adding Kitchen Bouquet before it becomes jellied.

Tomato Sauce—This may be made similar to mushroom sauce, using strained tomato instead of stock, and a high seasoning of mace, bay-leaf peppercorns and a couple of cloves instead of the mushroom. Strain before serving and add half a teaspoonful of Kitchen Bouquet.

Meat Timbales are most savory if a little Kitchen Bouquet be added to the other ingredients.

Dressing, for birds and game, has a richer color and flavor when Kitchen Bouquet is one of the seasonings.

Creamed Chicken takes a golden hue if a little Kitchen Bouquet is mixed with the yolk of egg and added just at serving time.

Ragout of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Casserole of Meat, also braized beef and calf's liver, should be seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Hashed Brown Potatoes become exceedingly appetizing when seasoned with Kitchen Bouquet.

Salad Dressing, either the French or cooked form, receives an indescribable and most agreeable flavor by addition of Kitchen Bouquet. It is particularly good for tomato salad.

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To my youthful imagination two houses in Deddington had seemed conspicuous above all others for their magnificence. One was known as "Myrtle House," though there were no myrtles near it, and was the residence of Miss Bellamy, a maiden lady of fifty. It was the largest house in the town— a square stone building with a porch and pillars of polished marble. The other house was the home of my uncle, and was referred to simply as "Lawyer Enoch's, in Broad Street."

Externally the most remarkable thing about it was that the front door was approached by a series of steps— quite a long flight it seemed to me— with a hand-rail beside them for safety. And as my uncle himself happened to be—or seemed to be— the tallest man whom I had ever, up to that time, seen going about loose, I imagined the steps had been put up there to assist the advantages which nature had given him in getting a good view of the surrounding country.

My recollection of the place received a severe shock when I returned to it after a long absence. The church did not look so palpably a cathedral as I used to think. Broad street belied its name, and looked, in fact, quite narrow. Passing Myrtle house, I happened to strike my stick against one of the polished marble pillars. The ring was unmistakably wooden, and, indeed, the paint sadly wanted renewing. When I reached my uncle's house it was no longer a surprise to me to find only four steps to the door instead of forty or fifty, and to find in him, instead of the very tallest man, a man who had never been very much above the average height, and who now, at seventy-two, stooped a little with years, and more with the weight of troubles that had been laid upon him.

The occasion of this visit to Deddington was a sad one. My uncle, in the long practice of his profession, made a good deal of money. He gave very generously to the poor, not only through public institutions but by many a secret charity where his right hand knew not of his left hand's bounty. Many a Christmas board smoked appetizingly, which but for his open hand, would have been bare. Many a grate on a winter's night burned with a ruddy glow, which, but for him would have been black and cold. Beyond this, he spent liberally upon his house and daughter. His house was noted far away for the taste and elegance of its equipments. From attic to cellar it was his pride to have everything as complete and as good as money could make it.

"You will have quite enough, my girl, when I have spent all I can in this way," he would say to Ada, his only daughter, "to make the men run after you."

As for Ada herself, his trouble was that money was not able to buy anything quite good enough for her. Her little phaeton and her pair of grays was the prettiest turn-out in the town; but it was not nearly good enough, he thought. So of her jewelry, her dresses her piano; her wonderful Pomeranian, Nelly, which took the first prize at the dog show year by year, as a matter of course; all these were good, were indeed of the very best, but were not half good enough, he said.

Of all his children only Ada was left; and so Ada was the light of his life—in whom and for whom alone he any longer cared to live.

She herself declared she had given up all hope of the men ever running after her, and already regarded herself as the legitimate successor of Miss Bellamy in the honors of old maidenhood in Deddington. "Twenty-five already, papa, and not yet engaged," she used to say; "I'm afraid I'm a bad lot. I shall go and ask Miss Bellamy what is the best thing for rheumatism at my time of life, and see if she can exchange my Nellie for a well-conducted, respectable cat." Or if Miss Bellamy happened to drive past at such a time, she would make, a great pretense of beckoning to her from the windows, with a view to stopping her and asking her these questions.

In these demonstrations against Miss Bellamy, her papa, she noticed, never joined, but, indeed, always deprecated them, and seemed to have a singular respect and deference for that lady which was unaccountable, seeing that they never, under any circumstances, visited each other and, to Ada's knowledge, had not even spoken to each other for many years.

"Old maid, indeed," he would reply, "I never feel sure until you come in to breakfast, that you have not eloped in the night."

And, of course, Ada, though not engaged had not reached twenty-five without having had a chance to be so. The simple fact was that she would not leave her father, and was cold to all advances, and that as he seemed to find all his happiness in her, she was content to devote herself wholly to him.

This was the state of affairs when my uncle was utterly ruined by the failure of a bank. My uncle surrendered everything he possessed to the creditors, and saw himself utterly bankrupt in all but his integrity. My visit to Deddington was to be present at the sale of all his household effects, and to buy in again at the auction for his use and Ada's such things as I could not see taken from them so long as it was in my poor power to prevent it. But, unhappily, it was but little I could do, my means being much more limited than my good-will.

It was Ada who opened the door for me. She was cheerful and resigned to her altered lot, thinking only of her father, as he seemed to think only of her.

She had plans of her own, chief of which was that plan of all well-educated needy ladies—to take the situation of a governess. As for her father, she knew not, and he knew not, what was to be done; but they did not doubt to be done; but they did not doubt that some friendly door would open to him, and she had accepted the invitation of a friend to stay a few weeks with her; and thus the two were to be parted for almost the first time in her life. I think the prospect of their separation pained them more that night than the loss of all their possessions. They sat all the evening clasped in each other's arms. And she pillowed his head upon her breast, as he had so often pillowed hers.

She took me through the rooms, and a very dreary round it was. The stair carpets were all up, and so were the bedroom carpets. The boards were marked by dirty feet, for the household furniture and effects had been on view all day. Townsfolk who had never crossed the threshold before had been through every room in the house, save one.

Brokers had sounded all the chairs and tables and bedsteads. Everything was ticketed and numbered for the sale on the morrow. Lot 370 was Nelly and lot 421 was Ada's piano. These things I marked for my own. Lots 500 to 574, inclusive, were my uncle's books done up in bundles of about half a dozen, irrespective of subject. I looked through these, and noted a few parcels which contained his favorite authors. I noted the numbers of some choice pieces of furniture, and then we returned to the little room where my uncle sat looking into the fire. He and Ada had sat there all day, keeping the door locked, while the tramp of footsteps went on outside.

We did not sit long, however, before my uncle went off, in low spirits enough, to his bed. But Ada and I sat later, side by side ton a favorite little couch ticketed Lot 430), and there we had a conversation we are not likely soon to forget. Indeed, we sat and talked so long that it was morning before I went off to my resting place, which she told me I should find in Lot 127.

At breakfast next morning, we none of us looked refreshed. And when the townsfolk began to come in for a final view, it cost us some little effort to rouse ourselves into decent spirits. Ada went to a neighbor's to be out of the sound of the auctioneer's hammer. My uncle, however, put on a cheerful, brave face, stayed at home, and went, stick in hand from room to room, and told the real value of this piece of furniture and that to his friends, who wished to purchase, and won good will and sympathy in his misfortune, as he had won respect and esteem in his prosperity.

Among others came in old Miss Bellamy. My uncle saw her coming up the stairs, and drew me back into a bedroom until she passed, and so kept out of her sight till she had gone from room to room, slowly all through the house, and left it again.

After she came, in a little while, two respectable-looking men, strangers in the town, and then, having also gone the round of the house, note-book in hand, chose for themselves seats in front, near the auctioneer's desk, and, the hour of sale being close at hand, made it very clear that they had come

"And every article was numbered."

with the intention of doing business.

Strange, how elastic is the spirit under trouble. As the sale went on, and my uncle saw first one favorite piece of furniture and then another fall under the hammer, his spirits rose, and he became cheerful and lively. He chuckled and rubbed his hands when things went for more than he had given for them, although it put no penny in his pocket. He took it as a high personal compliment that the two strangers should have come down to Deddington.

"There is not another house in town that they would have come to," he said. And when he found that nearly everything was being knocked down to them or to other strangers, he began to think the fame of his good taste must have spread very widely.

In fact, the townfolk got hardly anything. It soon became apparent that the strangers meant to have it all their own way, and when, once or twice, a townsman, having set his mind on some particular article, was allowed to get it, only after it had been run up to about double its value, townsfolk became very shy of bidding. Had it not been that there were two or three sets of these foreign brokers, the front-seat couple would have had all at their own price. Indeed, as it was, the prices of the early part of the sale were not maintained. For the strangers played into each other's hands after awhile, and sparing each other's purses.

It was some little surprise to me that none of them bid against me for the few lots I had marked, and that they all fell to me at less than half their value.

Hopkins, the butler, who had lived with my uncle for forty years, made two or three bids for one lot and got it, that lot being the brass door plate with my uncle's name on it. He did not bid for anything else but wrapped this up carefully with its screws, and went away with it.

"You'll never make any money of that bargain, Hopkins," said my uncle, but no one else joked the old man upon his purchase.

It was a two-days' sale; and when all was over, it was actually found that nine-tenths of the goods had become the property of some half-dozen strangers, and that these half-dozen strangers had all been acting in concert. They said they would send orders in a day or two for the disposal of their purchases, which, in the meantime, they would be glad if they could leave. "Perhaps my uncle would be willing to consider them at his service until they sent for them," they said.

My uncle thanked them but could not accept such a loan from strangers. He was going, he said, that night to the hotel, and the next day should leave Deddington.

"Take the key, Hopkins," he said, "and leave it at the bank." And Hopkins took it and locked the door.

"Why, what extravagance is this, Hopkins?" he exclaimed again, as he saw a cab waiting for him at the door. "Do you think all this has taken the use of my limbs from me, and that I could not walk a couple of hundred yards?"

"I am not going to have a lot of people staring at you as you walk," said Hopkins.

So we got in—Hopkins outside with the driver.

"Why, he's taking us around by Jackson's lane," said my uncle, as he pulled down the window, and called to the driver to know where he was going.

"It's all right," said Hopkins; "I've a call to make, if you'll excuse me taking the liberty."

"Confound his impudence," said my uncle, "driving me about to make his calls!"

Now, Jackson's lane is just outside the town, and has a few semi-detached houses in it, each with a neat little bit of garden in front.

We stopped in a minute at one of the prettiest of these, and Hopkins jumped down and opened the door of the cab and the gate of the garden.

"Please step in, sir, for only one minute," said Hopkins, with an air of great embarrassment, such as I might have imagined him to assume in case of his being detected stealing spoons. "Please to step in, sir, and excuse the liberty."

And at that moment the house door opened, and out stepped Mrs. Burnett, my uncle's cook, and stood at the end of the little gravel walk, courtesying and blushing violently.

"Why, Mrs. Burnett, what in the name of goodness do you and Hopkins mean?" asked my uncle.

"Not Burnett any longer," Hopkins broke in. "I was tired seeing her crying in the kitchen this morning; so, as I happened to have a marriage license in my pocket, we walked as far as the church while the sale was on and she came out Mrs. Hopkins."

"It's the most sensible thing you ever did in your life," said my uncle; "but I had some thought of asking her myself. And so you've brought me here to wish you joy? Well, God bless you both!"

"It was not exactly that," said Hopkins; "indeed, I could not have taken such a liberty. But I thought, sir, perhaps —I thought that, perhaps, you and Miss Ada—and Kate thought, too—"

"Why, my good Hopkins," said my uncle, what does this mean?" for he had quite broken down, and could say no more.

"We thought, sir," broke in Mrs. Hopkins, "as he says, that as we have lived under the same roof with you and Miss Ada so many years, you would, perhaps, let us live under the same roof with you a little longer, we being too old to make new friends. So Hopkins, he had a chance to get this house, and he has made it as comfortable as he can, and we thought you would perhaps let us live with you here till you find a more fitting place." And the bride as she concluded her speech (which she had not got through without many interruptions), polished the door plate with her apron and my uncle read his own name upon it.

Then he went into the parlor and he buried his face for a minute in his hands. When he lifted it again Hopkins was standing with his bank book in his hands.

"Oh, master," he said, "yours has been such an easy service that to have no one to serve will be harder work. Let us stay with you still. Don't call it staying with us. See here—All we have is yours. We have no other use for it; take it for yourself and Miss Ada—only don't let us part." And he put the bank book on the table, at my uncle's hand.

The old lawyer looked at him steadily for a while before he found words to answer him.

'Hopkins," he said, "I have read of such servants as you and Burnett in books, but I never believed in them."

"And I," said Hopkins, "have read of such masters as ours, and found it easy to believe in them."

"But I can't accept your offer. We will stay with you tonight, however, instead of going to the hotel. There now."

"Yes, yes," chuckled the old butler, 'and longer than tonight, or my name's not Hopkins."

After this we sat a long time without speaking, until a knock came to the door, and in an instant Ada was in her father's arms. Hopkins had sent word to her where she would find him, and Mrs. Hopkins had met her at the door and told her that her bed was prepared for her.

"What does it mean, papa? Hopkins and Burnett here and you?"

"Hopkins and Burnett count as one, my dear, now. They got married this morning. This is their house, and they persist in calling it mine, and they don't want to part with me, but wish just to keep their old situation, they say. That's all."

Then Ada ran out to wish the old couple joy. And they laughed with her a little, and cried with her a good deal, before she came back to us.

And, indeed, I hardly know what emotions were strongest with any of us all the rest of the evening. But I am sure that none of us were "all unhappy."

It might have been perhaps half an hour after we had finished breakfast next morning, while we sat talking over little half-formed plans, when we heard the garden gate creak on its hinges, and Ada, looking out, exclaimed:

"Why, papa, it's Miss Bellamy coming in." And in another instant Hopkins reported that the lady asked leave to see my uncle.

"Show Miss Bellamy in," he said, and we noticed a strange flush on his old worn face.

She had walked down unattended, and it was now so rare a thing to see her walking that I dare say she was hardly known as she passed along the street. She carried a light, silver-headed cane, and leaned on it a little as she came to the chair I placed for her.

"I have been a long time coming to see you, Thomas," she said; "and no doubt you will think I have chosen my time badly at last."

"Never, Fanny," he answered; "late or soon could make no difference in your welcome."

How strange it sounded to us to hear them call each other by their Christian names. Ada and I tried which of us could open our eyes the widest.

"I am so sorry," she said.

"Yes, for this little one," laying his hand on Ada's head; "we must all be sorry for her."

"And for you, too."

"Oh, as for me, what matter whether my money be taken from me now, or I from it, in a year or two?"

"Thomas," she said, "you must stay with us the year or two."

"Stay where?" he asked.

"In your own old house—where else? See here—it was for me that stranger bought your house and grounds a fortnight ago. These are the papers making them mine. Take them."

He rose from his chair and held out his hand as if begging her to forbear; he shook his head but did not speak.

She went on: "It was for me that those brokers bought all in your house at the sale. See, here is the receipt from the auctioneer. Take them."

Then he took both her hands and bowed his stiff old back and kissed them tenderly, as a young lover kisses those of his love. But he shook his head and said, tremulously: "It cannot be, Fanny; it cannot be."

'But hear me out," she said; "I have not done yet. You say it cannot be, because you think I want to make a useless gift. And I know as well as you do that a big house would be worse than useless to you, left as they say you are. But, Thomas, I came to say something more." Then we noticed that the old lady hesitated and looked at us, and seemed for an instant embarassed. Ada beckoned to me and said: "We will walk in the garden a minute, papa."

But Miss Bellamy with an effort recovered herself, and said: 'No, no; why should I care to speak before you children? for you are but children. Stay with us, and hear all I have to say to your papa. Thomas, I have reconsidered my answer to you. I have taken a long time to consider it; but you will have the less doubt of my knowing my own mind now. Do you remember what it was you came and said to me fifty years ago?"

'As if it were yesterday."

"Let me see, then, if I have remembered it, too, for it has seemed to me for years as only a dream. I will tell you what it is that I dreamt did really happen, and you shall stop me when my dream seems false. I dreamed of myself as a young girl of twenty, whom every one knew to be an heiress, whom some few thought to be beautiful" (my uncle nodded gently), "and whom Thomas Enoch mistakenly thought to have a heart, and be good and worthy to be loved."

"Not mistakenly," my uncle whispered."

"I dream of Thomas Enoch as a young man who had his way to make in the world, and who, although only two and twenty, already gave signs of making it.

"I dream that he—that is, you—came to me once and told me a story of first love; that I put him off with an uncertain answer, not knowing my own mind, and being foolish and heartless" —(my uncle shook his head); "that at last I sent him to my father, knowing well what answer he would get; that my father, a rich man, rejected peremptorily the suit of the young lawyer, and made it impossible for him to revisit our house.

"I dream that in a little while he forgot me."

"Never!" exclaimed my uncle.

'At any rate, that when my father soon died, when I was left my own mistress, and mistress of all my father's wealth, Thomas Enoch never gave me a second chance of becoming his; that, though I came to know my own mind only too well, and loved him oh! so truly"—(my uncle lifted his head with a strange expression of surprise upon his face)—"he never came again.

"And were obliged to leave."

"I dream that while I waited and watched him day by day, hoping always that he would stop at my door and not go past it, a horrid suspicion rose in my mind that it was my money that kept us apart.

"I dream that just as I thought the way was opening for us to come together again, he formed the acquaintance of one whom no man could help loving; that in a little while he married her, and found in her a better wife than ever he could have found in me."

"A good wife, indeed, thank God!" my uncle said mournfully.

"And then the dream grows less like a dream and more like a reality, for it has living evidence in the present and stern memorials in the past to fall back on. Yet I will call it a dream still.

"I dream that his wife blessed him with a happy family who grew up to be his pride and the envy of less happy men and women; that one by one they were all taken from him—wife, children, too— all save one" (and she laid her hand on Ada's head), "and I saw him go often with that one to the church-yard carrying flowers and come home empty handed. And I asked myself—I dream that I ask myself—'Why was I left to see myself change from young to middle-aged, from middle-aged to old, useless, and with my heart all dried to dust, while the young and happy were taken away? Would it not have been better and wiser, more economical and less wasteful in the Great Dispenser of happiness, that I should have been sent to my sleep there instead of one of those?' For the flowers, too, would have been saved.

"And so I seem to see the years roll on, weary year after year, and live my useless life unloved and uncared for, and I see you day by day; but there is a gulf fixed between us as deep as the grave to which we both are going. Yet even across the gulf it is pleasant for me to see you—it is, indeed, the one pleasure I have in life; and therefore (what other reason should I seek?)one morning I wake to find it is to be taken from me.

"I wake to find that you are a ruined man, and that all you have is to be sold and I see you houseless and homeless."

"No, no," said my uncle.

"Then, being broad awake to what I should suffer, and having grown so old and selfish, I try to save myself that pang— I buy your house and everything of yours I can get, and I come to beg you to take them all back again, and to take me with them.

"Thomas, you made me an offer of marriage fifty years ago, and were rejected. Now I come and make you one. Will you have revenge? Or will you let a woman plead to you successfully? Pity me. I am old, rich and lonely, and will you not be lonely if you are parted from this girl?"

She ended, and the dear old face, lit up with a beauty that the eloquence of her intense emotion had kindled, was covered with blushes; and never have I seen any young face whose loveliness has been half so much enhanced by blushes as those wrinkled features were.

And he gave her his answer almost instantly, pausing only until he had so far mastered his emotion that he could command his voice. He took her hand between both of his, and looked her full in the face.

"Fanny, I take you at your word. I will not go away, but will take you home to my house at last."

And laughing and sobbing, Ada brought the dear old faces together, and they kissed each other for the first time in their lives—she at seventy, and he at seventy-two.

On the Sunday following the banns of marriage were published, "between Thomas Enoch, widower, and Frances Bellamy, spinster, both of this parish." And within ten minutes of the close of the morning service they had been pronounced a couple of silly old fools by half the congregation.

There is no more to be told. The wedding took place about a month afterward.

"Pity me. I am old and sick and lonely."

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What the Woman is About

BY ELIZA ARCARD CONNOR.

A scrubbing machine has been invented which will do the work of two women. Well, women won't quarrel with that sort of an invention.

Talk of woman and her many clubs: August Belmont belongs to twenty-five, William C. Whitney to twenty-two, President Roosevelt himself to ten, while one New York man, William G. Davis, is a member of forty-two.

Miss Mary E. Springer, recording secretary of New York city chapter, D. A. R., is devoting herself to historical romance writing. She has dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution her second novel, "Elizabeth Schuyler: A Story of Old New York."

Following the trend of today, a number of ladies in Alabama have established a company of their own for the purpose of drilling for oil in the Tennessee valley. The president of the company is an English woman, Mrs. P. Collings, the sister of Sir Marcus Samuels. All the officers of the corporation are women. The secretary and general manager is Mrs. Ray Nelson of New Decatur, Ala. All the ladies actively engaged in the enterprise are women of means. The company is capitalized at $2,000,000.

A newspaper recently devoted a long article to the story of a rich young woman who fell in love with a magnetic, but ignorant young man and thereupon employed some of her dollars in educating him so that he might make a commendable appearance in her social circle, preparatory to being married to her. Well, I don't see why not. For generations rich men have been sending poor, but pretty, girls to school and marrying them when the education was supposed to be finished, and nothing has been thought of it. Why should not the rule work both ways?

A Boston branch of the Outdoor Art Association has been established by women of prominence in that city. The National organization is now represented in seven big cities. The work accomplished includes planting of school yards, tenement districts and small city squares, distribution of prizes for amateur gardens and general co-operation with city authorities in beautifying streets, etc., improving of factory grounds, placing of seats along boulevards, preservation of birds and wild flowers, and lectures on landscape gardening and similar subjects. It is proposed to affiliate with the Federation of Women's Clubs.

United States Senate document 190, page 109, contains the following testimony, before the Philippine commission by Archbishop Nozeleda of Manila, concerning the Filipino native women and men: "The woman is better than the man in every way—in intelligence, in virtue and in labor—and a great deal more economical. She is very much given to trade and trafficking. If any rights or privileges are to be given to the natives, do not give them to the men, but to the women."

Question: "Then you think it would be better to give the right to vote to the women than to the men?"

Answer: "Oh, much better."

The old-fashioned scold is disappearing from the earth, eternal rest to her. You seldom hear the incessant "scold, scold, jaw, jaw," that used to be the special prerogative of the old woman. In the days when woman was oppressed grievously by man the only way in which she could get even with him was by lashing him with her tongue, and we have the evidence of history in the ducking stool that she availed herself of the privilege. Old women used to rate all creation by the hour. But it has been many a year since I have heard a real, old-fashioned scold. As woman gets her rights she ceases to scold.

A reverend gentleman recommended the founding of a school to teach girls to become good wives. Yes, yes. But it would be much more to the point if the reverend gentleman should look at his own side of the house and found a school to teach men to become good husbands. They need it more than women do, heaven knows. Moreover, there is much talk of mother's clubs. It is about time we had a few father's clubs for a change. Mothers have been preached at by the church and State for forty centuries, while it has been supposed that any old thing would do for a father. It is a grievous mistake that our civilization is suffering most grieviously for. Give us some societies for the improvement of fathers.

A scene so extraordinary that it is surprising no more notice has been taken of it was witnessed not long ago in Philadelphia—quiet, Quaker Philadelphia, of all places in the Union for anything violent to occur among well bred people. The gentle, yet wide awake women of a certain temperance society were holding a meeting. It was a meeting for members of the organization, yet stranger spectators were present. The case was discussed of Reed Smoot, the United States Senator from Utah, who was charged with being a practical polygamist and concealing the fact.

The ladies denounced in unmeasured terms the brazen insult to American and all womanhood, which the presence of a polygamist in the nation's highest legislative body would mean.

They threw into their speeches all the eloquence of the feminine new found power in public oratory as they spoke their minds on Mormon polygamists. Indignation and excitement were at their height, when a young man in a back seat rose and announced that he was a Mormon missionary and would like to explain his particular brand of theology to the ladies. There was a gasping for breath among the women, then a storm of furious hisses and cries, these becoming savage and menacing, like the shouts of the French petroleuses. At length the words, "Throw him out," could be distinguished. There was an ominous moment of delay, then half a dozen of the older, stronger women made a simultaneous rush at the offender. Their wrath was too great for mere words. They seized hold of him, others joined them, and the interloper was irresistibly shoved towards the door. He had no chance to defend himself, for an amazon army was on him. It pushed him through the door, through the hall, and then white, slender feminine hands actually hurled him down stairs, and he went tumbling to the bottom. Talk of weak women.

What is probably the most hopeful sign of that strange, complicated, conglomerated life of New York city's famous east side is the activity of the girl's clubs. For woman, young or old, to go outside of her home except to church or the grocery is something comparatively new in eastside annals. The strong, ambitious factory girls there are changing these conditions. More than a dozen years ago, Miss Grace Dodge began establishing social and educational clubs among them. It gave them what they needed—a hint of better things and how to do. From that initiative they swept onward and started for themselves social clubs, likewise associations for instruction, not only in school branches, but in the industries. In that erst-while benighted New York eastside, these independent, enthusiastic working girls have now some 600 clubs. There are stenographers' associations, and some of the girls belonging to them can take dictation and typewrite in five languages. There is a society of artificial flower workers that subscribed money and sent one of their number to Paris to learn how the French make those exquisite silk, cotton and velvet blossoms and leaves which cannot be distinguished from the natural except at very close sight. These young women are New York's best hope in the midst of political dishonesty and political ignorance. The girls have classes in bookbindery, classes for learning telegraphy and stenography, and those for nature study, besides many others. The nature study class goes into the parks during the scant leisure hours these brave workers call their own, and make observations under the eye of a teacher. The girls have organized likewise a department connected with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which, it is safe to say, is more than any young man's organization has done there. Others of the young women learn civics and the science of government.

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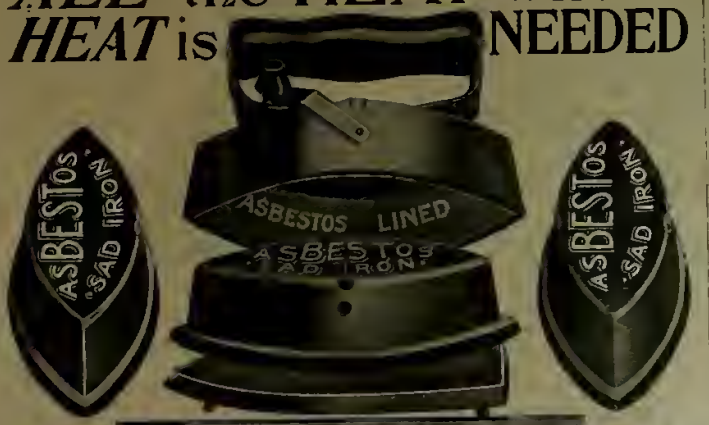

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Columns for Young Ladies

THE THOROUGHBRED GIRL.

"It's mostly by the things she doesn't do that one knows her."

"Ah!"

"For instance, she never whines. That, I believe, is one of the first attributes of the thoroughbred woman or girl. She bears her own troubles and doesn't force her friends to bear them for her. When the girl who isn't the real thing has even a finger ache, the whole world knows it, and the whole world has to feel the twings of that finger ache. When the thoroughbred girl has a heartache—a breaking heart—no one knows its existence under the smiling exterior she wears. In fact, it is principally in sorrow and in adverse situations that the thoroughbred strain comes out. It is easy enough to present an imposing appearance when all goes well; it is not so easy to stand upright when one is crushed by circumstances. It is a noticeable point about the thoroughbred girl that while she may not always shine in favorable surroundings the minute she has anything to endure—the more she has to endure, in fact—the more she rises to the occasion."

"You remark the same thing in thoroughbred horses, I believe?"

"Yes, in a team of horses, if there are three beasts of ordinary degree and one thoroughbred, the thoroughbred does three times his share of the work and fairly dies in the harness.

"Well, there are other points—"

"Dear me, yes. You can never make the real thoroughbred girl uncomfortable or ill at ease unless she has done something she knows is wrong, something against her own principles. She has a calm, sure poise which nothing can disturb, certainly not the actions of her inferiors, when they show themselves to be such."

"And the thoroughbred girl never gossips?"

"Certainly not. When she has something to say she says it, whether it is good or bad, but she doesn't make conversation out of it. She is above that."

"And she has a soul of honor?"

"Yes, like a man—I beg your pardon—like a man thoroughbred. There are other kinds of men, too—the male mongrel, who resembles the woman of this kind."

"And she keeps secrets?"

"She forgets them after they have been told to her, and she doesn't even know what you are talking about when you refer to them."

"And she is not politic?"

"She gives favors, big or little, according as she is situated. She particularly dislikes to take them. She never asks for them."

"And she is not curious?"

"She may be so inwardly, but she never reveals the fact. What one is willing to tell her she accepts, but she never digs for knowledge, and the fact that a friend of hers wishes to conceal a thing makes it distasteful to her to know that thing."

"And her treatment of servants?"

"Ah, that is a sure sign. She treats them as if they were human beings. The mongrel woman orders them as if they were slaves."

"But she sometimes has a temper, your thoroughbred woman?"

"Right you are, but it is a royal temper. It never causes her to appear undignified, to raise her voice, to grimace, to show herself at her worst. A few words spoken in an even lower tone of voice than usual show her anger."

"But is she a saint? Does she never take revenge?"

"Revenge? No; she is too proud for that. Small slights, even those that hurt a great deal, she passes over in silence, merely foregoing the acquaintance of the person who showed them. When, however, some one near or dear or weaker than herself is attacked and there is a necessity for defense, then she does strike once, and once only, a clear, merciless, deadly stroke. You never find her bungling it or nagging. But in her scale of justice she has such a large view of the world that mercy more than outweighs punishment."

"And that's what half the women one meets are trying to be—thoroughbreds?"

"Yes, it's a fad now, and appearance is not so hard to put on. It's when the real test comes, however, that the veneer cracks off. But as for the real thoroughbred woman—she is about the best, the truest, the most worthy of being loved in this world."

BEAUTIFYING BATHS.

The beautifying qualities of a milk bath are said by those who have tried them to be astonishing. Warm milk is best, and the face, neck, and arms should be thoroughly bathed with it every night. If used regularly, it will bring the cheeks, neck, and arms to the right degree of plumpness.

A bath preparation which Mme Bernhardt has found exceedingly valuable for relieving fatigue contains two ounces of spirits of ammonia, 2 ounces of spirits of camphor, one and one-half cups of sea salt; two cups of alcohol. The mixture is put into a quart bottle and the latter filled to the top with hot water. Before using it must be well shaken. A sponging from head to foot with this preparation is followed by vigorous rubbing with a Turkish towel.

WHEN TO PART YOUR HAIR IN THE MIDDLE.

The girl with the high forehead should wear her hair drawn low over her brow.

If she has a low, smooth white brow, she should brush her hair off the forehead.

A Madonna face requires the hair parted in the middle.

The girl with an intellectual brow or a fair share of youthful beauty can afford to draw her hair back in loose waves, sans pompadour or parts, and coil it on the neck.

For elderly matrons the pompadour is dignified and stately, and it seems to increase the height of stout women.

The round shapely head looks well with a soft puff of hair at the nape of the neck. Every woman should study her own style. If she looks best with her hair low, then low she should wear it, though every woman in the land is wearing her hair on top of her head.

A wise woman never curls or frizzes or overdresses her hair if it is beautiful of itself.

CULTIVATE GOOD MANNERS.

One can do a lot of pleasant things under the guise of good manners. It is good manners to rise when some one enters a room. That little courtesy is merely expressing pleasure and attention to the newcomer.

Why not? It doesn't hurt you. It shows graciousness, tact, thoughtfulness.

Some people have an idea that good manners are merely a matter of being painfully uppish and uncomfortably polite. It's nothing of the sort. It is just living decently and accumulating a little self respect.

Every little while some questioning individual pops up and asks about happiness and what it brings.

Good manners bring happiness, keen happiness. They lift one up from the midst of the commonplace, the selfishness of life, the sordid, morbid things.

They are really a matter of giving pleasure to others. And there is no happiness on earth that strikes in deeper than that which comes from being kin. By the same manner of argument it is easy to figure out that the sharpest conscience hurt is the one that comes from injuring some person other than oneself.

THE "FOG CURE."

There is every prospect that in a short time American women will be rushing over to England in the winter for that "fog cure." The impression got abroad last summer that the sea fog is good for the complexion. Somebody who was supposed to know gave the fog of the island as the reason why English girls have such good complexions. A number of American girls who spent the summer where sea fogs do most abound on the other side decided to remain through the winter to try their good effect. Indeed, Americans have gone quite mad on the subject.

The sea fog was also recommended as a cure for tan and freckles. Girls who were suffering from a painfully tanned skin were recommended to give up glycerine and creams and go to a place where there was a continual fog. They did, and believed the fog renovated their complexion as nothing else possibly could have done.

As an outcome of the new fad there will, in all probability, be sanitariums where fog baths, made to order, will be supplied along with all the other modern conveniences. These, of course, will be for the girls who do not want to spend all their time on the other side. They can devote a part of each day to the fog bath and give the remainder of their time over to the duties of society.

FOR BRIDES TO BE

BY CLARA B. NIELD.

My dear girls, I wish you joy. How long you have kept your little love secret to yourself, but now that you have announced your engagement, all the world knows.

But perhaps there are some among you who have not yet given the final word and "Jack" is still waiting for his answer. If so let us think a little and see whether "no" or "yes" is best.

Of course the first question is do you love him? and one sweet maiden answers: "I'm not quite sure." Then my dear let us make ourselves sure, for there i nothing in all the world that so concerns your happiness, you are planning now for life, and for other lives as well.

Never for one single moment let the thought have place in your mind "If I don't like him, I can leave him." Such expressions are often made by the young who have no knowledge of what they imply. You are never a girl but once, and mark well your path that there may be no cause for future sorrow.

Is this man who has asked you to give up your home and your girlhood, with its freedom and pleasure, the one man on earth to you? If there are others to whom you are giving even a thought, if you are finding it difficult to decide between two, then take time and plenty of it.

How does your father feel regarding this man who would carry you away from him? I expect, my dear, that you have sometimes been hurt by some things your brother has said about your sweetheart, but try to remember that men know so much more of men than you do, or can, that their judgment is to be respected.

If not are you both able and willing the lover, that is always to be believed, we must calmly consider the whole man. Is he honest? Is he honorable? Is he industrious? It matters not whether he be handsome or wealthy if he possess those stirling qualities that mark the real man.

Has this would-be husband a comfortable home for you?

If not are you both able and willing to take up the struggle and deny yourselves much, that you may secure one? "Love in a cottage" is sweet indeed if there be not too great a desire for the luxuries of a mansion. The work of home building requires patience and sacrifice, which unless true love be present will grow to seem a hardship.

The question of temperment it will be well for you to consider. Contracts are good if they are not great. I would not like to see you with your bright, sunny disposition, wedded to a man who would become morose, and thus shadow your sweet life. But two quick tempers together are apt to prove like matches and tinder, and the flame of anger once kindled will overpower the flame of love.

If you have weighed well these questions and are still unable to decide on your answer, I would advise you to take a vacation. A few weeks or months away from the man who seeks your hand will do wonders toward clearing your vision. Freed from the magnetic presence of his person, you are in better condition to settle your mind aright. By his letters you can determine many points of character that are of vital interest to you. How do other men appear in your eyes? Answer this, for you can no more help comparing them with the one man than the sun can help shining. Does a sudden desire to see the home folks come over you? and you hastily pack your trunk and assure your friends you cannot remain longer. Is the journey homeward a delight and before your vision is one face more welcome than all others? If so, I think you are ready to answer "yes" when Jack comes.

Now that you are really and truly engaged, the next step is to inform your friends of the fact. Don't be foolish and try to keep it a secret. There are many reasons for this. You need to grow better acquainted with your betrothed to study his tastes and desires, he may be your constant companion with propriety if your relations are understood, otherwise you might be considered indiscreet.

Here is one pretty way to make the announcement. Invite your girl friends to luncheon, decorate the table with flowers, wreathe the chandelier with smilax, and from it suspend a number of hearts with ribbons attached. When the guests draw these they find each one contains the message:

My heart is given
to
Mr. John Noble.

The days will pass only too quickly for you and there are many things to plan for. Let me tell you now don't mind yourself around with ideas of how you are going to "manage" your husband. Let the perplexities of next year await your added wisdom. It is useless for you to think now just how you will act the first night that Jack forgets to come home before ten. Don't "build bridges" for the most of them you will never have to cross, and if you must walk beside the troubled waters, your guardian angel will be there to show the way to peace.

In preparing for the wedding the circumstances of your family must be your first consideration. If they are wealthy and can indulge your every fancy, then do all you can to make the occasion a memorable one.

If on the other hand, only moderate means are at your command, then think and think again before you ask for that which will make a burden on the dear home folks. Simplicity is always beautiful and if you put your wits to work you can think out a plan for your wedding which will make it a pleasure to remember.

At home or in the church? will be for you to decide, and in this you must consider the pleasure and convenience of all interested. Some out door weddings are very pretty, and I have seen a cottage enlarged sufficiently to accommodate the guests by enclosing the broad piazzas with canvass. Let flowers abound and even the plainest place will be transformed.

Your wedding dress will be of white, I know it will, for there is nothing else so dainty for a bride. It need not be expensive—there are many soft materials that make up beautifully. Some may urge you to be more practical and wear a dress that is suitable for other occasions, but it will always be a pleasure to you to feel that you had a "real" wedding.

Now, my dear girl, I forgot to ask you, when you were thinking what to answer Jack, if you knew how to keep house? If you don't, set yourself about to learn, make the best use possible of the short time left you. For housekeeping you must know. The more servants your husband is able to provide you, the more a slave you will be to them, unless you understand their duties. Put your mind to it and your heart in it, and the most difficult task will soon become easy. You will be proud of your achievements when your husband praises your work.

Now about your trousseau, do not attempt to provide too many dresses. The form of the matron is seldom that of the maid, and it is useless to have a supply of clothing which in a year, perhaps, cannot be worn. And there's another point which applies to the household linen, too. If it's a case where dollars count, don't have your father make a debt for you which he must pay some other time. Or, if you are earning your own money, you would be wise to put a little sum in the bank, than to spend it all on house furnishings, unless absolutely necessary. There are two reasons, first, you never know just what the wedding gifts will bring, and second, it is just as well for Jack to know that you need a new gown now and then. If everything is provided for the house (except groceries) for two years' time, it takes more than the average man to understand why bills increase so much when wardrobe and linen closet need replenishing. It is a pleasure to see your home grow, and the picture or the rug for which you have planned together will be more prized than some other things.

The linen you will mark with your own initials, you will need, one dozen sheets and pillow cases, one and a half dozen towels, a half dozen table cloths, two dozen table napkins, a few tray cloths and doylies, but friends are always remembering these things. Have your linen laundered and laid away, as you must lay your wedding dress away, between folds of dark blue paper. The action of the chemicals in white or manilla paper will in time turn the linen yellow.

If you have a number of bridesmaids they must be dressed in harmony with the general plan. Flower girls are as dainty as spring blossoms, and always make a pretty picture, while by the way, they are never contrasted in beauty with the bride. Some little favor should be given to each. The form of ceremony will differ but little, whether in church or home, or out door bower. The father or nearest male relative always gives away the bride. The wedding breakfast or luncheon need not be elaborate, but should be dainty and well served.

If you are going on a journey, let your traveling dress be quiet, and you will attract less attention if it does not show too plainly that it is new.

Cultivate patience and forbearance, be always ready to forgive, and never speak of things unpleasant, learn that troubles are best healed by silence; look for the good first, last and always, and you will live to bless your bridal day.

Health and a Good Figure

The desired treasures of every woman and more essential than a pretty face. Do not be deceived by believing you must take a long course of physical culture to obtain the desired results. Simply learn to live. Let yourself be natural as nature intended, not forcing yourself to go through unnatural exercises to attain health. Simply learn to develop the dormant powers you have in yourself. By my method, originated and taught exclusively by myself through personal instruction adapted to the needs of each student, I am enabled in a short time to teach you to be a new and animated being, with health, grace, figure all a part of yourself and not an acted forced addition.

Extracts of letters from a few of my pupils: My INDIGESTION has gone. Have discontinued wearing GLASSES, eyes seem in PERFECT CONDITION. Have had no HEADACHE for more than a month. I SLEEP well all night. Insomnia all gone. My COMPLEXION is much clearer. My NECK and CHEST have filled with remarkable rapidity. MY BUST DEVELOPMENT has been marvelous. This makes the third week and my ABDOMEN is three inches smaller. REMEMBER MY GUARANTEE: If my course does not do all I claim your money will be cheerfully refunded.

will gladly furnish names and addresses of students in your locality. My Booklet and any special information you may wish are free; correspondence confidential and personal.

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and a Job

THE MATURE CHARMER

Some of the most irresistible beauties in the history of famous amours were long past thirty-five when potentates of the world became enslaved to their charms. Cleopatra, for example, must have been forty when Mark Antony threw away the world for her. Mme de Maintenon was a mature widow of quite forty when the outworn voluptuary, Louis XIV became passionately enamored of her, and to the stupefaction of court and kingdom married her. History indeed, is full of the conquests of the mature siren.

In Greek art, too, it was found that the masterpieces, such as the Venus de Milo and the Vatican Victory, represent mature goddesses. In Shakespeare's sonnets it is clear that the woman idealized was of

what the French call "certain age," meaning far beyond the bloom and fragrance of the teens or twenties.

A Beautiful Face is the First Letter of Recommendation

A simple truth, impossible to deny unwise to neglect.

It costs you nothing to come and see the marvelous work I have on exhibition this week. Faces showing wrinkles and crowsfeet removed. Faces showing beauty and freshness of youth fully restored.

M. ELLA HARRIS

Skin Specialist

781 O'Farrell, near Larkin, S. F.

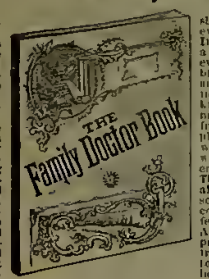
Books Worth One Dollar Free

To any lady who sends us 25 cents we will forward the CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE for three months and her choice of any one of the following books:

The Ladies' Guide to Beauty

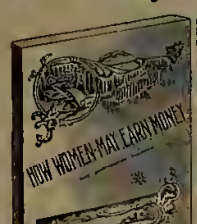
This book was written by one of the most celebrated of court beauties, and fully explains the secrets employed by the famous beauties of all ages of securing and preserving the charms of the face and person. It contains minute and practical instructions, accompanied by many valuable recipes, for securing a handsome form, a clear and smooth skin, a beautiful face, a charming complexion, a well developed bust, beautiful eyes, mouth, lips, hands, feet and ankles, a charming voice; it tells how to enhance the natural charms by dress, ornament and department; how to secure a beautiful head of hair, to prevent the hair from coming out, to prevent it from turning gray, to soften and beautify and to remove superfluous hair, to remove pimples, freckles, sunburns, tan, wrinkles, etc., etc. For one-tenth of the cost of a single bottle of one of the popular cosmetics of the day a lady may buy this book, and not only learn how to put up herself at the most trifling cost the best of harmless beautifiers for the complexion, but at the same time acquire almost every known secret of beauty. It is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Family Doctor Book.



This valuable book should find a place in every American home. It will save its small cost a hundred times over every year in doctors' bills. It contains plain and simple directions for the treatment of every known disease or ailment of the human frame and suggests simple home remedies which will in nearly all cases cure without the necessity of employing a physician. The various topics are alphabetically arranged, so that any particular complaint may be referred to in a moment. Appended to the work proper is a valuable treatise entitled "Advice to Mothers," which will be found of the utmost value and usefulness to every mother, young or old. It would be a wise thing if the head of every household would buy a copy of this book. It costs but a trifle, and the value of the information it contains can hardly be measured by dollars and cents. It will tell you how to cure every ailment you have now or are ever likely to have, and you will be surprised to see how readily our common life yield to the simple remedies given. It is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers and will be sent by mail post paid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

HOW Women May Earn Money.



There are thousands of women in our country who feel the need of earning money, but who do not know how to go about it. It is in behalf of helping hand in all such that this book has been written. The author is Mrs. Ellie W. Merriman, a wide-awake Illinois Western woman, herself a bread winner, and the book is the result of her experience, observation and extensive correspondence and intercourse with self-supporting women. Subscriptions are not solicited, the purpose of the volume being to point out ways and means whereby women may earn money in their own homes, without conflicting with their regular employments. Women who need a little "pin money" for their own use, or whose circumstances are such that they feel the need of helping to meet the expenses of a family, will find the book invaluable, and we have no doubt that it will serve to lighten the burdens of many an anxious heart. The following are only a few of the many methods of earning money mentioned and described therein: "Artificial Flowers," "Baked Beans and Graham Bread," "Bakeries," "Bee Keeping," "Fruit-canning Rules," "Candy Making," "Canning and Pickling," "Carpet Weaving," "Dress-making," "Cleaning Lamps, Silver, etc.," "Cooking for Grocery Stores," "Confections and Fruit Juices," "Corsets, Bands and Dress Forms," "Easy Portures," "Curtains," "Cushions and Pillows," "Designing," "Embroidery," "Fancy Bank Papers," "Flavoring Extracts," "Flowers," "Food Specialties," "Hair Work," "Holiday Gifts," "Home Dyeing," "Home Made Remedies," "Hot Cookies," "Horse Radish," "Knitted Lace," "Laundering Gentlemen's," "Lace Making," "Paper Flowers," "Polishing Furniture," "Remodeling Dresses," "Remodeling Hats," "Rugs," "Small Fruits" "Tin Mending," "Washing Fluid," "Women's Exchange," etc., etc. "How Women May Earn Money" is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Mystic Oracle;

Or,

THE COMPLETE FORTUNE-TELLER AND DREAM-BOOK.

This is a new book, just published, and without doubt the most valuable work upon the subject of fortune-telling, or the art of foretelling future events, ever written. It fully explains the secrets employed by fortune-tellers and clairvoyants of every age since the world began, and tells you how to forecast your own destiny as well as that of others. It tells how to foretell the events of the future by a single method, but by all known methods. It is a strange, wonderful and mysterious book, containing secrets of the greatest value and most remarkable usefulness to every human being. It explains the mysteries of Astrology, or the art of fortune telling future events by the sun, moon, and planetary system; it contains a list of lucky and Unlucky Days, a list of Fortunate Hours, etc.; it explains the art of fortune-telling by the Transposition of Names, also by the Hand, commonly called Palmistry, also by Moles, Marks, Scars or other signs upon the body, also by the color and nature of the Hair, the Features, etc.; it tells how fortunes are told by Cards, Dice and Dominoes, also the art of using fortunes by Charms, Spells and Incantations, showing the charms of Magic Sand, the Three Keys, the Card Charm, the Magic Ring, the Witch's Chain, the Nine Keys, the Mysterious Watch, the Magic Rose, Cupid's Hexagon, Bride Cake's Charm, Narrow Charm, etc., etc.; it explains the art of foretelling future events by the Interpretation of Dreams; and it also contains Napoleon's Oraculum, or the Book of Fate, found in the cabinet of Napoleon Bonaparte, who estimated it as his greatest treasure, being in the habit of consulting it on all momentous occasions, and having always found its revelations the truest insight into futurity. THE MYSTIC ORACLE is a book of 64 large double-column pages, neatly bound in attractive paper covers, and will be sent by mail post-paid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

The Art of Letter Writing

To be able to write an easy and graceful letter is a great art. All do not possess it. Yet it may be cultivated by almost any one with a little study, and such an art is well worthy of cultivation, for the impression produced by a well-worded and properly constructed letter is the direct reverse of that made by one clumsily and improperly expressed. Many a young man, at a critical period in his life, has had his prospects completely ruined by his inability properly express himself by letter. And the same is to young women. Fine penmanship, though desirable, is not as important as proper construction and expression. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a new book, just published, and will be found an efficient aid in the proper construction of letters upon all subjects and for all occasions. It is adapted to the requirements of both ladies and gentlemen, and contains numerous forms of letters upon Love and Matrimony, Business, letters between Friends and Relatives, letters of Introduction, letters of Advice, notes with bills, letters of Condolence, Invitations, Answers to Advertisements, etc., etc. In addition it contains a valuable and treatise upon Etiquette and the Usages of Society, and will be found a most useful and practical book, worth many times the small cost. "The Art of Letter Writing" is a book of 64 large double column pages, bound in attractive colored paper covers, and will be sent by mail postpaid upon receipt of only 25c together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

A CART-LOAD OF FUN.

This is a new book, just published, and contains *One Hundred and Sixty-six* funny Stories, Anecdotes and Jokes by well known humorists as Mark Twain, Max Adeler, Josh Billings, Bill Nye, G. A. Burrell and many others. It is full of fun and nonsense from cover to cover, and a sure cure for the blues. All the best jokes, anecdotes and stories of recent years have been carefully selected, and are now offered in this large and splendid collection, which will be richly enjoyed by all who love genuine humor and fun. Among the titles of the anecdotes and stories contained in "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" are the following: "A Man with a Liver," "Gunkin Pie," "Puns and the Lightning-Rod Man," "How to Go a-Courting," "Ramgarter's Dog," "Stein's Elephant Story," "Mistaken for a Scheme to Manufacture Happiness," "Mrs. Jones's Burglar," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Deacon Amos Tenderloin Discusses Under," "The Sad Case of Filley du Gill," "The Dead Dutch Philistine Tree," "A Primeval Scrap," "Hartly Became Reconciled," "Eliz Ephraim's Wisdom," "A One-Horse Hoist," "He Committed not to Commit Suicide," "Queerly Married," "Hannah was Aroused," "How the Tired, Patient Man had his Feelings Upset," "Why the Tree-Man Departed," "Jones's Baby," "Breaking up a Cat Concert," and 63 others. "A CART-LOAD OF FUN" is a book of 64 large, double-column pages, sent by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of only 25c, together with the California Ladies' Magazine for 3 months.

Remember, these books sell in any stationery store at one dollar each. Send 25 cents in stamps for a three-months' subscription to the California Ladies' Magazine and receive your choice of the above books free. Address CALIFORNIA LADIES' MAGAZINE
Circulation Department, 1236 Market St, San Francisco.

Why Women Grow Old Sooner Than Men

BY MAUD ROBINSON.

"Why is it that women grow old so much sooner than men?"

"I don't admit it!" retorted the bachelor girl promptly.

The man with whom she was talking leaned back in his chair and smiled indulgently at her. "Why, my dear girl," he answered, "just look around you among our acquaintances. Take the Van Peppers, for instance. Major Van Pepper at seventy is as brisk as a young man, and Mrs. Van Pepper—why, she can barely waddle around, although she is nearly ten years his junior. She affects caps and sits behind screens cosseting herself all the time. She never goes anywhere, and her only pleasure is making exactions and complaints. And look at Miss Spinks. She can't be more than forty if she's a day, and she sits behind her stuffy window curtains, carefully adjusted so that no sunshine will pierce through and no rude wind blow upon her, and she knits and gossips all day long, with her cat curled up at her feet. Forty, mind you! Why, at forty a man is a youngster, hustling around to beat the band and thinking of what the future has in store for him!"

"But"—

"Wait a minute. We'll come down to even younger women. There's Miss Scribbler. She's barely thirty-two, and yet she bends over her desk in a newspaper office every dreary day long, and at night she tumbles into bed too tired to move. That is her existence."

"It has always been a wonder to me she could write. To write, it seems to me, one should go around, mix with all kinds of people and gain some new experience every day," broke in the bachelor girl.

"H-m-m! She is drawing upon her past experiences before she was shut up. Besides, there are plenty of newspaper clippings and encyclopedias in the literary factory where she works."

"But her brain"—

"Oh, naturally that doesn't grow strong any more than her body. She is only another woman 'shut in.'"

"Why what do you mean? I thought the 'shut ins' were invalids who couldn't stir from their chairs and that they founded a society"—

"Yes, I know. But there are others who have shut their own selves in and yet who are as strong as you or I. They are the women who grow old and, alas, useless before their time—society women, like old Mrs. Van Pepper, who never takes any real interest in life and what life means, who live on admiration as girls and exact even more as married women. When, owing to their artificial lives, their charms fade early, there is nothing for them to do but to take refuge in the cap of the dowager, and their sole consolation is being waited on hand and foot and making miserable the lives of those under them."

"But Miss Spinks"—

"Ah, isn't she a 'shut in?' If she would only stop mourning over her ruined life and her one past love affair—if she would only go out into the fresh air, walk, exert herself, take an interest in life—who knows but she might even have another love affair."

"And Miss Scribbler."

"That is the saddest of all, because she is handicapped by the fact that she has to earn her living. But do you suppose I would stay bending over a desk all day if I found it was ruining my health and brains and preventing me from making friends, from seeing life, cramping my whole future? No, indeed! If I could not pursuade my superiors that fresh ideas and a brain constantly receiving new impressions are worth more than a certain number of musty office hours a day, I would work nights, Sundays, every spare minute, to put myself in a position where I could both live and do my best work and where by improving all the time I could put myself beyond the possibility of being thrown away some day like a sucked orange when I had finally reached my limit. It isn't work that makes a woman old, hopeless and worn; it's selfish idleness or a narrow life or work under adverse circumstances. Even sorrow doesn't ruin a woman's existence if she still keeps her hand on the pulse of life, if she still moves and has a part in the world about her, if she does not allow herself to become a 'shut in.'"

RIBBON FLOWERS

Dame fashion is constantly inventing new ideas and capriciously changing her moods and tenses to please even the most fickle devotee. One of her latest fads is the ribbon flower garniture of marvelous blossoms evolved from a chaotic mass of many hued ribbons. And such flowers! No artificial flowers, imported or otherwise, have ever looked so real as these ribbon creations, and as they are rather expensive to purchase, I would suggest that the handy girl turn her deft fingers to account and make her own ribbon garniture. When I have watched the shop girls making flowers, I have taken pains to ask them where they learned their accomplishment. The invariable reply has been, "We never learned; we just commenced doing it," which proves that nothing is impossible, for "where there is a will there is a way."

The chrysanthemum is pretty for the hair or the hodice. It is made of yellow crinkly baby ribbon, knotted together in a loose, fluffy chrysanthemum-like mass. It requires four bolts. Numberless loops may be fastened to one wire, so the "stem" will not be too large. Common wire may be used and dark green satin ribbon may be wound around it for the stem. However, before covering the wire it should be thrust through a cullo, which forms the calyx.

One yard of crimson ribbon, three inches wide, was used to make the rose. Cut the ribbon in four strips, crush each strip through the center to give it the crinkled rose petal appearance; then draw the two ends together at the base and attach to a stem wire. Place the "center," or "rose heart," in position; then twist all the wires together and thrust through the cullo. Wind the stem with dark green satin ribbon, and, presto, change, when leaves are attached you have a rose which will do duty to liven up the black gown or will be most becoming worn in the hair. Poppies may be fashioned in the same way, using the poppy centers and leaves instead of the rose foliage.

LEARN BOOKKEEPING FREE.

We have made arrangements with the British-American School of Correspondence, Rochester, New York, so that every reader of the California Ladies' Magazine may have a complete course in bookkeeping free. It is the best school of its kind and we would like to have all of our readers take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. Write to them.

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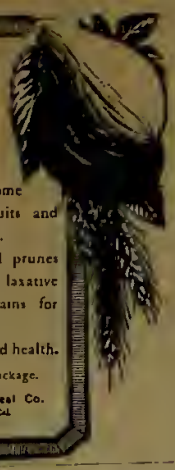
RELIABLE PHARMACY.

Good Doctor will not cure you. His prescription will not help you. If these all will not work with harmony, they will with good and fresh medicine. Many times bright Doctors do very little to help patients, because the medicine was not made correct, or was made of too old herbs. After our experience we highly recommend Morehead's Pharmacy, corner Second and San Fernando streets, San Jose, Cal.

A CALIFORNIAN COMING THRO' THE RYE.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the beautiful art study of a California child "Coming thro' the rye" on the frontispiece of this number. It is the production of two rising young California artists, Shaw and Shaw of Oakland, and it shows a wonderful study of child life.



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Publication Office 413-415-417 Eighth Street, Oakland.
San Francisco Office 1236 Market Street. Telephone Folsom 3982.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.00 a Year. Six Months, 50. Singlo Copies, 10c.

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Extracts from Reviews

"The Woman's Journal," Boston:

....The California Ladies' Magazine, a handsomely illustrated monthly published at San Francisco, gives prominence to a woman suffrage department. It is edited by Florence Stoddard Jackson, who has been especially engaged by the magazine to report the progress of the movement in California.....

★

"Argus," Santa Ynez, Cal.:

....In appearance, make-up and contents it is fully equal to the best Eastern magazines. It is profusely illustrated and its fashion department up to date.....

★

"Montana Catholic," Butte, Mont.:

....The illustrations are first class, and as a whole the magazine bears upon it the impress of culture. Four years ago it was established. It is entirely under the management of ladies, and they should be congratulated on the success that they have so far achieved.....

★

"Evening Journal," Jamestown, N. Y.:

....In the four years it has been published, and has a large subscription list.

★

"Republican," Placerville, Cal.:

....and is the most attractivo in appearance and in the superiority of its articles.....This handsomely illustrated monthly is devoted to the interest of the women, their social welfare and home life.....it ranks with the best Eastern $1 a year publication, and should be given a hearty support by the ladies of this coast.....

★

"Evening Standard," Cortland, N. Y.:

....but it has come to be recognized as a leader in the west. It is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts and handsomely printed on an excellent quality of paper. Its table of contents includes articles historical, biographical, of travel, current topics of timely interest, to say nothing of a choice selection of fiction.....

★

"Daily Ledger," Quincy, Mass.:

....The growth of this monthly has been wonderful.....the journal contains a high class of literature.....

★

"Tribune," Oakland, Cal.:

....and is a credit to the loyal ladies in charge of this typical California publication.....profusely illustrated with some of the finest photographs and drawings ever shown on the Pacific Coast...The magazine is classed with the high-grade journals in the United States, and is recognized as the organ of the leading club and society women of the west.....

★

"The Recorder," Cleveland, Ohio:

....The paper is the finest book and handsomely and profusely illustrated with half-tones.

FRATERNAL RE-UNION.

A very pleasant Thursday was spent at the residence of Dr. and Mme. Spitzy, 988 Sutter street. The editorial staff of the "California Ladies' Magazine" were the guests of honor. The time was spent in music and conversation. The hostess, a noted singer, sang several solos, among them, "The Kiss Waltz," by request; also Italian operatic duets with Professor T. Zilliani, her teacher and accompanist. Prof. Zilliani was the teacher of the celebrated tenor, Signor Tamagno; also the director of grand Italian opera for many years.

After the music the guests sat down to a delicate supper, where toasts were drank to Dr. Spitzy, who goes south in the near future on account of his health. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Vahlberg, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. DonnElly, Mr. and Miss Paskullch, Mrs. Martha P. Owen, and Prof. Ziliani.

MOHAIR SICILIENNES.

For the Summer, Paris says, as we do, mohair sicilliennes,. The coarser weave are extremely stylish. Bradford is already pressed for new weaves, new dottings, new finishes, new fancy-ideas; expense not to be considered as long as the fabrics are beautiful and suitable for Parisian use. Mohair Sicilliennes, grenadines, embroidered dots, pointilles, hairline stripes, carres and many plain Sicilliennes are among the orders from the leading Parisian houses through their representative jobbers.

These new fabrics supplement the voiles, etamines, wool grenadines and coarse roubaix fabrics in a variety of plain, fancy, dotted and mixed effects, which take an important position in the woolen goods of fashionable wear.

A great many of these etamines and voiles are hemstitched, striped, bordered, and have fancy dots, figures and embroideries. Some, even are printed, and many small Scotch plaids have been evolved and with considerable success for the summer wear.

BEAUTIFYING THE FACE.

Every night before retiring a few minutes should be devoted to the facial bath. If the skin is impregnated with pimples, rub in well a little olive oil, allowing it to remain on about ten minutes. Wash off in warm water that has been boiled, using pure vegetable soap and plenty of friction. After all traces of the soap have been removed dash on plenty of cold water in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. Dry the face thoroughly with a soft towel, rubbing upward and backward towards the ear. The Paris Figaro says that the secret of Sarah Bernhardt's golden voice and her acting is that she eats unsalted olives between the acts.

★

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by "KRITIKO" 793 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal. Write in ink, in usual hand, or unruled paper; state sex. Study yourself; analyze your friends by sending specimens of handwriting to "KRITIKO" the graphologist. A fifty cent reading gives a brief synopsis of leading characteristics. A dollar reading gives an extended analysis of character.

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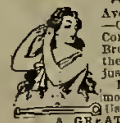

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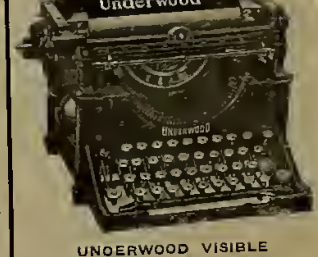

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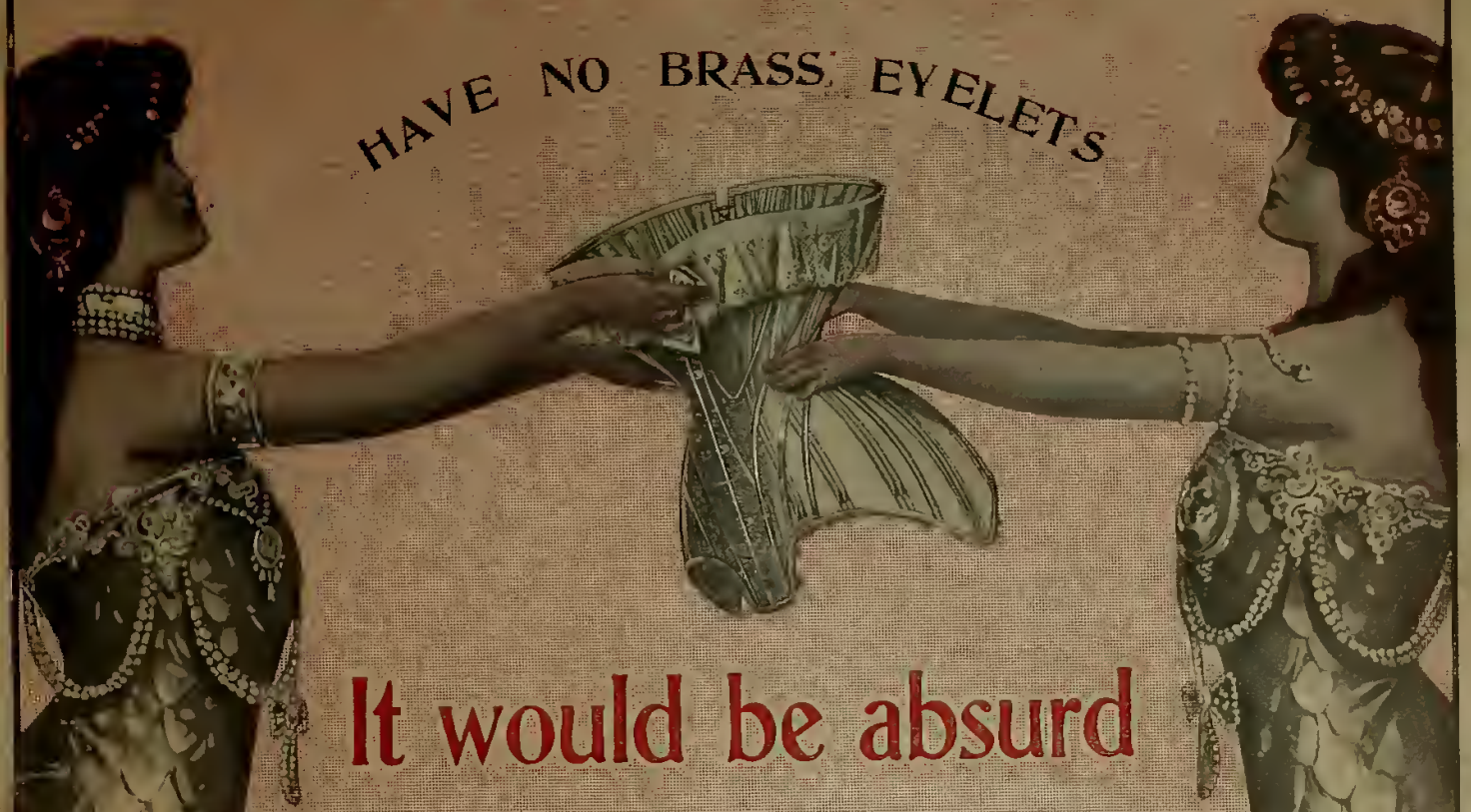

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